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ART. I.—*Metaphysical Schools amongst the Jews.* By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON. Privately printed. Mitchel and Hughes. London. 1865.

IT is certainly not much to the credit of the English Church that none of her divines have produced a work on the Apocrypha. Appointed to be read as the Proper Lesson for fourteen of the Holy Days of the English Church kalendar, and for nearly two months of the ordinary course, we should have thought that a collection of books put forward so eminently for the instruction of the Church's children would have engaged the interest and learning of some of her most eminent sons. But it is not so; with the exception of Arnold's Commentary on Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, and some short notices of other writers on the other books, we have no English writer whom we can consult, or look to for information respecting fourteen books attached to the Old Testament Scriptures, under the title of Deuterocanonical. We made personal inquiries at the depôt of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to ascertain whether there was published there any work bearing on the Apocrypha: the answer was in the negative. The notes in Mant's Bible represent all; we need hardly say, out of the reach of most. How a Society, professing to be the handmaid of the Church, can account for this omission, we do not know; the fact certainly reflects no credit on the Society. But it is not mere silence that we have to complain of, the spirit of indifference has been carried out into positive antagonism, so that the very name by which they are best known, that of the Apocrypha, has been wrested from its proper meaning, and has actually a bad sense attached to it. Take, for instance, the learned Dr. Hey, who gives this definition of the word: '*Apocryphal* seems usually 'to be opposed to authentic; at least, so as to express doubt

'concerning authenticity'; an apocryphal writing is one whose 'origin and authority is *doubted*, or *disallowed*, which, in this case, 'is nearly the same with *denied*. . . . And on other occasions, 'spurious and apocryphal seem to be sometimes confounded, 'or apocryphal defined spurious. But it may often happen that 'a writing which is apocryphal, or of doubtful authority, may 'be spurious also.' (*Hey's Lectures*, Book I. xii. 2.)

Again :—'Apocryphal is generally considered as coming from 'ἀποκρύπτω, to conceal, or hide. Yet this derivation does not 'reduce the senses to one; for a book may be *hidden* or *secret* 'in different *respects*. Perhaps the most ancient idea of an 'apocryphal or secret book is, that it was *concealed* from the 'people. According to this, books were apocryphal when they 'were thought such as *ought* not to be *read*; which agrees with 'the ancient division of books, into *canonical*, such as were to 'be *read*, and such as were *apocryphal*. The foolish and hurtful 'writings would be amongst the apocryphal in this sense, and it 'has been thought that some books were kept secret from the 'people though received by the Church. . . . But a book may 'be *hidden*, or *secret*, in respect to the *name* of the *author*; 'though this is not so likely to occasion any difficulty in the 'case of *anonymous* books, as when a name is affixed to it which 'there is reason to think is not really the name of its author. 'Consequently, secret or apocryphal, in this way, will be nearly 'equivalent to *spurious*; and will soon come by custom to be 'fully equivalent to it. In this sense, apocryphal is sometimes 'used. Lastly, a book may be secret or hidden in respect of 'that *authority* to which it pretends. This sense is associated 'with the preceding, as *authority* is with *author*.' (*Ibid.* IV. vi. 11.) Let any one apply these various senses to each of the books of the canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament, or even to the Epistle to the Hebrews, and he will find that we should have to relegate to the class Apocrypha many of those which the Church now accepts as inspired. It is clear that we must look in another direction to discover the true meaning of the term.

Apocryphal certainly means 'hidden,' and, when used to designate certain writings, implies that, either they have a hidden meaning lying under the mere outward letter, in fact, are constructed on the plan of a parable; or, that they are intended to explain and illustrate some hidden system of teaching.

Both these senses are connoted in the word as applied to the Deutero-canonical books, though in various degrees, and varying in extent. We partly explained this matter in an article on *Gnosticism*, in a late number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, in which we investigated the origin and substance of certain frag-

ments of spurious Gospels and writings, improperly called 'the New Testament Apocrypha.' The present article is intended to be supplementary to the former, and to pursue the like inquiry into those books added to the Old Testament canon. We take it for granted that our readers have perused the former article; we shall, consequently, spare them a repetition of much that we said there. It is, however, necessary to say this much concerning the origin of the secondary and obnoxious meaning attached to the term as applied to the Old Testament Apocrypha, in order to clear it from the notion that these books are in any sense spurious or mischievous. We may assume that this was the term originally given to the writings of the Alexandrian school of Jewish theology, and that the Gnostics, who were generally acquainted with these writings, continued to bestow the title upon their own heretical productions, as teaching the hidden doctrine of their sect. It is very natural to suppose that the Catholics would attach the bad sense to the Gnostic Apocrypha, which would easily pass on to the other writings which bore the like name, but did not bear the mischievous character of the former. The word, having obtained this obnoxious meaning in popular estimation, it became necessary to find out some reason for its application to the Deutero-canonical books. Hence we have S. Augustine—whose authority has been generally followed—though he frequently quotes portions of the Apocrypha as if they were canonical Scriptures, giving the following definition: 'Apocryphæ nuncupantur eo quod eorum occulta origo non claruit patribus.' And again, 'Apocryphi non quod habendi sunt in aliquâ auctoritate secretâ, sed quia nullâ testificatione suâ, declarati de nescio quo secreto, nescio quorum præsumptione prolati sunt.' These are clearly *ex post facto* reasons, imagined out of necessity to supply one which had been lost. Modern writers, like Dr. Hey, have been content generally to follow S. Augustine, without inquiring into the matter themselves, and, by so doing, have allowed these books to lie under a sort of slur, from which they have taken no trouble to clear them; and so, doubtless, learned men have been deterred from investigating a subject, both of importance and of interest to the Church, which so largely uses these books in her festal and ferial offices. Nay, more, these divines, by sanctioning the notion that spuriousness is essentially connected with the word 'apocrypha,' have tacitly permitted a strong prejudice to exist in the Church against their use; a prejudice that would long ago have eliminated them from the table of 'Lessons,' had they not been preserved by that strong conservative feeling which shrinks from any alteration in the Prayer-book. The present is, then, a very fitting opportunity, when we are threatened with a

revision of the Church Lectionary, the principal feature of which is the elimination of the Lessons from the Apocrypha, to give some information on this class of writings; a class which discloses a feature in Jewish theology of the highest importance to be understood, in order to comprehend the relation between the apostolic teaching, and the state of mind and line of thought of the Jew, to whom this teaching was addressed. In following out this inquiry, it will be found that much light is thrown on certain passages in their writings, as well as many passing allusions. We are all aware of the fact that the New Testament writers invariably quote the Septuagint version in preference to the Hebrew. We shall have occasion to show, further, that they deliberately chose also to express certain theological propositions, as well as essential doctrines, in the language of the Alexandrian apocryphal writers—a fact which suggests, among other things, an estimate of the important work effected by the writers of the apocryphal school in preparing the Jewish mind for the reception of the Christian doctrines. We are not aware that this view of the case has been treated of at all, nor its importance considered; yet no fact is more certain than that the Jewish mind came, so to speak, not direct from the Old Testament to the New—from the Law to the Gospel—but it passed through the intermediate stage of apocryphal teaching; and that teaching was not only a connecting link between the two covenants, but an essential preparation for the reception of the second. The silence of the voice of prophecy for those four hundred years which immediately preceded the advent of the Great Prophet, was not more surely intended for enhancing the glory of that advent, than it was to allow human intellect to construct a theology, which should to a large extent prepare it for the reception of the final revelation.

The reader, then, must bear in mind, that a very considerable change took place in the intellectual condition of the Jews after the Captivity, or rather, we should say, that the intercourse with the Babylonians, and other oriental nations, left an impression on the Israelitish mind, which changed the general conduct of that people. Before, idolatry was their besetting sin; afterwards, this propensity disappeared; and though then, far more than before, they were in constant intercourse with heathen nations, the temptation to join in the worship of idols had lost its force. On the contrary, religion assumed a different form among them; it became a philosophy as well as a mode of worship. Sects arose, and schools of philosophy were founded, in which a large theological as well as an intellectual development began to make themselves apparent. Doctrines, dimly shadowed out in the Old Testament, became now articles of faith; those,

for instance, of the Resurrection, of the Future State, of Eternal rewards and punishments assumed an importance which, to say the least, they nowhere had in the older system. One sect clung to the literal meaning of the Mosaic institution, and boldly denied any such interpretation of the Law as could discover that a future and eternal life was offered as the reward for obedience to the precepts of the Law; it went further, it denied spiritual existences, either as angels or immortal souls: this was the doctrine of the Sadducees. On the other hand, the Pharisees not only believed in a resurrection and an eternal life, but they believed further, that the individual condition of each depended chiefly on the observance of the Mosaic institution: they thought that the sacrifices and purification ordained by it had a real power to purify and sanctify the soul. A third sect was still more advanced: regarding purity of thought and life, and the acquisition of a true knowledge of God, as the only preparation for a future world, they gave themselves up to a life of self-denial and contemplation, mortifying the flesh by fasting and abstinence; believing that they thereby saw more clearly into the true spiritual meaning and purpose of Revelation. They rejected all material sacrifices, even the Passover; considering that the true sacrifice was that of their own selves, soul and body, to the service of God. They were, in fact, a body of mystics, who claimed, not only a deeper insight into the divine knowledge, but even the spirit of prophecy. A branch of this sect, the members of which lived a more monastic life than their brethren of Palestine, was established in Egypt; they were known as Therapeutæ, for they were skilful as physicians. These sects included women among their members, though they rejected marriage as a work of the flesh.

From all this it will at once appear that the Jewish mind had entered into a completely new phase; it had become philosophic; and philosophy regulated the whole tone of religion. Indeed, this way of regarding the Mosaic religion became an absolute necessity from the altered circumstances of the people. There was the new universal belief—excepting among the Sadducees—of future and eternal rewards for actions done in this life, which are nowhere promised directly in the Mosaic covenant; it required a spiritual interpretation to establish this doctrine. Besides this, the injunctions of the Law, its whole system of worship and sacrifice, could only be carried out in one place, and in one building, the Temple—synagogues were complements to, not substitutes for, the Temple worship: they lacked, as they do still, the essential of Israelitish worship, Sacrifice. The dispersion throughout the East of the Jewish nation at the Captivity, the majority of which did not return with Ezra and Nehemiah,

compelled an abandonment of one of the most important commands of the Law—the regular appearance of all the men each year at the three great Feasts. Hardly more than once in a lifetime could it be possible for those who lived in distant countries to perform this duty; most probably deputies were chosen to present the offerings of those who could not personally attend, and to act as their substitutes on those great occasions; very similar to that which is done in our own day by the Mohammedans in the case of the yearly pilgrimage to Mecca. Further still, the very general intercourse with the philosophy of Greece and Rome, as well as of Babylon and Persia, must have had its effect on the Jewish mind, and very considerably affected religious thought. The Babylonian Jews even looked down upon their brethren in Judea: in the Babylonian Talmud we read, ‘Ezra left the fine flour at Babylon, and took with him only the dregs of the people.’ Again: ‘All the earth is an impure mass in comparison with Judea; but Judea is a corrupted mass in comparison with Babylon.’ In accordance with this, the Talmud always divides the Jews into two classes, those of the East, and those of the West; the line of demarcation being the river Euphrates. In our account of their philosophy, we shall have to make a further division; we must distinguish between the Palestinian school and that of Alexandria: indeed, in our present investigation, we must leave out altogether the Babylonian section, as not immediately connected with the Apocryphal books. Of the two other, the Palestinian may be described generally as Kabbalistic; the Alexandrian as Ethical: the former afterwards applied itself more carefully to ritual matters, and produced the Mishna and the Gemara. Of the Kabbalistic, the two principal books now extant, are those of *Jetsirah* and *Zohar*. The first, ‘The Book of Creation,’ is attributed to Abraham; it is a Kabbalistic commentary on the first chapter of Genesis; it evolves all doctrine and all truth from the letters that compose the words of that chapter; its purpose is to elucidate the visible and sensible creation: with it, things, and the name of things, are identical—just as in some parts of the East at this day, a patient thinks it equally efficacious to swallow either the medicine or the prescription—consequently, the meaning of the *thing* is found in the letters that compose its *name*. *Sepher Zohar*, ‘the Book of Light,’ on the other hand, treats of the Spiritual Creation—of God, angels, demons. It may be called the universal code of Kabbalism; it is composed under the form of a commentary on the Pentateuch. We shall not enter into the dispute as to the date of either of those books: the reader will find this fully discussed by M. Frank (*La Kabbale*, Paris, 1843). We only say that those two books are fair exponents of a certain

school of theology. We are disposed to regard the book of Enoch as belonging to the Palestinian rather than to the Alexandrian school, though this is disputed; its Angelology and Demonology, we think, far more resemble the former than the latter. We merely mention the 'Ascension of Isaiah,' lest we should seem to have overlooked it. However ancient it may be, it does not strictly belong to the class we are examining, but rather to that best known by the 'Shepherd' of Hermas. There are other books mentioned by various Jewish writers as belonging to this school, which, unfortunately, have perished; a few fragments of one, *Idra Zuta*, alone remain.

Fortunately a class of works, far more valuable these, remains in remarkably perfect preservation, and in no small number; presenting a marked and favourable contrast to the two Kabalistic works mentioned above; we mean the Alexandrian books, which we call, almost exclusively, 'The Apocrypha.' So much have they been valued, that they have been—perhaps from their very first production,—bound up with the LXX. Old Testament.

Taking the Apocryphal Books generally, we may say that the principal object that the writers had in view was a persuasion to the pursuit of wisdom—the highest knowledge of divine and human things; this knowledge implying, or rather including, righteousness; for wisdom is an emanation from God. 'For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence' [emanation, ἀπόρροια, LXX.; emanatio, *Vulg.*] flowing from 'the glory of the Almighty; therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.' *Wis.* vii. 25. Again: 'I came out of the mouth of the Most High, and covered the earth as a cloud; I dwelt in high places, and my throne is in a cloudy pillar. I alone compassed the circuit of heaven, and walked in the bottom of the deep.' [The depths of Hades, ἐν βάθει ἀβύσσων. LXX.] 'In the waves of the sea, and in all the earth, and in every people and nation, I got a possession. With all these I sought rest; and in whose inheritance shall I abide? So the Creator of all things gave me a commandment, and He that made me caused my tabernacle to rest; and said, "Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thine inheritance in Israel." *Eccles.* xxiv. 3. According to Jewish philosophy, certain Emanations proceeded from the Deity, of which the most important were two, *Mimra*, or the Word (Λόγος), and *Khokmah*, Wisdom (Σοφία). This last is especially the 'Image,' εἰκὼν, of God's Goodness (*Wis.* vii. 26). This Wisdom is the divine Thought, and answers most nearly to our conception of a divine Spirit, creating, and giving life to creation; specially uniting herself to the soul of man. This, however, did not complete the chain between the Creator

and the creature; a link was wanting to make the communication perfect; and this was supplied by the *Mimra*, the Word, an external instrument of communication. Both of these are invested with personality, not as distinct Hypostases, but as Emanations. The end and purpose of their communication to man is, that man may be raised above mere earthly considerations to divine. By Wisdom, kings govern for the advantage of their people, and secure their own happiness and glory: by 'entering into holy souls,' she makes them 'sons of God and prophets.'

Here, then, we have the purpose and meaning of the 'Apocrypha;' the Hidden Wisdom, which raises man, not only to earthly honour and happiness, but to eternal life in the kingdom of God. 'For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love; and love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption; and incorruption maketh us near to God: therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to a kingdom. If your delight be then in thrones and sceptres, O ye kings of the people, honour wisdom, that ye may reign for evermore.' *Wis.* vi. 17.

Accordingly, the writer of this book, after describing 'Wisdom' in the first nine chapters, proceeds, in the remaining part, to give instances of her teaching; he begins with Adam, and ends with the deliverance of Israel from Egypt: the righteous were saved through Wisdom, while destruction fell upon their enemies. The author of Ecclesiasticus, in like manner, after giving forty-three chapters of moral precepts, concludes by the praise of famous men, that is, of men who won their renown through Wisdom.

In like manner shall we understand the other books of the Apocrypha: by Wisdom, a weak woman, Judith, saved the whole Israelitish nation from destruction. By Wisdom, seen especially in his acts of piety, Tobit obtained for his son the guidance of an angel, and a happy deliverance for Sara from an evil spirit, and his own restoration to sight. By Wisdom, Esdras obtained the favour of Darius for the rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem. By Wisdom, Daniel saved Susannah from an unjust accusation. By Wisdom were the Three Children preserved from the fire. By Wisdom was the folly of the worship of Bel and the Dragon exposed. By Wisdom the Maccabees delivered Israel.

Such then, is the purport of the Apocrypha; it was a development of the two didactic books of the Old Testament canon, Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. In the former Wisdom is personified (viii. 22—32) as being 'brought forth' by the Lord; as being with Him, 'as one brought up with Him;' and so the opposite, Folly, is personified by the 'strange woman,' from whose

snare 'wisdom' is to preserve her followers; 'say unto Wisdom, "thou art my sister," and call understanding (*φρόνησις*—LXX.) 'thy kinswoman: that they may keep thee from the strange 'woman' (*ἀλλοτρίας καὶ πονηρᾶς*—LXX.); that is, from idolatry, and the worship of the powers of nature, continually represented in Scripture as adultery. Taking this as the foundation of all ethics, the author of the Book of Wisdom develops a system of theology considerably in advance of the Mosaic, though not inconsistent with it. He adopts the name of Solomon, not as intending to practise a fraud by making believe that Solomon was the author, but as expressing the ethics of Solomon, and enlarging his teaching; just as S. Hilary, or whoever was the author of the Athanasian Creed, gave it the name of that great defender of the Catholic Faith, as best expressing his teaching. Solomon was, in the eye of the Jew, the one man who was thoroughly imbued and inspired by wisdom, both divine and human (*σοφία* and *φρόνησις*); his name became naturally connected with wisdom, and therefore with books treating of the subject. We need only hint at the important place assigned to him in the later writings of the Jews, as furnished in the wild and extravagant, though often beautiful legends and allegories in the Talmud.

The Alexandrian Jew, far removed from the fierce strife of internal and external warfare, which absorbed so much of the attention of his brethren in Palestine, and, in some degree, actually barbarised them, had both inclination and leisure to follow out his more intellectual course; and, imitating the 'peaceful king,' not only meditate on divine wisdom, and construct a system of ethics, but pursue his investigation into the realms of nature, and by that lower wisdom (*φρόνησις*) 'discover 'how the world was made, and the operations of the elements; 'the beginning, ending, and midst of the times, the alterations 'of the turning of the sun, and the changes of the seasons; 'the circuits of years, and the position of the stars; the natures 'of living creatures, and the furies of wild beasts; the violence 'of winds, and the reasonings of men; the diversities of plants, 'and the virtues of roots; and all such things as are either 'secret or manifest; them I know.' *Wis.* vii. 17. All this we know was predicated of Solomon (1 Kings iv. 32), and history records how well the Jew of the dispersion used this knowledge of his in the early and middle ages; he was the philosopher and the physician, from whom the Moor of Spain, and the leech of the cloister, first learned the secrets of their science and art. But it is time to enter into a closer examination of these books: in doing so, we shall find it convenient to take Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus together.

As we do not intend to enter into any critical examination of the Apocryphal books, we shall not discuss the questions either of date or authorship; we shall be content to suppose that they were written between the closing of the Canon of the Old Testament, and the advent of Christ. We shall also assume that the language in which they were originally written is Greek.¹ Some of them, as Ecclesiasticus, may have had a Hebrew original; but if so, they have been so enlarged and revised, that they are essentially both Greek and Alexandrian. The principal doctrinal feature in these books is that of a future retribution, recording each one's works and life; in this we see brought out strongly the Alexandrian doctrine, as opposed to that of the Palestinian Pharisee—of the meritorious efficacy of moral conduct, apart from ritual obedience. It is not only the intellectual apprehension of wisdom that 'bringeth to a kingdom,' but it is the exercise of active and passive virtues. The wonderful description of the persecutions of the righteous man from the hands of the wicked, so vividly portrayed in Wis. ij., is so striking a resemblance of those of Christ, and of what His followers are taught to expect, and exhorted to bear with like patience, that we see a very great advance from the imperfection of the Old Testament to the perfection of the New. Take, for instance, the highest example of patience afforded in the Old Testament, in the person of Job, and we shall see how much more *Christian* is the Apocryphal ideal than the Patriarchal. So, also, with active virtues; in the Gospel, they are set before mere ritual observances, though the latter are also commanded, 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' The Apocryphal writer teaches, 'He that keepeth the law bringeth offerings enough, and he that taketh heed to the commandment offereth a peace offering. He that requiteth a good turn offereth fine flour; and he that giveth alms sacrificeth praise. To depart from wickedness is a thing pleasing to the Lord; and to forsake unrighteousness is a propitiation.' Then it immediately follows: 'Thou shalt not appear before the Lord empty: for all these things are to be done because of the commandment.' Ecclus. xxxv. 1—6. Again: 'Water will quench a flaming fire; and alms maketh an atonement for sins.' (iii. 30.) Exactly parallel to this is S.

¹ It is worth noticing that the story of Susannah contains internal evidence of Greek being the original language; in v. 54, Daniel asks the first elder, 'Under what tree sawest thou them companying together? who answered, Under a Mastich tree' (ὑπὸ ἀχίvor), and Daniel said, 'Very well; thou hast lied against thine own head; for even now the angel of God hath received the sentence of God to cut thee in two' (σχιθεῖ, σε.) In the other case we have the name of the tree πλῖνον: Daniel says the Angel of God waiteth with a sword, πλῖσαι σε. The play on the words is too obvious to need further explanation.

Paul's teaching, when he describes the alms of the Philippians as 'an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice, acceptable, well-pleasing to the Lord;' and of a greater than S. Paul, our Lord Himself, Who said, 'Give alms of such things as ye have, and, behold, all things are clean unto you.'

It is in the book of Tobit, however, that this doctrine receives its fullest development, and is taught in its fullest force. We do not intend to discuss the question whether this book is history or fiction; the point is immaterial; it may be wholly fiction, or it may be a fiction worked out from a true history; what we are concerned in is its moral and devotional character as a book read in the church Lectionary. Here, in the captivity, is a faithful Israelite conscientiously performing the highest duties of religion, when far removed from the divinely-ordered service of the Temple. In the course of it he suffers persecution from the tyranny of the heathen, and the affliction of the loss of sight by the permission of Providence; yet neither causes him to lose his faith, or intermit his works of righteousness. His prayer obtains, unknown to himself, the guidance and protection of an angel for his son, a deliverance of his kinswoman Sara from the power of a demon, who like Rebecca, becomes a divinely appointed bride; while the latter days of the Saint are cheered by his restoration to sight, and to his former peace and prosperity. The book closes with his prayer of thanksgiving, wherein he records his belief in the final restoration of Jerusalem, and the general conversion of the world: 'O Jerusalem, the holy city, 'He will scourge thee for thy children's works, and will have 'mercy again on the sons of the righteous . . . For Jerusalem 'shall be built up with sapphires, and emeralds, and precious stones; 'thy walls and towers and battlements of pure gold; and the 'streets of Jerusalem shall be paved with beryl and carbuncle, 'and stones of Ophir: and all her streets shall say, Alleluia; and 'they shall praise Him, saying, Blessed be God, which hath 'extolled it for ever.' Compare this with the description of the new Jerusalem in the Revelation, and we must confess, that something higher is meant than the restoration by Ezra and Nehemiah; for at the time of this restoration, 'all nations shall 'turn, and fear the Lord God truly, and shall bury their idols: 'an expectation, surely, of the kingdom of the Messiah.

No book of the Apocrypha has received such hard usage at the hands of Protestants as the Book of Judith; yet it is one that is read through in the daily lessons of the Church. Not only is it pronounced unhistorical, but its moral and its tendency are alike condemned; its principal character is pronounced a treacherous, cruel, and cold-blooded murderess, whose example should be rather execrated than praised. Such writers forget

to account for the praise awarded by an inspired prophetess to one, who, according to our Christian principles, showed far more cold-blooded cruelty and treachery, Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; yet of her the Church reads yearly, on the second Sunday after Trinity, 'Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, be; blessed shall she be, above women in the tent;' and not content with a simple expression of divine approval, the prophetess goes on to describe minutely the various stages and acts by which she accomplished the, to our notions, murder of her guest Sisera. Nor let the reader forget that the apostle of Christ, S. Paul himself, passes an unqualified eulogy on such, to our notions, questionable characters as Samson, Jephtha, and Gideon, as men who '*through faith*, wrought righteousness. . . . that they might obtain a better resurrection.' In a kalendar of such saints, surely Judith deserves a place. The truth is, we must not judge the saint of the Old Testament by the standard of the New. The righteousness of the earlier is, like his faith, of the earth, earthy, and not like the later, from heaven. David was a man 'after God's own heart,' according to the standard of the law under which he lived, and according to the light he possessed; but when 'Life and Immortality' were brought to light by the advent of Christ, when the Spirit of God was poured on His Church, when the new Law of the Gospel was proclaimed, there came with it a higher standard, a more divine example. When the highest type of humanity was revealed in the Person and Life of the suffering Saviour, a higher standard of saintship was also required, and a different order of merit demanded. We must not be wiser than God, nor more righteous than the Word of God. Measured by the Jewish and Old Testament standard, Judith will stand as high as most of the great characters of her own people, and exceeds many of them in obedience to the law and in purity of character.

We must, however, give up the claim of the book to be true history; names and dates can by no ingenuity be made to fit each other, nor can any such place as Bethulia be found. It is a fiction, a religious romance, illustrative, perhaps unintentionally, of the parable in the Book of Ecclesiastes: 'There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his Wisdom, delivered the city. . . . Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength.' Only, to make the case stronger, it is a widowed woman, and not a strong man, that effects the deliverance. Tobit shows the power of wisdom to deliver from danger in private life; Judith in public; in both, faith, patience, prayer, work out the final victory. The very names suggest this

notion; Judith is the feminine of Judah, and represents the Jewish nation, widowed, but not wholly forsaken; Bethulia, according to one Hebrew pointing, may mean the 'House of the Lord,' therefore, the Temple; according to another pointing, the 'Virgin of the Lord,' Jerusalem itself; Achior is the 'Brother of Light;' while Nebuchadnezzar naturally suggests the prophetic Babylonian, the Great Enemy; and Holofernes will bear the meaning in Hebrew of 'Servant of the Serpent.' The reader will find no difficulty in filling up the rest of the allegory.

Not unlike this is the history of Susannah, at least, it too contains a beautiful allegory: The daughter of Jerusalem, the chaste and faithful spouse, pure as the lily, for such is Susannah in Hebrew, tempted in her captivity to be faithless to her husband, looks up to God for help in her hour of sore need, and relies wholly on His protection; He, when she is delivered over to death, raises up a Saviour in the person of Daniel, who, by His 'wisdom,' saves her, and restores her to her husband and her home. In this history, the Fathers saw a picture of the Church, the chaste spouse of Christ, tempted by the two 'Elders,' Judaism and Paganism, prevailing over both by the power of prayer.

The two Books of Esdras and the Prayer of Manasses are not admitted into the Canon by the Council of Trent; they are, usually, in the authorised Vulgate, placed at the end of the New Testament, and are called apocryphal: the reason of this exclusion is generally supposed to be because the Fathers of the Council were not aware that they had ever existed in Greek. It is a singular fact that, as far as regards the first Book, it is quoted largely by Josephus, who even prefers its authority to the two Canonical Books of Ezra and Nehemiah, which, in more than one place, it contradicts. One purpose of the writer, or compiler, for it seems not unlikely that he is trying to harmonize several writings into one narrative—appears to be an attempt to clear up the historical difficulties of the canonical Ezra. Another, and the most prominent, is to show how 'wisdom,' dwelling in Israel, even when captive in Babylon, worked out the preservation and restoration of the banished people. The legend of the three youths who contended for the palm of victory in writing wise sentences, is so thoroughly in accordance with the purpose of the Apocrypha in magnifying the power of Wisdom, so like that shown in the other books of Tobit, Judith, and Susannah, that we cannot believe that the writer intended a historical fraud; he only purposed to set forth a great moral lesson on the power of truth. While one wrote 'Wine is strongest,' there had just been a great feast, when probably there were evidences of its power; another, perhaps more for flattery than anything else, wrote, 'The King is strongest.' Esdras, the man in whom

'Wisdom' dwelt, wrote 'Women are strongest,' that is, of mere earthly powers; but, he added, rising above worldly things, 'Truth beareth away the victory.' The Latin form is more vigorous: 'Unus scripsit, Forte est vinum. Alius scripsit, Fortior est Rex. Tertius scripsit, Fortiores sunt mulieres: super omnia autem vincit veritas.' Then, when called upon to defend his position, his words are so exactly what we might expect from the same school of thought that produced the other didactic books, 'Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works; and there is no truth in them: in their unrighteousness also shall they perish. As for truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of person or reward; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; and all men do well like of her works, [et omnes benignantur in operibus ejus]. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages: Benedictus Deus Veritatis, and with that he held his peace, and all the people then shouted and said, Magna est veritas, et praevalet.'—1 *Esd.* iv. 37.

It would be far beyond the purpose of this article to enter upon a discussion concerning that which is called in our Apocrypha the Second Book of Esdras. There is little doubt that the latter part, ch. xv. xvi. is a different book by a different author. On this point we can only refer our readers to a Dissertation by Dr. Lee, published in 1722, and to Archbishop Lawrence's well-known Ethiopic version. The purpose of the book is obvious, to teach the great hope of Israel in looking for the kingdom of the Messiah, and the final restoration of the people of God. 'From Abraham unto Isaac, when Jacob and Esau were born of him, Jacob's hand held first (from the beginning—ab initio) the heel of Esau. For Esau is the end of this world (this age—hujus sæculi), and Jacob is the beginning of it that followeth.'

The book ends with a legend so often repeated, and so firmly believed in by some of the earliest Fathers, that it is worth recording here. It is that the whole original of the Old Testament perished at the Captivity, and was miraculously re-written by Ezra. Esdras here is commanded to take five men 'into the field;' then was given him a cup with liquid like fire, which he drank, and his 'heart uttered understanding, and wisdom grew in his breast. Then the Highest gave understanding unto the five men, and they wrote the wonderful visions of the night that were told, which they knew not; and

‘they sat forty days, and they wrote in the day, and at night
‘they ate bread. . . . In forty days they wrote two hundred and
‘four books; and it came to pass when the forty days were
‘fulfilled, that the Highest spake, saying, The first that thou hast
‘written publish openly, that the worthy and unworthy may
‘read it: but keep the seventy last, that thou mayest deliver
‘them only to such as be wise among the people.’ The Bible,
and the Apocrypha or the ‘Hidden Wisdom.’

There are four books of Maccabees, though we, following the Vulgate, have retained only two; those called third and fourth are found in some copies of the LXX. and in some of the Latin Bibles. The proper historical order would be this:—iii. with iv. as an appendix; then ii.; then i. The first Book presents little for our notice, as it is chiefly history; the second, however, is of a different character, and is more especially religious in its tone, and is followed in this respect by the third and fourth. All the victories and deliverances of the Jews are attributed to the providence of God: in it the destruction of sinners is always in accordance with their sin, and generally in some connexion with it. Thus Andronicus is put to death at the very place where he had murdered Onias: Antiochus is tormented in like measure as he tormented others. Visions and appearances are not wanting to make clear God’s care over his people, his portion. In this book comes out most strongly the doctrine of a future state, and of the consciousness of departed souls, and of their communion with the living: and Hell, or Hades, has lost in a great measure the character it bore in the Old Testament, and appears as something more resembling the doctrine of the Church—a singular anticipation of the coming Revelation, and of the great doctrine of the Resurrection of the dead. We have here the institution of Prayers for the Departed, 2 Macc. xii. 44, by Judas Maccabæus: ‘And when he had made a gathering throughout the company to the sum of two thousand drachms of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin offering, doing therein very well and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection; for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for those that died godly; it was a holy and good thought. Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin.’ The third Book gives us a singular history of a miracle that hindered Ptolemy Philopater from entering the Temple, consequent on the prayer of the high priest; then an equally wonderful deliverance of the Alexandrian Jews from the fury of intoxicated elephants; four times were the Jews delivered through the force

of prayer. In like manner the fourth Book follows out the same plan ; its second title *περὶ αὐτοκράτορος λογισμοῦ*, sufficiently explains its purport. The author carries out the idea through all his book. He is essentially advanced in his teaching—the resurrection, the judgment, the eternity of the reward or punishment in the life to come, are laid down with clearness and vigour. Nowhere does the development of the Alexandrian school appear in brighter colours than in this book ; nowhere is the Christian revelation of the resurrection and all its accompaniments more plainly taught.

We must regard the Apocrypha, then, as one of the preparations of the world for receiving of the Christian Faith. There was certainly a Divine instinct, if it did not amount to inspiration, which led the writers of the Alexandrian school to work out a system of doctrine from the Old Testament, which was, to say the least, introductory to the revelation of Christ. Had this been wanting, we can scarcely think it possible that the Jew could have endured the notion of a plurality of Persons in the Godhead ; it seems to contradict the very creed on which the whole law rested :—‘Hear, O Israel ; the Lord our God is one Lord.’ But before the manifestation of the Son of God in the flesh, the Apocrypha taught a doctrine about the *λόγος* and *σωφία*, which prepared the Jewish mind to receive the deeper mystery of the Trinity. There is a personality about these emanations which is not far from the Catholic faith. A remarkable instance of this occurs frequently in the Jerusalem Targum, where God is said to swear by Himself ; it is paraphrased ‘by His Word’ (*mimra*), and not only have we these anticipations of the teaching of the new revelation, but we find the very terms which designate its doctrines supplied in the Apocryphal books. Thus in the well-known *Λόγος* adopted by S. John, and still further the very term *μονογενής* is used by the author of the Book of Wisdom (ch. vii. 22). S. Paul does not hesitate to quote directly from this description of Wisdom, and apply these terms to Christ. Compare Wisd. vii. 26, with Heb. i. 3. where the Apocryphal writer uses the word *ἀπαύγασμα* as an attribute of Wisdom, which S. Paul applies to Christ ; from the same passage he takes both the idea, and the word, *εἰκὼν*, then used in reference to Wisdom, and in 1 Cor. iv. 4, and Col. i. 15, in a direct manner makes them descriptive of Christ. Such a proceeding cannot be merely accidental ; it carries on the face of it the intention to identify the incarnate Son, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, with the ‘Wisdom’ of the Apocryphal writers ; only giving a far higher signification to the words they used. They had developed the doctrine of emanations from the Old Testament : as far as they had gone they were right ; now

they must go a step further, and see in Wisdom the Eternal Son, and that Son incarnate in the Man, who had risen and ascended into heaven; and as there were two principal emanations in the apocryphal teaching, to which the attributes of personality were awarded, the Word, and the Wisdom, so there was a preparation for the reception of the great Gospel doctrine of the Two Persons of the Blessed Trinity, coequal and coeternal with the Father. The Word and the Wisdom of the Alexandrian school of theology easily passed into the conception of the Son and the Holy Spirit.

It is, however, chiefly in the writings of S. John, the latest survivor of the inspired band, who completed the canon of Scripture, that we find the teaching of the Apocrypha harmonised with that of the Gospel: or rather, we should say, the Apocryphal doctrine brought up to the perfection of the New Revelation. S. John i. 1, 2, is a compendium of the description of Wisdom in Wis. vii. and viii. and Eccclus. xxiv. For example, compare the Apocryphal teaching of the eternity of Wisdom, (Eccclus. xxiv. 9), *Πρὸ τοῦ αἰῶνος ἀπαρχὴν ἔκτισέ με*, with S. John i. 1, *ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος*: and *οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*. Next compare this last sentence, together with *ὁ Λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, with *Μύστις γὰρ ἐστὶ τῆς τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐπιστήμης, καὶ εὐρέτις τῶν ἔργων Αὐτοῦ* (Wis. viii. 4). Then comes the new revelation *καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ Λόγος*.¹ Again, Wisdom is *μοιρογενής*, she is the 'brightness of the everlasting light'; 'she can do all things'; 'she maketh all things new' (reneweth all things, *πάντα καὶνίζει*); she, by 'entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.' So S. John:—'In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men. The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. . . . But to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name.' Afterwards comes the revealed truth, 'The Word became Flesh'; but immediately, as if to show that this Word is the Wisdom, he adds, 'and dwelt in us as a tabernacle'—*ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν*; evidently referring again to Eccclus. xxiv. 8: *ἐν Ἰακώβ κατασκήνωσον*. Or to quote the whole passage, 'So the Creator of all things gave me a commandment, and He that sent me forth made my tabernacle to rest, and said, In Jacob be thou tabernacled, and have thine inheritance in Israel.'

¹ We have given these quotations in the original, because unfortunately the English translator has followed the Vulgate in rendering *ἐκτίσας created*; the passage is doubtless parallel with Prov. viii. 22, where both Vulgate and English have 'possessed.' 'Created' is clearly wrong; it should be 'produced.' The learned reader will remember how the Arians insisted on the text in Proverbs as countenancing their tenets, and how they were answered.

We might extend these parallels through many pages, but we think that the above is sufficient to show how the inspired writers of the New Testament employed the language of the Apocrypha, and how, therefore, they must have considered it in the light we have mentioned, as being introductory, and preparatory to the new revelation; and still more how important a preparation for receiving the full mysteries of the Gospel were these Apocryphal Books; and how clearly would the Jewish philosopher see the completion of his theological system, when he was told that this 'Word' had become Flesh; and that in Him 'are hid (*ἀπόκρυφοί*) all the treasures of Wisdom (*Σοφίας*) and knowledge.'

It is by reference to Apocryphal teaching that many of the apparent discrepancies between the Old Testament, and the references to it in the New, can be cleared up—*e.g.* those in S. Stephen's defence, besides many additions and explanations: the writers quoting from the Alexandrian books, and not from the Hebrew Testament.

It was from the Apocrypha, Ecclus. xlv. 16, that S. Paul learnt that 'Enoch was translated;' that Isaiah was 'sawn asunder;' it is of the sufferers of Maccabean times that he writes, 'others were tortured, not accepting deliverance,' 'others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings' (2 Mac. vii. 7, &c.); 'they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and 'caves of the earth' (2 Mac. ii. 28, &c., and vi. 11). It is also from the same authority that it is maintained in Heb. i. ij. that man is superior to angels; for the Jewish philosopher taught that man was the microcosm, a little world in himself. If we search into the Talmud, we shall find much more that proves the closeness of the tie between Apocryphal teaching and that of the New Testament. In the Gemara of Babylon we find the parable of Dives and Lazarus; in that of Jerusalem the story of the husbandmen and the vineyard; in the former, too, is the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. 'These are only 'three instances taken almost at random:—"cætera vero taceo, 'ne præfari longius quam velim necesse sit. Pleraque enim quæ 'aut in concionibus aut in privatis colloquiis usurpavit Christus, 'in Talmudicis scriptis occurrunt.'¹ We may add to this, that S. Paul's allegory of Sarah and Hagar will be found there also.

Besides the Apocryphal doctrine of the Logos, there are two others especially to be noted, which have been likewise adopted into the New Testament, and there enlarged and extended—what we may call Angelology and Demonology. In no part of

¹ Joma, *Codex Talmudicus*, a Rob. Sheringhamio, 1648, quoted by Masson, p. 7.

the Old Testament are we told that 'the Serpent,' the Tempter of Eve, is Satan; it is first positively asserted in Wis. ii. 24: 'Nevertheless, through envy of the Devil came death into the world; and they that hold of his side do find it.' Compare this with Rev. xx. 2:—'And He laid hold on the Dragon, that old 'Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, &c.' Closely allied to this is the awful fact of demoniacal possession, first clearly enunciated in Tobit, and confirmed by our Lord's miracles of casting out demons, and His own declaration that 'Beelzebub' (Baalzebub, the God of Ekron) is 'the Prince of the Demons.' It is unfortunate that our translation makes no distinction between the Devil and a Demon, which can very clearly be distinguished from each other in the originals, both Hebrew and Greek: Satan, both in Hebrew and Greek, and Διάβολος, in Greek, is never found in the plural number, when applied to the Evil Spirit; Δαίμων and Δαιμόνιον are so frequently. In Jewish theology these two classes are distinct, Satan being a pure Spirit of like nature with the angels, while the *Shedim*, or demons, are half human. These last are identified with the Nephilim, or 'Fallen ones,' the giants, the children of the sons of God and the daughters of men (Gen. vi. 2); half angelic, half human, in many Jewish writings—most conspicuously in the Book of Enoch. This book is not only quoted by a canonical writer, S. Jude—who does not hesitate to cite the words of Enoch as a prophecy to be yet fulfilled—but he confirms the Apocryphal tradition of fall of Angels by reason of their intercourse with the 'daughters of men.' As, however, this interpretation is by no means universally accepted now—though it was by the early Fathers—we shall give two or three reasons to confirm our opinion. First, S. Jude is writing against the most depraved sect of the Gnostics, who 'forbidding to marry,' yet indulged in the most hideous debauchery; who 'turned the grace of God 'into lasciviousness:' 'filthy dreamers, who defiled the flesh.' Having thus described them, he denounces the wrath of God upon them, and gives them examples as a warning: 1st, from the heathen, or Gentiles, the men of Sodom; 2d, from the chosen people, the Israelites, in the destruction of the 24,000 in the 'matter of Baal-peor;' 3d, the angels who were seduced by the beauty of women. Now it will be noted that the 'Fall' of angels mentioned here cannot be the fall of Satan and his companions, as recorded by Milton, and not in the Bible—though 'Paradise Lost' seems to be regarded by Protestants as Canonical—but of the 'Fall' mentioned Gen. vi. 2; for these last are said to be 'reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto 'the judgment of the great day;' and in the parallel passage in S. Peter, God 'spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them

'down to hell (*ταρταρώσας*), and delivered them into chains of 'darkness, to be reserved unto judgment.' On the contrary, Satan is one, not many; when he fell, he fell alone: there are no 'devils' in the plural number; he is not kept in chains of darkness: on the contrary, he is the 'Prince of the powers of the air;' walking to and fro on the earth, and even appearing in the presence of God (*Job i.*). S. Jude, then, and S. Peter, are both referring to the Apocryphal Book of Enoch, and, as far as the matter of this Fall of Angels goes, confirms the history contained in that book.

There is an adaptation of another Apocryphal Book less known, and perhaps even more curious than the above. In the Book of Zohar, which we have before mentioned as one of the oldest of the Kabbalistic Books, we have a description of the chief of the female demons, probably Lilith, so famous in the Talmud, (the word is generally interpreted 'Power of the Night') the mother of many demons, the wife of Samael, the name in this Book by which Satan is known. She is there represented as the personification of vice and sensuality; she is called 'The Harlot,' the 'Mother of Abominations' זנונים אשת: commonly, however, these various attributes are summed up into one, and she is called 'The Beast' הייבא. It is superfluous to ask our readers to compare this with certain passages in the Apocalypse, for they must have immediately suggested themselves; but we may be permitted to hint that a deeper study of ancient Jewish writings will supply a key for understanding the figurative character of that Book far better and more congenial than modern Protestant controversialists, or their favourite authority as a commentary on the Apocalypse, the pages of the infidel Gibbon.

In these days of Biblical criticism and exposition it is not too much to ask for one learned work on the Apocrypha; one which will amend the very careless, and often absolutely faulty, translations in our authorised version, and will supply us with a commentary and notes at once explaining the theological system of the Alexandrian writers, and showing its close connexion with the perfected revelation in the New Testament. We should find it almost impossible to suggest a work more urgently needed, for there is no subject on which so great a prejudice exists as on the Apocrypha. To remove this, to restore this portion of the Holy Scripture to its proper estimation in the minds of churchmen, would be a work worthy of the labour of our most learned divines.

- Art. II.—1. *Historia Regis Henrici Septimi, a Bernardo Andrea Tholosate conscripta; necnon alia quædam ad eundem Regem spectantia.* Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1858. 8vo. p. 478.
2. *Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.* Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1861. P. 452. 8vo.
3. *Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.* Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. II. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green. 8vo. p. 425. 1863.

THERE is no necessity to institute any comparison of the respective values of the two series of works which have now for some years past been issuing from the press under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. We speak of the Calendars of State Papers which commence with the reign of Henry VIII., and the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, which are supposed to terminate with the commencement of that monarch's reign. Both these series are for the most part extremely carefully edited. Indeed, both the editorial and the mechanical part of the work is well done, and there is a sumptuousness of execution in the get-up of the volumes which is deserving of the highest praise. Such works could never have been executed by private enterprise. Very creditable works of antiquarian research have, indeed, been put forth from time to time by private societies, and English history is much indebted to the Camden Society, as well as to other companies of literary men who have united for the express purpose of supplying the public with printed copies of manuscripts in which they were interested, and which, unless guaranteed by subscription, never could have had sufficient sale to pay the expenses of publication. No societies of this kind, however, have had any long period of duration, and even in those cases

where the greatest amount of success has been attained, that result has been mainly due to the particular interest felt by certain individuals for particular subjects. And thus a somewhat miscellaneous collection of historical papers of more or less value has been made. We have no wish to speak in disparaging terms of these societies, or to underrate the value of the, for the most part, unpaid labours of their editors. But it is the very fact that these labours were unpaid, or at least very inadequately remunerated, that has caused the entire want of uniformity which these volumes exhibit. No such remark can be applied to either of the series of publications now under our consideration. It may perhaps be true that the editors are underpaid, and we believe it was even argued in the House of Commons, that such was the interest felt in this kind of work, that competent scholars could be procured to do it for much less than it was worth, and that therefore it would be absurd to pay them at a higher rate than what was necessary to ensure the work being well done. It is not our province to adjust the claims of supply and demand, or to inquire here how far they are applicable, or should have been thought applicable, to this case. But certain it is, that editors have been found to do these works in a style which reflects great credit on themselves, as well as on the present Master of the Rolls, with whom the publication of at least one of the series originated.

The longer we live, and the longer the world's history goes on, the more does the truth impress itself upon our minds, that history cannot be written except from contemporaneous documents. With regard to mediæval history, what are called State Papers have scarcely any existence; we are therefore compelled to rely for our facts, as well as for much of the colouring of those facts, upon annals and histories which are contemporary, or at least nearly contemporary, with the events narrated. And up to nearly the present time, readers of history have been obliged to trust to modern historians, whose bias may have led them to give a preference to some sources of information, and to neglect others equally valuable, or whose indolence has caused them either wholly to neglect, or to pay but little attention to important documents which were within their reach.

The reign of Henry VII. may be considered as the bridge between mediæval and modern history, at any rate, so far as this country is concerned. Or it may be spoken of as a piece of border-land which overlaps both territories. And, in point of fact, it is the only reign which has found its way into both these series of publications. Perhaps the most interesting of all the volumes issued under the head of *Calendars*, is the *Calendar of State Papers* extending over the whole of this

reign, which M. Bergenroth has published, from the archives of Simancas; and it is certainly the only one which has touched upon the ground which seems exclusively to belong to the chronicles and memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages. Probably this volume, and the three published by Mr. Gairdner, are nearly exhaustive of the original papers of the reign of the first Tudor king. We must profess ourselves of opinion that the division between mediæval and modern history, so far as our own country is concerned, ought to be placed at the beginning, and not at the end of Henry VII.'s reign. The division is of course somewhat arbitrary, but it seems to us more reasonable to anticipate the break by twenty-four years, and to conceive the commencement of our modern history to be at the accession of the house of Tudor. On this account we much regret that in two of the three volumes whose titles are placed at the head of this article, Mr. Gairdner has coupled together the reigns of Richard III. and of Henry VII. No doubt reasons for treating any two consecutive reigns, as coming under one period of history, may be found, and for particular purposes it might even be considered expedient to take portions of history, independently of the commencement or conclusion of a given reign. Still, the division according to reigns is the most convenient, and still more, should that according to dynasties be preserved, as that is in all probability the mode in which we have all of us been initiated into English history. Those who know least of the subject are accustomed to the established divisions of the different reigning houses from the Norman Conquest to the accession of the house of Brunswick; and for those who are best acquainted with the history of the country, it happens that the change of dynasty has been connected, in many cases, with other political changes, from which important results have issued.

The three volumes, then, which have been published by Mr. Gairdner are open to the charge of having coupled together reigns which, in our opinion, should have been separated. If the documents of the reign of Richard III. which have been inserted in the last two volumes had been omitted, we should have been able to speak without any abatement of praise as to the contents of the three, or as they would then have had to be described, the two volumes of the *Chronicles of the reign of Henry VII.*

In order fully to appreciate the value of these publications, we must bear in mind how scanty are the original sources of information for this reign. The reader has only to look at the references at the foot of the page, or in the margin of any history of the time, compiled from previously printed documents,

to become aware how little was known to the authors of writings absolutely contemporaneous with the events described. In defect of references to earlier authorities, Lord Bacon and Speed are mostly quoted, and as for any earlier printed authority, Fabyan is the only one that is commonly known. Accordingly, if we turn first to Speed's history, we find the authorities quoted in the inner margin of the book to be exactly seven.

They are Polydore Vergil, Holinshed, Bacon, Speed, Biondi, Stow, and Sandford, and the last is only quoted once, and that for the ceremonies of interment. Of the rest, Bacon is the authority evidently most relied on. It is almost unnecessary to say that all these writers, whatever degrees of merit they respectively possess, lived some time after the transactions which they described. If we turn to Lingard's History of England we find almost the same paucity of reference. Almost the only additional early authority referred to by the Roman Catholic historian is the MS. of André, in the Cotton library, from which most of the extracts in these volumes have been derived. And if the amount of space given to the two reigns respectively be considered, it will at once be seen from both these histories, that the facts of the reign of Henry VII. have been detailed to us in much more scanty manner than the transactions of the reign of his predecessor. Mr. Turner makes a few references to MSS. in the Harleian collections, and to some papers printed in Leland's Collectanea. He observes that all the chroniclers refer us, as he frequently does himself, to the MS. of Bernard Andreas. Of earlier historians, Speed sometimes refers to Lord Bacon's history, at that time existing only in MS., and still incomplete, for the date of Speed's first edition is 1611, whilst Bacon's history did not appear till 1622. But we should have been glad to know something of two important MSS. which are more than once referred to in the margin of Speed's folio, viz. the MS. of Joh. Da. of Heref., and the MS. Perkin Procl. penes D.R.C. Baronet. The proclamation is not in the splendid collection belonging to the Society of Antiquaries; and of the other MS. we profess our utter ignorance, though it is not difficult to conjecture who D.R.C. Baronettus must be. In enumerating the authorities referred to, we must be understood as speaking only of English. Many of these authors make sundry reference to foreign writers who are nearly or quite contemporary.

There is one curious circumstance which, if it had not been that Speed places the name of Sir F. B.'s manuscript in his margin, might have led to some uncertainty as to which was the original writer, Bacon or Speed. Each quotes the other. In point of fact, Speed had the advantage of seeing Bacon's notes,

and Bacon, in his turn, enjoyed the advantage of reading Speed's history in print, for many years before his own was published. In one instance he has made a ludicrous mistake by taking Speed's testimony at second hand, instead of referring to Bernard André's own history for the supposed fact related. The mistake is the more unfortunate, because Lord Bacon has pinned upon it an argument which would have been plausible enough had the fact stood, but which falls to the ground the moment the error is detected.

In speaking of Henry VII.'s public entry into London after the battle of Bosworth, Bernard André uses the following mode of expression :—

'Rex ipse Richemundiæ comes Saturni luce, quo etiam die de hostibus triumphârat, urbem Loudinun magnâ procerum comitante catervâ lætanter ingressus est.'—*Vita Henrici VII.*, p. 35.

Speed gives an account of this entry from the MS., and curiously misreads *latenter* for *lætanter*. His account is, that—

'Henry staid not in ceremonious greetings and popular acclamations, which, it seems, he did purposely eschew; for that, as Andreas saith, he entered covertly, meaning belike in a horse litter or close chariot.'

Lord Bacon, in giving an account of the same transaction, but without any marginal reference, tells us :—

'The mayor and companies of the city received him at Shoreditch, where, with great and honourable attendance, and troops of noblemen and persons of quality, he entered the city, himself not being on horseback, or in any open chair or throne, but in a close chariot, as one that, having been sometimes an enemy to the whole state and a proscribed person, chose rather to keep state and strike a reverence into people than to fawn upon them.'

There can be no doubt that the whole of this passage owes its origin to the mistake in reading made by Speed. There is no other authority for the close chariot, and the word *lætanter* might almost have been guessed to be the true reading, even if an unskilful scribe had written it *latenter* by accident. This instance is important, if only as it shows the careless way in which a mis-statement gets magnified each time it is copied, and how necessary it is to refer to original documents in order to get at the truth of historical facts.

With regard to earlier authorities, Fabyan is contemporary, and is a trustworthy authority so far as his information goes, but all that he says of Henry VII.'s reign is comprised in a few pages. This part of his chronicle appeared first in 1533.

Polydore Vergil is, in a certain sense, contemporary, as he lived through the reign of Henry VII., though the history was certainly, for the most part, written in the following reign. Mr. Gairdner is, therefore, perhaps, entitled to bespeak atten-

tion to the chronicle which is now for the first time printed, as being, in strict parlance, the only absolutely contemporary record.

Of the writer of this record, we possess very slender information; he was a friar of the order of S. Augustine, and was a native of Toulouse, and was blind, at any rate at the time of composing his history. He was present at the entry into London, after the battle of Bosworth, and was very soon after made poet-laureate. He educated Arthur, prince of Wales, from his tenth year, and witnessed his marriage by proxy to Katharine of Arragon, on May 19th, 1499. He began his work in the year 1500, but it was certainly not completed till after the death of Arthur, which took place April 2d, 1502. No doubt the preface and preliminary matter were written last, but Mr. Gairdner has made a strange mistake in his preface, apparently arguing that the work was not regularly carried on, because a portion at p. 39 was written in 1502, whilst a remark only six pages earlier, which, he says, implies that Michael Dyacon, Bishop of S. Asaph, was still alive, must have been written in 1500. Now no words could express more distinctly the fact of the death of the Bishop, which, as Le Neve informs us, took place in 1500, and, indeed, must have happened before April of that year, for his successor was consecrated April 26th.

The passage we refer to occurs just after a blank of a page and a half, which the author leaves for a description of the battle of Bosworth field, alleging that his blindness prevents him from describing it, and waiting to complete his narrative till he should have had fuller information of the proceedings. The words are as follows:—

‘Ecclesiastici præterea ordinis omnes qui cum illo faustissimo Richemundie comite advenérant voces imo pectore ad cælum usque cum pientissimis eunt precibus. Inter quos ille reverendus fidissimusque tunc Secretorum nunc vero Privati Sigilli Custos et Wyntoniensis præsul, dominus ac Mæcenas meus observandissimus, celestis militiæ copiis, una cum *felicis recordationis* fratre Michaelè Dyaconi Assavensi episcopo Francicastro, regio quondam confessore, item domino Christoforo Wrsougty decano Wyndezoræ, regio tunc eleemosinario prælatus erat.’

This passage plainly implies that Fox was Bishop of Winchester, which makes it as late as October, 1500.

The words *felicis recordationis*, which are never used, except for the dead, are taken by Mr. Gairdner to imply that the subject of whom they are used is alive. It is a mistake altogether inexplicable in an editor of such unusual accuracy. The date of writing the passage is definitely fixed, and it is next to certain that the original MS. was continuous up to this point, whilst, in the copy from which Mr. Gairdner printed, part of the pre-

liminary matter was added some time after the death of Prince Arthur. In the note at p. 11 the author refers to a passage at p. 8 (it should have been p. 10) in which he says of Arthur, 'princeps cum hæc scriberem dominabatur.' Mr. Gairdner thinks this implies the death of the prince. It at least is doubtful; we should have used it as an argument that he was alive.

With regard to Bernard André, no further particulars of any moment concerning him are known, except that he was alive till 1521.

Before making any reference to the historical contents of these volumes, we must make a few preliminary remarks on the character of the documents from which they have been printed, and the mode in which the editor has produced them. The first volume, which is called, 'Memorials of Henry VII.' but whose title is given in Latin, as follows: '*Historia Regis Henrici Septimi*, a Bernardo Andrea Tholosate conscripta,' &c. consists of two parts, the first of which comprises all the known writings of Bernard André, the latter being made up of journals and reports of ambassadors, relating to the reign of Henry VII.

Of the former part there are four portions, one, a French poem, entitled, '*Les douze Triomphes de Henri VII.*' the other three historical, one of them comprising the life of Henry, from his birth to the capture of Perkin Warbeck, and the other two being annals of the twentieth and twenty-third years of his reign. These three papers are all in the Cotton Library, in the volumes that are known by the designations, '*Domitian XXVIII.*' '*Julius A. IV.*' and '*Julius A. III.*' They cannot, of course, have been autographs, as the author, being blind, must have employed an amanuensis, but Mr. Gairdner thinks they may probably have been the identical copies presented to the king. At the commencement of the volume a fac-simile of each of these MSS. has been given, from which the reader can judge for himself of the beauty of the execution of all three, as well as of the difference in the handwriting, which sufficiently shows that they were written by three different scribes. The annals of the twentieth year may probably have been, Mr. Gairdner says, the very MS. written to the author's dictation, but the other two must have been transcripts, as may be judged by the nature of the mistakes in spelling which they exhibit. There is an omission which we trust will, in future volumes of this series, be always supplied, viz. the insertion of the foliation of the original MS. in the margin of the printed copy. This should always be added for facility of reference from one to the other, in case the reader should wish to authenticate the reading of any particular passage. The editor complains of inaccuracies of spelling and punctuation, and he has made several successful attempts to

restore the true reading, giving the reading of the MS. in a footnote. We should have preferred the inversion of this order, for other reasons, and more especially because we cannot always agree with Mr. Gairdner's conjectures. In some instances he has been very successful; but there are other alterations which shew want of scholarship. This appears, not only in some of the alterations suggested, but more especially in the absence of any notice of errors, which seem to have escaped his observation, as errors of a similar kind have in many instances been noticed. At p. 31 we have the word *quominus*, which any good scholar would at once have seen must have meant *cominus*, 'hand to hand,' but it was not till the recurrence of the word at p. 120, that Mr. Gairdner began to suspect that *quam citius* was a very poor substitute. We may add that it is almost an impossible form of expression, even for that age of Latinity. We must not make accusations without substantiating them, and Mr. Gairdner's volume is otherwise so well executed that it can afford to bear the weight of a few blunders being detected. Thus the words *pululans* (p. 41), *pallato* (p. 42), are left in the text unnoticed, whilst at p. 55 the contracted form *quis* instead of being left as it was in the MS. has been altered into *quibus*; whilst, at p. 57, *majus* has been left in the text without any suggestion of the true reading, which undoubtedly was *magis*. Here again the editor found out his mistake as he proceeded, and has judiciously, at p. 81, left the word *quis* as it was written in the MS. for *quibus*, without note or comment. We observe also that no notice has been taken of the almost invariable use of the word *regius*, 'royal,' with its first vowel short. Probably *Cæsum* for *Cræsum* at p. 26, and *Phæbo* at p. 35, may be classed as misprints. The form *mæreor*, at p. 34, ought to have been noticed as a mistake, the very doubtful use of this deponent word being scarcely sufficient to authorize its being allowed to pass as a Latin form, though it is possible the author might have confused the two words, *mereor* and *mæreo*, and thought the latter was a deponent verb.

Again, it is possible that in the prayer of Elizabeth, at p. 37, the two words used may have been *respezisti* and *sprevisti*; but if so, the change of number ought to have been noticed, in the same way that other similar mistakes are noticed, at the foot of the page. Again, on the other hand, we need not have been told that in the expression, '*austriis suave flantibus*,' at p. 60, *suave* is sic pro *suaviter*; the text is good enough Latin, and is even classical. So again, at p. 71, the insertion of [*se*] in the text, is quite unwarranted, though it is just possible the word may have been omitted by accident. Again, at p. 79,

expediam for *expediam* appears in the text without remark. What the meaning of *repedavit*, p. 106, is, we neither are informed, nor can we guess. The same remark applies to *aluminum* at p. 107, and *rumusculus*, at p. 108. *Megendi*, at p. 117, is, of course, *meyendi*, written for *meiendi*.

In some passages also the editor has called attention to the want of grammar and the confusion of the sentence, whilst in others, quite as bad, no notice is taken of the fact that the passage will not construe. A single extract from page 117 will contain instances of both. The author is recording the circumstance of the death of Lord Daubeney, the king's chamberlain. He describes it as follows:—

'Post hæc sabbato sequente animæ semper nitenti iterumque, postea in mentem venerat confessus est. Et postea regiæ capellæ decanto ministrante, multaque salubria monitamenta ex parte regis quam suapte prudentia eidem referente fuis ubertim lachrymis et singultibus, verbisque quæ præ dolore a me nunc recenseri non possunt prælibatis summa cum devotione et fide Corpus Dominicum ac reliqua deinceps ecclesiæ sacramento sanâ menta recepit: neque cor et lingua ejus in Christo laudos et gratia dicere; omnesque suos familiares et domisticos dulciter consolando alloqui, quos omnes ad vitam donavit feodis et possessionibus.'

Now the only note that is given to this unconstruable sentence is at the word 'nitenti,' 'Sic, apparently a word omitted.' But the insertion of no word or words will infuse grammatical construction into the sentence; nor is its conclusion at all more reducible to rule than its commencement, although the meaning of the whole passage is transparent enough. It is scarcely possible but that the first part of the sentence must have run thus:—'Post hæc, sabbato sequente animâ semper intenti iterum quæ postea in mentem venerant, 'confessus est;' and in the concluding clause of the sentence the word *capit* or its equivalent must have slipped out either of the MS. or the printed copy.

But enough of finding fault. If Mr. Gairdner has made a few hasty mistakes in scholarship he will certainly not be accused of want of care or critical exactness in reading and transcribing his MSS.; whilst his sketch of the history of the reign is extremely valuable, and forms a fitting introduction to Mr. Brewer's preface to the first volume of the 'Calendar of State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.'

Though the battle of Bosworth Field had placed him on the throne, it by no means secured Henry in the possession of it. If the people were with him the adherence of the nobles was at least doubtful. As Mr. Gairdner observes, 'The extraordinary mutations of fortune that had been experienced by the last four kings might have convinced even a less sagacious monarch that the crown could only be held by at best a precarious

'tenure. Henry VI. had spent many miserable years in prison, 'and was ruthlessly murdered at last; Edward IV. at what 'appeared to be the height of his prosperity, had been suddenly 'driven from his kingdom; Edward V. had been deposed and 'murdered; Richard III. had to fight for his crown and fell. 'What hope could Henry entertain of a more secure possession? 'His title was Lancastrian. The enormous power of the 'nobles could not but occasion him anxiety. The stability of 'the throne depended upon them, and they were not to be relied 'on. They had continued for the time in his favour; but only 'the strictest vigilance he knew could prevent future combina- 'tions against him. Hence it was that his government was 'in a great measure directed to depress the very powers that 'raised him to the throne.'

Whether we agree with Mr. Gairdner or not as to the character of Henry being cold but not cruel; whether the execution of Warwick, the memory of which caused so much grief to the excellent Catherine of Arragon, admits of extenuation as a political necessity; it is at least certain that the insecurity of his position is the clue to nearly every political act on this monarch's part. If Mr. Gairdner does not lay so much stress on his avarice and meanness as these qualities deserve, we must recollect that the Simancas documents had not at the time of this publication revealed the character of Henry VII. in exactly the same light in which it is now seen. However, to pass by these traits of character, and to speak generally, it cannot be doubted that, as far as the world had an opportunity of judging before M. Bergenroth's volume issued from the press, the one dominant idea in Henry's mind was to keep his position amongst the sovereigns in Europe, and to transmit the kingdom which he had usurped to his own descendants, unimpaired, at least, if not strengthened in its relations with foreign courts. And certainly the judgment which would have been formed by any unprejudiced reader on this point before the recent publication of original documentary evidence, will be amply justified both by Mr. Gairdner's volume and the subsequent publication of the English and Spanish correspondence from the archives at Simancas. If in the prosecution of this idea Henry was, as we cannot doubt, guilty of a great crime in ordering the execution of Warwick, it does not appear that his conscience ever tormented him with any pangs of remorse; though his more thoughtful and religious daughter-in-law was ever accustomed to regard this particular incident as the greatest blot in connexion with the means he adopted to secure his kingdom. The plots which were hatched, first by Lambert Simnel, then by Perkin Warbeck, and at least

one other impostor, must have taxed his utmost powers both to detect and to crush, and, though they do not justify the execution of Warwick, they go a good way towards accounting for it.

The most eventful period of the reign terminates with the capture of Perkin Warbeck, and Mr. Gairdner's description of the conspiracy is characterised by caution as well as decision. He makes no doubt that Warbeck was an impostor; and indeed it may be said that this is the received interpretation of the story. But Mr. Gairdner thinks that the mode in which the story has been told by historians who were fully convinced of the imposture has tended to throw doubts upon it. He quotes from Lord Bacon the following passage, as containing the original account of Perkin Warbeck's education:—

'She informed him of all the circumstances and particulars that concerned the person of Richard Duke of York, which he was to act; describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents, and of his brothers and sisters, and divers others that were nearest to him in his childhood, together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time, from the time of the king's death until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the term he was abroad as while he was in sanctuary. As for the time while he was in the Tower and the manner of his brother's death, she knew they were things that a very few could control; and therefore she taught him to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed likewise between them what account he should give of his peregrinations abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and such as they knew others would testify, for the credit of the rest, but still making them hang together with the part he was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions which were like to be asked of him; but in this she found him of himself so nimble and shifting as she trusted much to his own wit and readiness, and therefore laboured the less in it.'

Now any one who will carefully read over such a passage as this, even without the idea being present to his mind that from the nature of the case there could be no evidence of the story, except from the mouth of the narrator and the person to whom it was narrated, would at once see that the historian is describing just what he supposes ought to be given to pretenders by one who was in the secret, and who knew more of the circumstances than the impostor himself. As to the lady 'warning him not to vary from his tale,' the expression is absolutely ridiculous. No one who could have required such a warning could possibly have successfully played the part of a pretender for a single day. Mr. Gairdner observes of the instructions, that if Warbeck acted so well as to require such an account to be given of his imposture, the more reasonable

hypothesis is that he was no impostor at all. He proceeds to trace Bacon's narrative through Hall's free translation up to Polydore Vergil's Latin, which merely states in the most general terms that Margaret had instructed Perkin Warbeck in the secrets of the York family. When to this is added that Polydore Vergil wrote many years after the event, and that he was absent from England during the whole of the time of the conspiracy, grave suspicion attaches even to the little that this author has told us.

The publication of this work of Bernard André does not tend to raise our opinion of the celebrated history of Henry VII.'s reign by Lord Bacon. Amongst other extraordinary mistakes made by Bacon, is the assertion that Perkin was King Edward's godson. Not only is this said, but a hint is thrown out that he was Edward's natural son. Hume has added to the story, that this was asserted by contemporaries, and Walpole has still further improved upon it by stating that his likeness to King Edward could not be denied. Now the foundation for all these statements and conjectures is simply a passage in Bernard André, where he asserts that Perkin Warbeck was brought up in England by a Jew, who had afterwards been baptized by the name of Edward, and to whom Edward IV. had stood godfather. From him Speed reports that Perkin was the son of a converted Jew, and Bacon falls into the same mistake, adding to Speed's account the little piece of information which we have detailed above. Surely nothing but contemporary evidence can be depended on for the facts of history. We must dismiss Perkin Warbeck with the remark, that if he was an impostor, as we firmly believe he was, he must have been a very skilful one to deceive so many people. There can be no doubt many believed him to be the Duke of York, and James IV. gave ample proof that he believed in him by undertaking to invade England in his behalf and giving him his relation Lady Catherine Gordon in marriage.

We now quit this volume for the sake of saying a few words on the other two volumes whose titles are placed at the head of this article. If Mr. Gairdner tried his 'prentice hand' on the volume published in 1858, we may certainly be allowed to congratulate him on the masterly way in which he produced his second volume in 1861, and still more his third volume in 1863. We have no fault to find except that which we have already hinted at—the mixture of the two reigns, and the separate publication of the two volumes. However, we must take things as they are, and we proceed to notice the first of the two volumes, both because it comes in the natural order, and because its preface illustrates in a very skilful way the domestic and foreign

policy of Henry VII. It is the more remarkable, because Mr. Gairdner is here writing without the advantage of the Spanish documents, which were not published till after this volume had appeared. Mr. Gairdner has gathered up all that could be gathered from the original documents before him, and his estimate of the king's conduct is not in any degree falsified by the important additions to our knowledge of the reigns which have been extracted from the cyphers of Simancas.

Richard III. was, he observes, the last of a family of soldiers; Henry VII. commenced a dynasty of statesmen. Instead of brute force, we begin now to be accustomed to a policy which had some regard for law, and which was carried out by the sagacity and caution, not to say the cunning, of diplomatists. If the king's procedure at home was not always in accordance with law, he at least wished it to appear so. With regard to foreign alliances, he gradually won the respect of the sovereigns of Europe. He kept on good terms with France, he conciliated Scotland; and though he could not keep clear of war with both these people, yet he won his way to that peace which had ever been his ultimate object. In nothing, however, was the ability of Henry VII. shown more conspicuously than in the project of alliance with the Spanish sovereigns. The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella had consolidated two of the powerful dominions of the peninsula, and Henry had sagacity enough to augur a successful future for Spain, which was fully realized in the century which followed his death. We must omit all reference to the often told story of the disappointment of his schemes by the untimely death of Arthur, Prince of Wales, and the renewal of negotiations for the eventful marriage of Henry and his brother's virgin-widow. We can only afford to notice one other point in the preface to the second volume, after again repeating our regret that the two prefaces were not consolidated into one. Mr. Gairdner has thrown considerable light on the conspiracy of Suffolk. And with a brief allusion to this we must pass on to the last and most interesting volume of this second series of documents.

Suffolk left England in August, 1501, and repaired to the Emperor Maximilian, to whom he complained of injuries done to him by the King of England. Maximilian, after promising to assist his rising against Henry, shifted from time to time, all the while that Henry was apprehending and arresting all those who were likely to be favourable to his enterprise. And at last, in July, 1502, Maximilian, influenced by a bribe of 10,000*l.* signed a treaty with Henry, which bound him to drive the Earl of Suffolk from his dominions. After this, Ferdinand and Isabella joined against him. This was but natural. It was a matter of

personal interest to them at this time that he should not be successful in his attack on England. In 1504 Suffolk obtained permission to enter the territories of the Duke of Guelders, who soon afterwards made him his prisoner. In the following year he was committed to the custody of Philip, King of Castile, and during the autumn of this year, from his prison at Namur, he began to make proposals with the King of England for terms of pardon. Meanwhile Philip had been driven by stress of weather to the English coast, had been courteously received by the English sovereign, who extorted from him a promise to deliver Suffolk up to him. Philip consented, stipulating only that his life should be spared; Henry kept to the terms of his engagement, but Lord Herbert mentions a tradition which we may hope is not founded on fact, that though unwilling to put Suffolk to death himself, Henry recommended his son and successor to get rid of this obnoxious claimant of the crown. However that may be, it is certain that in 1513 he was ordered for execution, on the plea of having held correspondence with his brother, Robert de la Pole, an exile in France, at that time commanding the French fleet.

We now proceed to give a brief account of the third and best executed of the three volumes that we have undertaken to review. In doing so, we must not do more than make a passing allusion to the dispersion of documents over the three volumes, to the neglect of chronological order. The editor has himself made ample apology for the awkwardness of the arrangement in the preface to his third volume; and perhaps, scattered as the papers were in so many different collections, it was not to be expected that the publication of those first found should be delayed till the whole series is complete. We may now congratulate ourselves in possessing all or nearly all that can be discovered of the documents that illustrate the reign of Henry VII. But the work has lost most in the dislocation of the three prefaces. Had the author been able to condense the three into one, with all the knowledge that he possessed at the publication of the last volume in 1863, and with all the skill that he had acquired in the six years or more during which he had laboured at this period of English and Continental History, we should have had a more valuable as well as a more interesting account of the reign of Henry VII. We say nothing now of Richard III., not because the papers of that reign are uninteresting or unimportant, but because of our wish to draw the line, which separates what we prefer to consider mediæval history from modern history, at the commencement of the Tudor dynasty.

And first of all the reader will be disappointed to learn the extreme paucity of documents belonging to this reign. Mr.

Gairdner tells us that the first ten years are almost an absolute blank and the remaining fourteen very little better. It is the more remarkable because of the flood of light thrown upon the relations of Spain and England by the Simancas despatches. Mr. Gairdner says he has not found a single specimen of Cardinal Morton's handwriting, or of that of Reginald Bray. And only a few unimportant letters of Richard Fox exist.

Yet the whole of Mr. Gairdner's preface to his second volume is full of interest. It bears the same relation to his previously published introductions as the polished composition does to the rough draft. It contains his latest thoughts after having devoted years to the study of this reign. We omit to notice several disquisitions which relate to the reign of Richard III. because we do not profess to treat of anything anterior to the battle of Bosworth. It is but due however, to the writer to say, that there is a most useful critical analysis of the evidence for the authorship of the history of Richard III. which is commonly ascribed to More. And if, in this as well as in other more important matters, Mr. Gairdner has seen reason to change his opinion, we may be allowed to compliment him on his candour and love of truth, though we venture to blame him for precipitancy in committing his first two volumes to the press before he had accumulated all his valuable records. We scarcely think the following character of Henry VII. would have appeared in either of the first two volumes: indeed, it is plainly coloured by the revelations which have been made by the Simancas documents. After speaking of Margaret Countess of Richmond, his mother, he proceeds:—

'It was to be expected that the king, her son, yielding as he did not a little to her influence, should exhibit through life the impress of her training. And this we believe will be a better guide to the groundwork of Henry's character than we can obtain from the study of his merely political acts. In Henry, too, there appears to have been a touch of domestic affection, not entirely visible amid the darkness that surrounded his actions generally, and more especially his private life. In him, too, we find traces of a certain genial humour that relieves the severer aspect of his kingly state. His face had in it a cheerful, bright expression, which early in the reign won for him the goodwill of multitudes. His subjects read in it that he did not disdain to be amused. When on one occasion, there being an accidental delay at a tournament, he commanded two riders to run a course with spears, one of them decked his horse in paper with a grotesque device, "to cause the king to laugh." And that Henry himself could originate a little quiet pleasantry seems evident from the mild rebukes he gave to the flattery of courtiers. When John de Giglis, Bishop of Worcester, called the king "pastor," in a Latin poem, he answered, "Si me pastorem te decet esse pecus." Much in the same spirit, having received on one occasion a very eulogistic address from an ambassador, he asked the Archbishop of Dublin, who was present, what he thought of it. "There was no fault in it," answered the archbishop, "except that he praised your Majesty too much." "Truly," said the king, "we were of that opinion ourselves." But the milder features of his character were little noticed, because little valued. And this was especially the

case with the domestic element. If it had nothing to do with the religious, where it happens to be dragged to light, it seems rather allied to the political. And yet in politics we see it most dishonoured; to politics it is most shamefully prostituted. His cruel treatment of ill-starred Catherine of Arragon,—the monstrous proposal he made to marry her himself,—his coarse inquiries regarding the young Queen of Naples,—his revolting offer for the hand of mad Joan of Castile,—all show how little sanctity he attached to family ties, and how entirely he regarded them as means towards other objects. The domestic history of his more famous son is not more thoroughly repulsive.

There is one person of whom we should have been glad to hear more, and of whom Mr. Gairdner is only silent because he has no additional light to throw upon his history. We allude to Cardinal Hadrian de Castello, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who is just alluded to as ambassador to the Pope in 1503. Mr. Gairdner, when he published the first volume of his second work, had discovered but one letter, fortunately a holograph, of the Cardinal's, addressed from Rome to Henry VII. in October, 1505. In the second volume we are presented with another most valuable letter, from the same to the same, written from Rome nearly two years earlier. This is another holograph from the Cotton Library. Mr. Gairdner makes no further allusion to him, excepting that in Appendix C. he tells us that the patent for the denization of Hadrian de Castello is dated June 29, 1492.

The history of this remarkable man is so curious that we need make no apology for inserting here the only other letter of Henry VII.'s reign known to exist in his own handwriting. It is most interesting from the amount of fact which it contains. Nor are the circumstances of its discovery less interesting. We are permitted, by the editor of the 'Records of the Reformation,' which are now in the press at Oxford, to produce it here entire. It was discovered amongst the Divorce papers of the year 1528 in the Record Office, and it had evidently been amongst the papers removed from their proper place at the time when Henry was collecting all the evidence he could produce to achieve the divorce from Catherine of Arragon. To persons unaccustomed to the history of the change of place state papers have from time to time undergone, it will perhaps be surprising to learn that it is the next preceding letter to one which Mr. Gairdner has printed, and which distinctly alludes to it. If we are asked how the one which Mr. Gairdner has printed came into Sir Robert Cotton's collection, the answer would be simply conjectural; so we forbear to give it, and will content ourselves with observing that both of them ought to have been where the first of the two, which we here print, is, viz. in the Collection of State Papers in the Record Office.

Holograph letter from Hadrian de Castello to king Henry the Seventh.

‘ SACRA Regia Majestas, humillime commendata.

‘ Primo hujus mensis scripsi vestræ Majestati, ei significans
‘ assumptionem sanctissimi domini nostri Julii secundi ad Pon-
‘ tificatum, qui intra decem dies coronationem suam ordinavit,
‘ primâ die in Basilicâ Sancti Petri, sequenti vero die in eccle-
‘ siâ Sancti Johannis Lateranensis, maximo apparatu et ornatu,
‘ utpote qui est Pontifex liberalitate et animo insignis, ac rerum
‘ ueu apprime pollens, et 32 annorum Curialis. Est etiam toti
‘ populo gratus et mihi jam inde a pueritiâ optimus dominus.

‘ Cum vacaret sedes, venit domum meam, dignatusque est me
‘ ægotantem adhuc visere, et deinde, cum in conclavi essemus
‘ omnes Cardinales, ut moris est, ubi unam tantum diem et
‘ noctem morati sumus, bis cubiculum meum ingressus, fami-
‘ liarissime et humanissime me allocutus est, quod certe nulli
‘ Cardinalium fecit. Quâ ego integritate usus sim in electione
‘ duorum Pontificum, addo etiam et abstinentiâ, omnibus palam
‘ est, qui ne pilum quidem ex eâ electione domum reportavi,
‘ neque rem, neque spem, præter gratiam et favorem, quo certe
‘ tam Pius bonæ memoriæ quam modernus Pontifex me prose-
‘ quebantur. Ago gratias Deo et vestræ Majestati qui dant
‘ mihi affluenter, unde bene vivere, et sine corruptelâ degere
‘ valeam. Post ipsius Pontificis creationem, sequenti mane,
‘ coram C [ardinale] Salernitano, viro continentissimæ vitæ, ro-
‘ gavi suam Sanctitatem, ve[llet] mihi officium collectoriæ quod
‘ mihi tres pontifices præd[ecessores] sui dedissent, confirmare.
‘ Sua Sanctitas, quâ est benign[â semp]er in me benivolentiâ,
‘ libenter se id facturam recepit, [et bre]via deinde expediri
‘ mandavit, quæ istuc cum præsentibus misi. Posterâ die suam
‘ Sanctitatem, unâ cum Cardinale Sanctæ Crucis, viro gravis-
‘ simo et mihi amicissimo, visitavi Sanctitatem suam; ac, ut
‘ erat sua Sanctitas jam tumultu ac frequentiam accurrentium
‘ aliquantulum liberata, me benigne audivit. Exposui de vestrâ
‘ Majestate quæ de tanto principe tacenda mihi non erant, quod
‘ esset huic sanctæ sedi devota vestra Majestas, quod dedita,
‘ quod semper obsequentissima; recensui multa ac magna quæ
‘ pro ipsâ sede fecerat atque illi concesserat ligam, cruciatus,
‘ subsidia pro fide contra Turcum. Non omisi laudes vestræ
‘ Majestatis de Catholico et religioso suo animo, de sapientiâ, et
‘ multis naturæ dotibus; quæ, ut vitem assentandi suspensionem,
‘ in meis ad vestram Majestatem literis omittam.

‘ Veni postea ad petendum dispensationem inter clarissimum
‘ et illustrem vestræ Majestatis filium et Catholicorum Regum
‘ Hispaniarum filiam; de bullâ indulgentiæ corrigendâ etiam

' aliquid dixi; utrobique, quæ ad rem faciebant adjeci. *Sua*
 ' *Sanctitas de dispensatione ubi valde laudaverat vestram Ma-*
 ' *jestatem et ad omnia optime responderat, dixit rem gravio rem*
 ' *esse, nec se primâ facie scire, an Pontifici liceat in tali materiâ*
 ' *dispensare: se si fieri possit libenter satisfacturum votis tam*
 ' *Majestatis vestræ quam Catholicis illis regibus, quorum [or]ator*
 ' *hic existens jam secum prius verba fecerat. At ego respondi*
 ' *non solum Pontificem summum posse, sed a [llegati]s honestis-*
 ' *simis causis et urgentibus etiam debere dispensare. [Alle]gavi*
 ' *sæpius et recentibus exemplis ab Alexandro, Innocentio, Sexto*
 ' *et aliis suis prædecessoribus factitatum; dixit denique sua*
 ' *Sanctitas se consulturam aliquos Cardinales in hac re, inter*
 ' *quos me etiam nominavit. Ego vero posteaquam omni diligentia*
 ' *negocium cum suâ Sanctitate versaveram, commendatâ materiâ*
 ' *hâc et aliis vestræ Majestatis rebus suæ Sanctitati recedens*
 ' *iterum commemoravi bullam indulgentiæ vestræ Majestatis.*
 ' *Sua Sanctitas dixit se visuram minutam bullæ et alias mecum*
 ' *collocuturam. Vere sua Sanctitas videtur vestræ Majestati*
 ' *satis benivola, et spero erit etiam concessa; quod ut faciat, ego*
 ' *quâ valebo gratiâ et favore unâ cum omnibus meis dominis Car-*
 ' *dinalibus et amicis incessanter operari non cessabo, ut feci in*
 ' *felicis recordationis Domino Alexandro patrono meo. Dixi*
 ' *insuper suæ Sanctitati de tribus ecclesiis, viz. Cantuariensi,*
 ' *Cicestrensi, et Assavensi expediendis juxta literas commenda-*
 ' *titias vestræ Majestatis desuper scriptas; et recitavi Dominum*
 ' *Pium commisisse mihi illarum expeditionem, sed morte præ-*
 ' *ventum non potuisse perfici negocium. Sua Sanctitas commisit*
 ' *mihi expeditionem, et ut, formato processu consueto, referrem*
 ' *in sacro consistorio, voluitque me rogare ut prior esset omnium*
 ' *aliorum in primo consistorio suo expeditio ecclesiæ Cantuari-*
 ' *ensis, dicens se velle incipere ab insigni ecclesiâ [qualis] est*
 ' *Cantuariensis, nec facere ut fecit Pius qu[i pri]mo suo, eodem-*
 ' *que ultimo, consistorio ecclesiam tantum [] rinam expe-*
 ' *divit. Promisi ego me id facturum. Expe[dita e]rit itaque*
 ' *prima Cantuariensis in primo Julii consistorio, et [cum] sere-*
 ' *nissimæ vestræ Majestatis bonis auspiciis absoluta; et [quum]*
 ' *bullæ mittentur, etiam scribam.*

' Nova Italiæ ad præsens parva sunt quæ significare vestræ
 ' Majestati valeam. Res Regni Neapolitani in eodem sunt
 ' gradu. Exercitus Gallorum qui hinc superioribus ebdomadis
 ' transierat, adhuc Regnum intrare non potuit; sunt gentes
 ' omnes eorum cis Lirim amnem qui Garigianus dicitur, supra
 ' quem hedificare cœperant pontem unde trajicere possent.
 ' Hispani dissimulare et segnitiam ac metum causari cœperunt
 ' quoadusque illi semiconfectum pontem relinquere coacti
 ' fuerunt. Ex insidiis enim subito prorumpentes Hispani pon-

‘tem deturbare, et tormentis machinisque bellicis propellere
‘hostem non omiserunt. Mire narratur premi uterque exercitus,
‘penuriâ frumenti, ac commeatûs reliqui; sed majori Gallus
‘quam Hyspanus, cum Hyspano Sicilia ac quod est a tergo
‘residuum Regni subveniat.

‘Cum hæc scribebam, allatum est nuncium Gallos qui obsi-
‘debant oppidum et arcem Salst quod est inter Narbonam et
‘Perpinianum, ad duo milia cæsos ab Hyspanis fuisse, et vallum
‘Gallorum [fractum] et dirutum esse, tormentaque aliquot
‘bellica adempta eis fuisse.

‘Volui quæ hic narrantur quæ [que] scriptu digna puto,
‘vestræ Majestati significare. Creditur [hâc] hieme parum
‘exercitus ipsos profecturos, sed in c[æ]l[is] se collocaturos ac
‘proximo vere, nisi pax [vel] induciæ fiant extrema molituros.
‘In quâ pace compone [ndâ] Sanctissimus dominus noster quibus
‘poterit modis operari non cessabit. [Deu]s illam ad optatum
‘finem perducatur.

‘[Dec. 1503.]’

To make what little is known of the writer of this letter more intelligible we may just add, for the information of such as do not know his history, that he had been sent by Innocent VIII. into Scotland in 1488 to compose the feuds of that kingdom. Finding that James III. had been slain, he remained in London, and attracted the notice of the celebrated Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who brought him to the king's notice. All affairs at the court of Rome were committed to his charge, and he was rewarded by the king by promotion, first to the see of Hereford, and then to that of Bath and Wells; secondly by the Pope, by being made Cardinal of S. Chrysosgonus. In these capacities he accumulated so much money, that Alexander VI. determined to poison him. He escaped by the accidental circumstance of the cup being offered to the Pope and his son, instead of to himself. He was afterwards detected in a conspiracy to poison Leo X. But Leo was content to execute the principal contriver of the scheme, and let off Cardinal Hadrian and all the other conspirators, on condition of their confessing their crime.

He was deprived in 1518, and succeeded in his bishopric by Wolsey. He was ashamed or afraid to show his face after his crime became notorious; and he entirely disappears from history from that time forward. We wish we could throw a little light upon the dark history of this foul conspiracy. It is certain (see Brewer, vol. i. 3443) that Hadrian would have been glad to succeed to the chair of S. Peter, and that the emperor furthered his designs. Whether this was at the bottom of the attempt to

poison Leo X. must for ever remain a mystery. The few letters and extracts that relate to this subject, and which appear more or less abridged in Mr. Brewer's second volume, only seem to blacken the character of Hadrian. From these it appears that he at first perjured himself, denying any knowledge of the conspiracy, and that upon being urged to confess, after he had been implicated in it by the confession of the cardinals Sauli and Sienna, he fell at the Pope's feet and confessed his crime with tears in his eyes. The same letter from the bishop of Worcester which relates this, adds, that Hadrian had the assurance to request a breve from the Pope to the king, attesting his innocence. This may be the representation of an enemy. There was another report prevalent that he had got into trouble for merely overhearing and not divulging the conspiracy. In another letter written by the same bishop of Worcester (Mr. Brewer has erroneously printed it Winchester) we are told that Cardinal Hadrian had reached Venice, having left Rome, disguised as a fool. His being received at Venice was very displeasing to his successor, Wolsey, who said, 'that if Venice persevered in favouring this rebel prisoner,' who is said also to have poisoned Pope Alexander, 'the king and himself would be most hostile to them.' The last we hear of him is in a letter from Spinelly to Wolsey, stating his opinion that the Pope will restore Hadrian to his dignity. Whether or not the story is true that he had heard a prophecy that the successor to the popedom after the decease of Leo X. should be a man named Hadrian, born in an obscure place, or whether this story was invented to account for the singular fact that Hadrian VI. was, like Cardinal Hadrian, born in obscurity, and reached, without any intrigues of his own, the highest dignity of the Church, which the other failed to attain by fraud and perjury, and the attempt to murder, we cannot tell. The story is too like the story of Macbeth and others to be believed on anything short of the best contemporary evidence.

ART. III.—*Platonis Euthydemus et Laches. Præfixa est Epistola ad Senatum Lugdunensem Batavorum. Auctore CAROLO BADHAM. 1865.*

THE Public Schools Commissioners have ended their labours, and issued their Report; and the conclusion at which they have arrived as the result of their investigations is a very simple one—that, however desirable it may be to modify the old system of education by the introduction of fresh branches of study, and the redistribution of time allotted to each several subject, still, for the perfection of moral and intellectual training, and for the thorough development of all the powers of the human mind, the accurate study of the classical writers of antiquity must be pronounced to be of paramount importance. No other branch of study can hold an equal place with it; none can be substituted for it; none can compensate for the want of it.

The conclusion is one which all old Oxford men will hail with pleasure. Our neighbours the French, who, however they may fall short of us in practical detail, are confessedly ahead of us in inventive faculty, had made the same discovery some time before. And when we in England, a few years ago, were beginning to fear that, from the general outcry against them, classical studies might fall from their high estate in this country, a much wider and fuller acquaintance with classical literature was made imperative on all who aspired to the highest honours bestowed by the University of Paris. Taken in connexion with the Report of our Public Schools Commission, the fact is a significant one. The great characteristic of the present age will be generally admitted to be freedom of thought. The tendency to emancipate the mind from the thralldom of all intellectual shackles, appears to recur in certain well-defined cycles; and through that phase of intellectual liberty we are confessedly passing at the present time. And no sooner do we pass into this stage of intellectual progress, no sooner are we determined to be

‘Nullius additi jurare in verba magistri,’

than, throwing off the restraints of one philosophical system, we take our stand on the vantage ground of the present advanced state of science; and instead of studying and submitting ourselves to the rule of *one* system, we set about obtaining a com-

prehensive view of *all* systems, and take a wide sweeping view of philosophy generally, regarded as a historical whole.

For a thorough acquaintance with the facts necessary for the acquisition of this enlarged view, the study of classical antiquity is necessarily indispensable; and therefore, in the prosecution of this intellectual emancipation, the extension of thought and the mastery of the philosophical systems of ancient Greece mutually react upon each other. And, as a natural result, the study of the books of Plato especially has always been coincident with the eager yearnings and aspirations of the mind after intellectual freedom. The *fact* is sufficiently familiar to all scholars.

As a single instance of its truth, we need only refer to the days of our own Charles II. The iron fetters of Puritanism had weighed heavily on the nation, and the reaction in intellectual, political, and social life was seen in the full, free, and vigorous development of all the latent powers and energies of human thought. The shackles of the most narrowing system that ever weighed down the mind of free England were joyously shaken off with an elasticity that only showed how great had been the weight of the superincumbent despotism, religious and political; the minds of men bounded, as it were, into freedom of thought and speech and action. Along with the profession of a purer, of a more liberal and enlightened faith, they cultivated the principles of a philosophy and a truth 'that should make them free.' The teaching of Socrates, the great precursor of all free thinkers, absorbed the attention of all who pined after the liberty of expression of thought. Platonism and an enlarged and charitable and comprehensive study of Christianity went hand in hand, and by the side of Taylor we find the honoured name of Cudworth.

In the present day, also, 'everything,' as has been well remarked, 'both in the world of sense and in the world of intellect, betokens life, energy, and movement.' At no time, perhaps, in the history of the world, has the impatience of all external restraint, whether political, social, or philosophical, been more strongly evinced. Of social and political enfranchisement it is not for us to speak here. The facts, in truth, are too patent to require comment. In philosophy, however, it is no less apparent. For a long time the students in our universities had been trained within the leading-strings of the Aristotelian Philosophy, and outside that pale the minds of all cultivators of philosophy had been 'cabined, cribbed, confined' by the dogmas of the Scotch metaphysicians. But the reaction has taken place; men's minds have been gradually quickening to a feeling of the necessity of a more enlarged

view of the study of psychology, and we therefore look to find a gradually increasing attention bestowed on the writings of Plato. Nor do we look in vain. From the point of view we are now taking, we are not going, evidently, to take into consideration the labours of Continental scholars in this field. It is quite sufficient for our purpose to glance at what has been recently put forth by our own scholars. We need only refer to Mr. Campbell's edition of the *Thætetus*, to Mr. Cope's laborious and very meritorious edition of the *Gorgias*; to the editions of the *Philebus* which have appeared under the auspices of both Dr. Badham and Mr. Poste; to Mr. Grote's three elaborated volumes on 'Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates;' to the long-promised edition of the *Phædrus* and *Gorgias* by Mr. Thompson; and last, not least, the long-expected and earnestly looked-for *Republic* of Mr. Jowett; as evidences of the daily increasing attention which the works of Plato are receiving. Under these circumstances it is with no little pleasure that we welcome anything that may enable us more readily and completely to master the works of the great author.

For certainly, if ever, it is now most desirable that we should be enabled if possible to read his genuine productions; in other words, to have an edition of Plato which shall be *Plato*, and not a mere repetition of the errors of transcribers. In the book whose title stands at the head of this notice we have a valuable contribution towards this consummation, an instalment merely, we hope, of what will be done to clear away from the pure text the manifold errors which, like noxious weeds, have grown around and choked it. Dr. Badham's edition of the text of the *Euthydemus* and the *Laches* is, to use the language of the present day, a step in the right direction. Its object is to invite the student's attention to a scholar-like consideration of the text itself; to see, in fact, what Plato *said*, before he begins to argue about what Plato thought, and, therefore, as intended for classical students, it is in a great measure philological rather than philosophical.

The same may be said of his previous contributions towards the same object, if we except his preface to the *Philebus*, and his brief but pregnant remarks prefixed to the *Phædrus*. Of the present work we should say that it is eminently calculated to recall the attention of students to that accurate and critical scholarship which was once the boast and the glory of Oxford, but which we fear the recent breaking up of the class-list into its manifold subdivisions, has tended greatly to discourage, if not to destroy. To this point Dr. Badham refers in his preface in the following pithy sentence:—'*Cujus consilii capiendi causam vos facile divinaturos esse arbitror, quippe qui non modo*

'sciatis sed jampridem doleatis Academias nostras antiquam illam Porsonianam et Elmsleianam disciplinam adeo deseruisse ut qui ibi literas doceant fere omnes artem criticam non modo improbent sed palam detestentur et discipulis deridendam propinent. Quotum quemque igitur in his oris inventurus eram qui quidquam a me scriptum legere dignaretur, vel, si legisset, jam ante depravatum ab istis magistellis judicium ad meliorem normam accommodari pateretur.' (Præf. pp. iv. v.) How just this lamentation is, those who best know the state of scholarship in our Universities in the present day can most sadly testify. Of all the college tutors in both our Universities, how many are there who can decipher an ancient manuscript? How many who could tell a manuscript of the sixth century from one of the eleventh? How many who could even tell what are the standard manuscripts of the various classics on which they profess to lecture to their pupils, or could give the student a hint as to *where* they are to be found, or *how* to use them when they *had* gained access to them?

It is therefore with pleasurable anticipation that we look for the appearance of Dr. Badham's promised manual, that shall give our University students some preliminary assistance towards this most necessary part of the education of a scholar. His own intimate acquaintance with ancient manuscripts, acquired during many years' study in the Vatican and the other great libraries of Europe, not only eminently qualifies him for the production of such a work, but is a guarantee to us that the present edition of Plato does not come forth to the world without having undergone a critical examination of the labours of the transcribers.

The 'motive cause' of the appearance of this book is very simply set forth in the title-page. It is in fact a tribute of respect and gratitude to the governing body of the University of Leyden for the honour they did the author by conferring upon him a complimentary degree. And none but those who are acquainted with the high standing of that body, and the rareness with which such honours are conferred, can appreciate the high distinction conferred upon Dr. Badham, and the compliment to English scholarship paid in his person.

With these few introductory remarks, let us proceed to show how Dr. Badham has acquitted himself in discharging this debt, and for what *we* are indebted to him in the present edition. We will begin by stating that the manuscripts which we have of Plato, on which any dependence can be placed, are very few. For the Republic and the Laws we have the Paris manuscript (A) and the Vatican (Ω). For the rest we must depend on the Bodleian manuscript, or \mathfrak{A} , eked out by the Coislinian (Γ). The deviations from, and corruptions of, the manuscripts are due, of

course, to the errors of the transcribers. And the source of them may be mainly derived from the margin of a previous copy: 'Fuit margo reverâ omnium rerum receptaculum.' Into it all corrections, all omissions, all conjectures, all exegetical and laudatory remarks, found their way, and to these the corruptions of the text may be mainly attributed. Now the errors of transcribers may be simply classified under the following heads:—

The first are those known to scholars as glosses, 'glossemata'; then, blunders (*a*) of stupidity and (*β*) false ingenuity; the confounding of letters; and fourthly, the improper division and joining of words.

We will give one or two specimens of the manner in which the reading of Plato has been facilitated for us in this edition, under these separate heads. We may remark incidentally that Dr. Badham has been, perhaps with some truth, occasionally found fault with for too much *brevity*. To his own lucid mind the emendations are so clear, that he merely states the results, leaving his readers, without sufficient explanation, to argue out for themselves the process by which he arrives at the conclusion.

We will therefore, as it were, disinter, and bring into more prominent relief, some of these emendations, which would probably be overlooked on a cursory inspection.

To begin with the glosses. If a transcriber thought a passage strikingly beautiful, he wrote his comment *ὡραῖον* in the margin. If he found a difficulty, he made his side-note of *χαλεπὸν*.¹ If he was struck with some noble sentiment, he marked his approbation by the words *ἄξιον τὸ διανόημα*: and so forth. Sometimes he gave a brief explanation in his own words. And all these, in later copies, found their way into the text itself; and it is in the detection and elimination of these supplementary excrescences that the critical acumen of the editor is shown. Here are a few instances. In the thirteenth page of this edition, c. 7, and d. 4, the words *καὶ σώφρων* and *περὶ τούτου ὁ λόγος αὐτοῖς* are mere side-notes of the copyist. So are the words *ἃ λέγουσιν*, in p. 18, A. 6. A similar instance occurs in the Symposium, p. 198, D: the words *τοῦ ἐπαινεῖν ὅτι οὖν* are only a note. So, again, the words *θειότερον γὰρ κ. τ. ἐ.*, in the Symp. p. 180, B. St.²

Of blunders of 'stupidity,' we may, perhaps, consider the following as fair instances. In the twentieth page, E. 3, the old

¹ In the Symposium, p. 204, D. St., we have *αὐτὸ γὰρ τοῦτό ἐστι χαλεπὸν ἀμαθία*. Strike out *χαλεπὸν*, and we have the simple sense we require. 'For this is the very essence of ἀμαθία,' &c. For *ἄξιον τὸ διανόημα*, see the Republic, p. 503, E. St.

² The words *θειότερον γὰρ* are good genuine text. The words that follow, *ἐραστῆς παιδικῶν ἐνθεος γὰρ ἐστὶ*, are an interpolation. So in Philebus, p. 41, the second *ἀπολούμεν* is superfluous.

reading, οὐδ' ἄρα ἐκέλευον, ἔφην ἐγώ, is converted into sense by the simple change into οὐδ' ἄρα ἐκ' ἔλενε, φήμ' ἐγώ. In page 40, B. 3, the substitution of the *plural* for the *dual* makes sense of what before was absurd.

So in the Symposium, p. 211, E. ἀλλ' αὐτὸ τὸ θεῖον καλὸν δύναιτο μονοειδὲς κατιδεῖν. Dr. B. very properly rejects these 'one-eyed beauties' as spurious. It has been said before in its place and in good order: here it is entirely out of place.

As an instance of 'false ingenuity,' we would suggest the passage in p. 36, D. 4. As the discussion turns on 'money,' the transcriber evidently thought the word χρήματα was wanted. By reading χρῆναι αἰεὶ for χρήματ' αἰεὶ, the whole argument flows naturally on.

Another fertile source of error is the substitution of one letter for another. Of this we have endless instances. We will take a few:—

Plat. Euthyd.	p. 12, B. 3,	ν and ρ confounded.	ἄν and ἄρ.
" "	p. 19, "	ι and ει do.	ννί and νν ει.
" "	p. 20, "	ν and μ do.	ἔφην ἐγὼ and φημ' ἐγώ.
" "	p. 21 "	γ and τ } do.	τούτω γ' ου and τούτω τοι.
		ι and υ }	
Plat. Thæt.	p. 259, C.	for ὡς δυνατά read εἰς ἀνήντα.	
" "	p. 229, C.	for μόνη read μορίω.	
" "	p. 192, E.	for ἐπιγινώσκει read εἰ γινώσκει.	

So in the Philebus, ed. Badh.: p. 5, for πειρόμεθα read πεισόμεθα; p. 11, for βραδύτερον read βραχύτερον. In the preface to the Euthydemus, Dr. B. alters, in the Cratylus, p. 407, ἀπέχει into ἀπηχεῖ.

Of words improperly joined and divided, we will give one or two very neat specimens. In page 19, E. 3, for ἀκούωμεν νῦν εἰ, read ἀκούων μὲν ννί. In p. 35, for καὶ πρὸς read κάπρος. There is a capital emendation also in Dr. Badham's Philebus, p. 75, where, by the mere change of λέγω into λέγ' ὦ, and the alteration of the punctuation, and by putting the words into the right speaker's mouth, a very vexed passage becomes perfectly intelligible.

In the prefatory letter, we have some very elegant emendations of other authors beside Plato, to one or two of which we would gladly draw attention:—

'P. viii. Æsch. Agam. 933, 4. For the old εὔξω θεοῖς δαΐσας ἂν read εὔξω θεοὶ δ' ἴσασιν.

'P. ix. Soph. Trach. 517. For ἐγὼ δὲ μάτηρ μὲν οἶα φράζω read ἔγνω δὲ μάτηρ κ. τ. εἰ.

'P. 16. Œd. R. 65. For ὥστ' οὐχ ἔπνευ γ' εὐδοντα μ' ἐξεγείρετε read ὥστ' οὐχ ἔπνευ γ' ἐνδόντα κ. τ. εἰ.

'P. xi. Œd. Col. 1119. For πρὸς τὸ λιπαρὲς read πρὸς τὰδ' εἰ πάρος.'

The following is very ingenious :—

'In Plutarch. de Def. Orac. V. For ἀγίων τῶν παρόντων read ἀτ' ἱεῶνων παρόντων.'

And the following transpositions :—

'Eurip. Hecuba, 846. For οἱ νόμοι διαόρισαν read θεοὶ μόνοι διαόρισαν.

'Plat. Symp. p. 197. For κοίτην ὕπνον τ' ἐνὶ κήδει read ὕπνον τ' ἐνὶ κοίτῃ ἀκηδῇ.'

We cannot quit this part of our subject without noticing an emendation of a passage in Livy, which strikes us as very happy. In Livy, lib. xxi. 4, for 'Nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deūm metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio,' Dr. Badham suggests, 'Nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deūm metus, juris jurandi nulla religio.'

We might multiply instances to any extent almost, but those already given will probably be sufficient to show the accurate scholarship and critical acuteness displayed in the edition of Plato now under review.

From this notice of the text, let us proceed to offer a few remarks on the Dialogues themselves; and we cannot, perhaps, do better than give, in Mr. Grote's own words, a short summary of the argument, and then briefly state our reasons for demurring to some of Mr. Grote's conclusions :—

'The conversation of Sokrates with the youth Kleinias is remarkable for its plainness and simplicity. His purpose is to implant or inflame in the youth the aspiration and effort towards wisdom or knowledge (φιλοσοφία, in its etymological sense). "You, like every one else, wish to do well or to be happy. The way to be happy is, to have many good things. Every one knows this; every one knows, too, that among these good things wealth is an indisputable item; likewise health, beauty, bodily activity, good birth, power over others, honour in our city, temperance, justice, courage, wisdom, &c. Good fortune does not count as a distinct item, because it resolves itself into wisdom. But it is not enough to have all these good things; we must not only have them, but use them: moreover, we must use them not wrongly, but rightly. If we use them wrongly, they will not produce their appropriate consequences. They will even make us more miserable than if we had them not, because the possession of them will prompt us to be active and meddlesome: whereas, if we have them not, we shall keep in the background and do little. But to use these good things rightly depends upon wisdom, knowledge, intelligence. It thus appears that the enumerated items are not really good, except on the assumption that they are under the guidance of intelligence; if they are under the guidance of ignorance they are not good: nay, they even produce more harm than good, since they are active instruments in the service of a foolish master.

"But what intelligence do we want for the purpose? Is it *all* intelligence? Or is there any one single variety of intelligence, by the possession of which we shall become good and happy? Obviously, it must be such as will be profitable to us. We have seen that there is no good in possessing wealth—that we should gain nothing by knowing how to

acquire wealth, or even to turn stones into gold, unless we at the same time knew how to use it rightly. Nor should we gain anything by knowing how to make ourselves healthy, or even immortal, unless we knew how to employ rightly our health or immortality. We want knowledge, or intelligence, of such a nature, as to include both acting, making, or construction—and rightly using what we have done, made, or constructed. The makers of lyres and flutes may be men of skill, but they cannot play upon the instruments which they have made; the logographers compose fine discourses, but hand them over for others to deliver. Even masters in the most distinguished arts—such as military commanders, geometers, arithmeticians, astronomers, &c.—do not come up to our requirement. They are all of them varieties under the general class *hunters*: they find and seize, but hand over what they have seized for others to use. The hunter, when he has caught or killed game, hands it over to the cook; the general, when he has taken a town, delivers it to the political leader or minister; the geometer makes over his theorems to be employed by the dialectician or comprehensive philosopher.

“Where then can we find such an art—such a variety of knowledge or intelligence—as we are seeking? The Regal or Political art looks like it; that art which regulates and enforces all the arrangements of the city. But what is the work which this art performs? What product does it yield, as the medical art supplies good health, and the farmers’ art provision? What good does it effect? You may say that it makes the citizens wealthy, free, harmonious in their intercourse. But we have already seen that these acquisitions are not good, unless they be under the guidance of intelligence; that nothing is really good, except some variety of intelligence. Does the regal art then confer knowledge? If so, does it confer every variety of knowledge—that of the carpenter, currier, &c. as well as others? Not certainly any of these, for we have already settled that they are in themselves neither good nor bad. The regal art can thus impart no knowledge except itself; and what is *itself*? How are we to use it? If we say that we shall render other men *good*, the question again recurs, *Good*—in what respect? *useful*—for what purpose? Here, then,” (concludes Sokrates), “we come to a dead lock; we can find no issue. We cannot discover what the regal art does for us, or gives us; yet this is the art which is to make us happy.” In this difficulty, Sokrates turns to the two Sophists, and implores their help. The contrast between him and them is thus brought out.

‘The argument of Sokrates, which I have thus abridged from the Euthydemus, arrives at no solution; but it is, nevertheless, eminently suggestive, and puts the question in a way to receive solution. What is the regal or political art which directs or regulates all others? A man has many different impulses, dispositions, qualities, aptitudes, advantages, possessions, &c. which we describe by saying that he is an artist, a general, a tradesman, clever, just, temperate, brave, strong, rich, powerful, &c. But in the course of life each particular situation has its different exigencies, while the prospective future has its exigencies also. The whole man is one, with all these distinct and sometimes conflicting attributes; in following one impulse, he must resist others; in turning his aptitudes to one object, he must turn them away from others—he must, as Plato says, distinguish the right use of his force from the wrong, by virtue of knowledge, intelligence, reason. Such discriminating intelligence which in this Dialogue is called the Regal or Political art—What is the object of it? It is intelligence or knowledge—but *of what*? Not certainly of the way how each particular act is to be performed—how each particular end is to be attained. Each of these separately is the object of some special

knowledge. But the whole of a man's life is passed in a series of such particular acts, each of which is the object of some special knowledge. What then remains as the object of Regal or Political intelligence, upon which our happiness is said to depend? Or how can it have any object at all?—Grote, Vol. i. pp. 537—50.

The argument is, on the whole, very fairly stated. There are, however, some points to which we demur. We may, by the way, object to Mr. Grote's translation of the word *ἐπιστήμη*. If he rejects the old-fashioned translation by 'science,' he is surely unfortunate in his selection of the word 'intelligence.' In its ordinary acceptance in English, it is not a counterpart of the word *ἐπιστήμη*; and if it is used as a word of 'second intention,' it is equally unfortunate, as it is the word Cicero has chosen as the equivalent for the Platonic *Idea* (*De Leg.* i. 22).

In the rendering of single words Mr. Grote is not always successful. We have an instance in the second volume of his 'Plato' (p. 80, note f), where, following Dr. Arnold's blunder, he understands by *ἡ ἐν τῷ μετὰ μαλακισθῆναι κάκωσις*, 'the misery which comes together with cowardice' (*Thucyd.* ii. 43). It is no doubt true 'that the pains of self-reproach and infamy in 'the eyes of others are among the most agonizing in the human 'bosom;' but, if the recognised principles of Greek 'word-building' are worth anything, *κάκωσις* must mean the 'gradual depreciation of the character'—the *empirement*, as the French would call it—not 'the fear of disgrace and dishonour in his own eyes, and in those of others.' We are not surprised at Dr. Arnold's mistake, who translates in the same passage, *κοινῆς ἐλπίδος* by 'hopes for the common welfare!'

In this summing up of the whole argument, as in many other instances, Mr. Grote appears to us to have overlooked the true gist of the Platonic difficulty. For here, as elsewhere, there is far more to be learnt from the *honest avowal* that the problem seems incapable of solution, than from the reasonings *by which* we are led to that conclusion. What is 'the Good?' We are greatly surprised to find Mr. Grote stating that 'Plato declines to answer the question in the Republic,' and that he does profess to find it answered in the Protagoras; still more, that he should represent Socrates as alleging that the reason for so doing is, because he despairs of making it intelligible to his hearers. Is it saying nothing about the Good to declare that it is the Sun and Centre of the Unseen World? That it is the Absolute Cause? and so emphatically *the Cause*, that it must be conceived of as anterior to being (*ἑπεκείνα τῆς οὐσίας*), acting, as it were, *outside of and beyond* it. We freely admit that the account of it (for it is certainly not meant for a *definition*) which he gives in the Philebus is not very easy to understand. But if

we suppose (and the whole scope of the Dialogue seems to warrant the supposition) that the endeavour in the *Philebus* is to ascertain not what the Good is *in itself*, but what is its *purest manifestation*, we think the following extract from Dr. Badham's introduction to the *Philebus* presents a solution of the question:—

'The good which appeared most suitable for man was found in the combination of two human conditions. It is reasonable, then, to expect that in combination universally, we approach most nearly to the Universal Good; but combination depends upon three things—measure, symmetry, truth; and wherever we trace these, the good cannot be far off. Now we trace measure, in τὸ μέτρον, τὸ καίριον, and all that evinces adaptation of one to another; symmetry in τὸ καλόν, τὸ ἴκανον, τὸ τέλειον, and all that is complete and harmonious in itself; truth (subjective) in the νοῦς καὶ φρόνησις of man, as that wherein the real is distinguished from the seeming, and the eternal from the accidental; Νοῦς δ' ἦτοι ταῦτόν καὶ ἀλήθειά ἐστιν, ἡ πάντων οὐσιώτατον.

'But why do they occur in this order? Not because there is any superiority of πρῶσβεια or δύναμις in any of the kinds, as in the case of τὰγαθόν, but because there is a difference between them as to priority in thought, or because the sphere in which they are exhibited differs as to extent. Everything in the whole universe presents an example of τὸ μέτρον in some form or other; this, therefore, comes first. One of the results of this adaptation is the perfection of individual things as to beauty or use (τὸ ἴκανον); and this, being a result and part of the former, is placed after it. The least comprehensive of the three circles is mind and thought; it is therefore put into the third place; and having been thus used as the place in which truth is to be found, it is not repeated again in the fourth, but its subordinates, science, art, and true conceptions, are left by themselves. Nor are we unprepared for the division, since all along νοῦς has been hovering between the human, in which it is placed, and the Divine, of which it bears the name and likeness; and when the corresponding division to that of ἡδοναὶ had to be made, it was made not in νοῦς, which did not admit of it, but in the ἐπισημαί. The pure pleasures will naturally come next in order.'—P. xviii.

With regard to Mr. Grote's assertion, that the true definition of the ἀγαθόν is given in the *Protagoras*, and is there made to consist in Pleasure, he seems to have overlooked two facts—(1) that in that early Dialogue the *dialectic* element predominates; and (2) that he acquiesces in that notion of the Good, which those with whom he reasons were prepared to admit. Socrates had no intention, clearly, of giving this as a definition, or even as his own notion of the Good. What is said about the βουλευτὸν and ἀβουλευτὸν in the Fifth Book of the *Laws* concerns human motives, but does not concern the essence of the Good. 'The Good is made pleasant that we may desire it,' is a very different doctrine from 'Pleasure and Good are the same thing.'

The view given by Socrates is, in fact, one eminently interesting to Christian readers. The gap which Plato left in philosophy—the gap, in fact, which the profoundest intellect, unaided

by Revelation, left unfilled, and which he despaired of ever being able to fill, *i.e.* as to the nature of that royal science which has for its object 'the making of the Good,' and which his great successor vainly endeavoured to fill up by his ethico-political system, is *the very point* at which mere philosophy must end, and the mission of the philosopher must close—must *necessarily* close, unless he accepts the aid of Revelation. It is from Revelation that we learn that *we* do not make the Good, but the Good *us*—or, in other words, the τὸ ἀγαθὸν becomes ὁ ἀγαθός: the powerless abstraction becomes a personal agent, and the true royal science is the contemplation of all things from that Centre, and the working together with it in the fulfilment of its great purpose.

The great difficulty, the great struggle, ever present to the mind of Socrates, is beautifully exemplified in the discussion of the ἀνδρεία, which forms the subject of the Laches, and which Dr. Badham has therefore done well in placing by the side of the Euthydemus. We are surprised that no commentator has noticed the dramatic merit of the Laches, in bringing out at every turn of the dialogue the peculiar and distinctive characteristics of Nicias and Laches. Indeed, we consider that the character of the former can never be fully understood unless we supplement by the *Platonic* account of him the *historic* accounts of Thucydides and Aristophanes. There is a certain tinge of pedantry about him, as exemplified in his mode of conducting the argument,—a certain evasiveness and shuffling, and a fondness for speculation not inconsistent with a capacity for action, but which has a tendency to enfeeble and confuse it, which no attentive reader can fail to recognise as a true historical picture. We seem to discover the same qualities which led to the trick practised upon Cleon, and the fatal 'pottering,' the μελλονικίαν, which led to the disastrous termination of the Sicilian expedition.

The argument of the Laches is well given by Mr. Grote, and we cannot do better than take his analysis of it; to which we shall append a few remarks which his view of the subject suggests:—

'The main substance of this Dialogue consists of a discussion carried on by Sokrates with Nicias and Laches respecting courage. Each of the two latter proposes an explanation of courage; Sokrates criticizes both of them, and reduces each to a confessed contradiction.

'The discussion is invited, or at least dramatically introduced, by two elderly men—Lysimachus, son of Aristides the Just, and Melesias, son of Thucydides the rival of Perikles. Lysimachus and Melesias, confessing with shame that they are inferior to their fathers, because their education has been neglected, wish to guard against the same misfortune in the case of their own sons, respecting the education of whom they ask the advice of Nicias and Laches.

'Nikias and Laches differ in opinion as to whether it is useful that the two young men should receive lessons from a master of arms. Sokrates is invited to declare his opinion; he replies that the point cannot be decided without a competent professional judge. Those who deliver an opinion must begin by proving their competence to judge. Sokrates avows his own incompetence. Nikias and Laches submit to be cross-examined by Sokrates.

'Consequent upon this preamble, we should expect that Laches and Nikias would be made to cite the names of those who had been their masters; or to produce some examples of persons who had been effectually taught by themselves. This would bring us a step nearer to that One Wise Man—often darkly indicated, but nowhere named or brought into daylight—from whom alone we can receive a trustworthy judgment. But here, as in the Kriton, and so many other Platonic Dialogues, we get only a Pisgah view of our promised adviser—nothing more.

'Sokrates continues. Before we give an opinion on education, we must know what virtue is. Virtue, as a whole, is too large a question. We will inquire, therefore, about one branch of virtue, namely courage. To Sokrates' question, "What is courage?" Laches answers by citing one particular manifest case of courage. Sokrates points out the mistake of not giving a general explanation; and then Laches gives a second answer, that courage is "a sort of endurance of the mind." Sokrates points out that the answer is vague and incorrect—that endurance is not always courage; even intelligent endurance is not always courage. Sokrates now asks aid from Nikias, who explains courage to be a sort of intelligence—the intelligence of things terrible and not terrible. Laches objects that only some god could discriminate in the cases put by Nikias; and Sokrates goes on to maintain, that it is only future events, not past or present, which are terrible. But intelligence of future events cannot be had without intelligence of past or present. "Since therefore courage, according to your definition, is the knowledge of futurities evil and not evil, or future evil and good—and since such knowledge cannot exist without the knowledge of good and evil generally—it follows that courage is the knowledge of good and evil generally. But a man who knows thus much, cannot be destitute of any part of virtue. He must possess temperance and justice, as well as courage. Courage, therefore, according to your definition, is not a part of virtue, it is the *whole*. Now we began the inquiry by stating that it was only a *part* of virtue, and that there were other parts of virtue which it did not comprise. It is plain therefore that your definition of courage is not precise, and cannot be sustained. We have not yet discovered what courage is." Here ends the Dialogue called Laches, without any positive result. Nothing is proved except the ignorance of two brave and eminent generals, respecting the moral attribute known by the name Courage; which nevertheless they are known to possess, and have the full sentiment and persuasion of knowing perfectly; so that they give competent advice as to the means of imparting it. "I am unaccustomed to debates like these," says Laches; "but I am piqued and mortified—because I feel that I know well what courage is, yet somehow or other I cannot state my own thoughts in words." Here is a description of the intellectual deficiency which Sokrates seeks to render conspicuous to the consciousness, instead of suffering it to remain latent and unknown, as it is in the ordinary mind. Here, as elsewhere, Plato (or the Platonic Sokrates) exposes the faulty solutions of others, but proposes no better solution of his own, and even disclaims all ability to do so.—Vol. i. pp. 468—477.

The argument does indeed terminate without a solution of

the difficulty, and all we seem to learn is that we know nothing on the subject, and that nothing can be known. Mr. Grote indeed endeavours, by putting what appears to us altogether a false emphasis upon one or two occasional expressions, to make out that Plato had a positive solution in his own mind which he left his thoughtful reader to develop for himself. But we do not see how Plato could believe that he had any means of escaping from the dilemma which he himself propounded. If courage is rational, how can it be courage? If it be irrational, how can it be a virtue? In other words, it is in the *one* case a mere calculation of consequences, in the *other* a mere animal instinct.

If we do not fear a thing because we know it is *not* to be feared, or *less* to be feared than the alternative, what difference is there between courage and simple calculation? Again, if we refuse to fear that which ought to be feared, how can such an irrational sentiment be a virtue?

Here again, as in the case of the Euthydemus, the true wisdom lies in the confession of the difficulty. The dialectic skill merely consists in putting the difficulty clearly before us. What are we to say to the difficulty itself?

And it is just at this point that the Christian philosopher steps in with that which does not indeed supersede dialectics, but transcends them, and satisfies all the questions that are raised. The belief in the presence of real good in spite of seeming evils is at once an act of *φρόνησις* (because there is a rational preference of the greater to the less, or of the real to the apparent); and it is an *ἀρέτη*, because it is only by an act of resolution, and by the putting out of the moral power of the will, that the real good is kept before the mind as a reality, and the evils to be encountered in its attainment are divested of their false terrors; and thus the Pilgrim's Progress is the complement of the Laches, and the Apostle justly says of the Christian *φρόνησις*, ἔστι δὲ πίστις ἐλπιζομένων ὑπόστασις πραγμάτων ἔλεγχος οὐ βλεπομένων. (Heb. xi. 1.)

After this cursory review of Dr. Badham's labours, it is almost superfluous to add that it is with equal confidence and pleasure we commend his book to the perusal of the lovers and students of Plato. In the first place, the younger student will have set before him two of the most lively, graphic, and dramatic of all Plato's Dialogues. In the Laches he will find, as we have said, a valuable supplement to his historical studies in the development of the idiosyncrasy of Nicias. In the Euthydemus he will find the true Platonic description of the character of the Sophists, which he will do well to study carefully before he allows himself to be led away by what we must

call the special pleading of Mr. Grote in behalf of his favourite Sophists; and we recommend him to read it *diligently* through both *before* and *after* perusing Mr. Grote's celebrated sixty-seventh chapter. In the second place, he will learn from this book *how* Plato ought to be read, and the nice points of verbal criticism which he must thoroughly master if he aspires to any pretensions to sound scholarship. For we may unhesitatingly affirm, that the critical labours of Dr. Badham have been so thoroughly endorsed by the approbation of Continental scholars, that no editor of Plato for the future can venture to put forth his edition without acknowledging Dr. Badham's services in the cause of Plato, and without noticing, even if he do not adopt, his 'Palmarian Emendations.'

The more advanced scholar, we may confidently assert, will be charmed with the critical acumen displayed in the numerous corrections of the text of Plato and other writers; and, if he has any taste for composition, we can promise him a great intellectual gratification in the perusal of one of the most exquisite specimens of Latinity which modern days have produced, in the Prefatory Letter to the Senate of the University of Leyden.

The reviewer of Dr. Badham's edition of the *Iphigenia* in the *Quarterly* pronounced the preface to that play to be the most beautiful piece of Latin composition since Porson's preface to the *Hecuba*. In our judgment, the preface to these *Dialogues* is even superior to it.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without mournfully referring to one passage in it. We will not spoil it by any attempt at translation, but give it in the words of the original:—

'Quantum enim numerum esse eorum oportet qui cum aliquâ laude Literas aut Philosophiam coluerunt, si quidem in hac terrâ quæ tot et tam splendida præmia studiosis afferre dicitur in quâ Reginæ Consiliarii, Nobiles, Episcopi, Academiæ, Civitates, Municipia, suffragiis suis de virorum doctorum sorte decernunt, his tam diversis Mæcenatibus nihil indignum videtur me in ludo municipali elementa docentem consensescere. Nimirum omnia illa munera, in quibus aliquid otii ad has literas colendas habuissem, a dignioribus occupata sunt. Quod si vobis minus verum videtur, ne tamen mea causa indignemini: etenim ne ipse quidem indignor nisi si quando cum molesta pituita vel alio incommodo confictor. Jamdudum assuetus sum alio spectare, atque alios fautores querere. Non quo civium meorum, qui mihi quidem sunt carissimi, liberam sententiam non magni faciendam existimem: sed in his rebus falsa quædam oracula in antiquis Scientiæ sedibus, ut vocantur, collocata tantum non omnes sequuntur. Quo fit ut illorum potius vicem doleam, qui parum justam de se opinionem exteris gentibus præbeant, in quibus quam multos sæpenumero querentes audivimus, nihil sani in judiciis ferendis, nihil probi in honoribus mandandis ex istis hominibus sperari posse, qui pro veritate auctoritatem, pro meritis mutuas Academicorum commendationes apud se valere patiantur.'

The depreciation of classical scholarship to which Dr. Badham adverts, and the want of appreciation and encouragement exhibited

by those who have it in their power to bestow a learned ease on those who devote themselves to such pursuits, is most touchingly put, and the truth of the complaint will be most feelingly endorsed by all who belong to that hard-working body of which Dr. Badham is one of the most distinguished representatives; and while the magnates of the land, the leaders of our Houses of Lords and Commons, devote their *horæ subsecivæ* to translations of the Iliad, and disquisitions on Homer, we may fairly ask, How can these things be?

It has long been the glory and the boast of the English Church that it held out the most munificent rewards for the long-continued exertions of its faithful ministers. To revert once more to our Gallican neighbours—we have but to cast our eyes on the gigantic works of the glorious old Benedictines to see how a 'learned ease' has always been appreciated and turned to account by *real* scholars. In our own Church how are these rewards bestowed? It is not transgressing the bounds of either courtesy or truth to say that they have too frequently been given either in the spirit of nepotism, or as the rewards and guarantees of political partizanship.

Even in the cases which admit of a more searching investigation, we may be told that they have been the resting-places of the hard-worked parish-priest. But we may ask, without a sneer, whether their labours are so much greater than the never-ceasing and unrequited toil of the schoolmaster? Of all professions, his is *proverbially* the one in which the greatest demands are made on patience, on unremitting labour, on the possession of the soundest practical knowledge. The schoolmaster's life presents one constant comment on Persius's words:

'Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.'

The faculty of *imparting* knowledge has been held to be, ever since the days of Aristotle, the soundest test of the *real* possession of it.¹

Where shall we find a profession that requires such constant care, such fearful responsibility,—that is exposed so much to the fluctuation of fashion, or where the bare subsistence of the professor is a matter of such precarious uncertainty? And when, after months and years of incessant labour, of wear and tear of body and mind,—harassed by cares from which other professions are happily exempt, rewarded by a compensation which menial servants of the present day would reject with scorn,—when he feels old age creeping on him, his energies diminishing, and his

¹ ὅλας δὲ σημείων τοῦ εἰδέναι τὸ δύνασθαι διδάσκειν ἔστιν. Aristot. Metaphys. A. 981, b. 8.

precarious income failing, the schoolmaster looks for some recognition of his faithful exertions at the hand of those who have it in their power to bestow on him a few short years of existence exempt from degrading cares,—he looks around him, and sees what used to be the *ἀναπαύλαι* of faithful labour and life-long self-devotion lavished on some favoured *protégé* of an evangelical minister of state, or given to secure some doubtful vote; and his last remaining prospect in this world reduced to—what?

ART. IV.—*Berengarius Turonensis, oder eine Sammlung ihn betreffender Briefe.* Herausgegeben von H. SUDENDORF, Dr. Ph. Hamburg und Gotha: F. and A. Perthes. 1850.

NEARLY a century has elapsed since Lessing, searching among the papers of the library at Wolfenbüttel, discovered a manuscript, which proved on examination to be the reply of Berengar of Tours to the treatise of Lanfranc, 'De Corpore et Sanguine Domini.' The existence of this document had not previously been even suspected. The work of Lanfranc, on the contrary, remained and was well known, and the Benedictine historians, who wrote the lives of him and his opponent, had assumed that the powerful argument and vehement invective of the Monk of Bec had so completely prostrated the Scholar of Tours, that he became mute and was obliged to accept his defeat. They had even charitably carried their assumptions still further than this. They had supposed that Berengar was converted by the treatise of Lanfranc, and that from the time when he became acquainted with this masterpiece of theological argumentation, he ceased to trouble the Church with his new and strange opinions on the Eucharist.¹ This theory was supported by an extraordinary falsification of the text of Lanfranc's treatise, which will be more fully explained below. It is hardly conceivable that the acute authors of the Literary History of France could have believed in the genuineness of the interpolated passage; but, even if they did not, the object gained might seem to them to justify their assumption of its correctness. If a heretic could be rescued from the opprobrious brand which attached itself to his name—if a great prelate of their order could be shown to be so powerful in controversy as to convert and save an antagonist so skilled as Berengar had proved himself to be—surely this was a good end obtained. And after all it *might* be true. Who could say what effect Lanfranc had produced when Berengar seemed to remain silent after the publication of his treatise? These pleasant illusions of the Benedictines were, however, rudely scattered to the winds by the discovery made by Lessing. Not only had Berengar not been crushed or convinced by Lanfranc, but he had replied to him at great length, and with such vigour of retort and power of argument from Scripture, reason, and Fathers, that it was anything

¹ *Histoire Littéraire de France par les Benedictins de la Congregation de St. Maur*, vol. viii. Art. Berengarius.

but certain that Lanfranc had carried off the palm of victory. With a genuine delight and shout of exultation did Lessing brandish the weapons with which his great discovery furnished him, and inflict pitiless wounds on the authors of the *Literary History of France*. 'The Benedictine historian will hardly venture now to assert that Berengar left the writing of Lanfranc without reply, for here is the reply. He will scarcely now persuade us that Berengar was converted by the writing of Lanfranc, for the answer of Berengar is very far from containing an approval of his opponent. Rather this opponent is so hard pressed therein, that to all appearance not Lanfranc but Berengar has the last word. Still less, I imagine, will the Benedictine historian (or, if the actual writer be no longer living, that one of the brethren of the order who considers himself charged with the duty of defending the honour of their joint work) persist in the assertion that Lanfranc must have written his work in the time of Pope Gregory VII. Then why should they wish any longer to defend a wretched interpolation, as they must abandon the chief points which they thought to uphold by it.'¹ But not only did the discovery of Lessing scatter to the winds the baseless fabric which the Benedictines had built as to the effect of Lanfranc's treatise on Berengar, it also upset the whole history of Berengar's life as it had been constructed by De Roye, Mabillon, and all the writers before 1772.

In the treatise then found, Berengar had entered into much detail as to the circumstances of his previous controversial history. He had to excuse himself as best he might from the disgrace of his assent to the Romish Creed under Nicholas II.—an assent which he immediately afterwards declared to be null and void. In doing this he shows how hardly he had been treated, how much misrepresentation had been used against him, and how he had agreed to the formula presented to him at Rome in imminent peril of his life. He speaks in an honest and straightforward manner; not attempting to deny the shame of his tergiversation, but only to excuse it by the circumstances. But the facts which he relates as to his history do not at all agree with those assigned to it by Mabillon,² and, in greater detail, by the authors of the *Literary History of France*. Indeed the discovery of the manuscript necessitated an entire reconstruction of Berengar's history, as it also demanded a different estimate of his theological opinions from that which had previously prevailed. There was, indeed, enough of the writings of the Scholar of Tours known, before the date of Lessing's discovery, to show, if rightly weighed, that the

¹ Berengarius Turonensis, Lessing, *Werke*, ix. 68.

² *Act. Ord. Benedict.* vol. v. *Præf.*

estimate of his theology taken by Mosheim, and those who followed him, was entirely a false one. In no part of his existing works does Berengar adopt the mere representative doctrine of the Eucharist, as Mosheim claims him to do; but the greater detail and elaboration of the subject which the new treatise furnished, exhibited him, more clearly than before, as the champion of the ancient Catholic doctrine of the real spiritual presence. His theology thus forms a most important link in the chain of witnesses, which, from the days of Paschasius, the first formal propounder of the materialistic theory, down to the Reformation, preserved in the Church a testimony to the ancient and orthodox truth. It is singular, however, that while the theologians of Germany have paid great attention to the subject of Berengar's life and writings, but little notice has been taken of him in England, although his theology is far more in accordance with our dogmas than with those of either the Lutheran or Reformed Communions. Indeed, what we may call the modern history of Berengar has been scarcely touched by our writers on Ecclesiastical History. Even Dean Milman, in the graphic sketch of the Tours Scholastic to be found in his '*Latin Christianity*,' still follows in some points the older narrative. Dean Hook in his '*Life of Lanfranc*' dismisses his great literary opponent with a very summary notice. Mr. Maurice, in his '*Mediaeval Philosophy*,' gives a fair and able sketch of Berengar, although from the nature of his work he does not fully enter into his theological opinions; but the treatment which Berengar receives at the hands of Mr. Hallam is most remarkable. Writing the '*Literary History of the Middle Ages*,' he notices the acutest writer of the eleventh century only in a solitary paragraph, and in that appears to make him engaged in controversy both with Lanfranc and with Anselm! To those who feel the want of a somewhat more satisfactory knowledge of Berengar than can be found in these writers, the work of Dr. Sudendorf comes as a most useful help. For not only does Sudendorf correct some of the errors into which Lessing had fallen, and arrange with great care the materials of Berengar's history, but he also supplies a large mass of new materials—the product of a manuscript discovery which he, too, had made—bringing thereby to light many letters connected with Berengar which had previously escaped observation. This manuscript first attracted the notice of Dr. Sudendorf in the Royal Library at Hanover. It was a volume of five different collections of letters of Emperors, Kings, Popes, and Bishops, each collection in a different handwriting. The third of these was found to contain twenty-two letters relating to Berengar of Tours, copied consecutively, and apparently designed to form a complete collection. Scarce any of these letters had been printed in the various Spicilegia and

Thesauri which the industry of the compilers of mediæval fragments had put forth. They were unknown to Mabillon, Dáchery, Martene, Durandus, and Labbe. The discovery superseded even the modern labours of Statdlin and Neander, and once more, as in the time of Lessing, called for a reconstruction of the history of the famous Scholar of Tours.

We much regret that Dr. Sudendorf, with his evident love of the subject and power of patient investigation and research, did not attempt this reconstruction. It is unfortunate that he decided to cast his book into the unattractive form of disquisitions upon the separate letters and the other sources for a life of Berengar. His work is thus simply a very valuable and intelligent exhibition of materials. A life of Berengar still remains to be written. Meantime it may serve a useful end to sketch, by the help thus supplied, the career of this great champion of ancient and Catholic truth against the materialism and grossness of the Transubstantiation theory, and to give such specimens of his teaching as may serve to show the true place which he occupies in the history of doctrine.

A difficulty meets us, at the outset, which is of frequent occurrence in similar undertakings. A profound obscurity hangs over the birth and parentage of this remarkable man. We are told, indeed, by the Benedictine historians, that he was of a 'rich and distinguished' family in Tours, and that his father's name is supposed to have been Aubrey Walter;¹ but as there is no real authority for these statements, they can be held but of slight value. The exactness with which the chronology of certain parts of his life can now be settled, enables us to say with confidence, that he was born about the beginning of the eleventh century, and it is also probable that he was born at Tours. Mabillon had himself seen at Tours an instrument which conveyed to Berengar, on the cession of Walter the Chaunter of the Church of St. Martin, described as 'his uncle,' a farm to be held by Berengar under that Church. 'This farm Walter the Chaunter gave to his nephew Berengar in the presence of the Chapter of Saint Martin, to be held for his life, having received from him the consideration mentioned in the paper.'² As at this time the marriage of the clergy was no uncommon thing, it may very probably have been that Berengar, in whom Walter the Chaunter took so substantial an interest, was no other than his son. Some deference being still paid to ecclesiastical canons, though practically obsolete, the closer relationship would naturally be described by the word *Nepos*, as is known to have very frequently been

¹ Hist. Littéraire de France, viii. 197.

² Mabillon, Act. Ord. Benedict. v. Præf. p. 5.

the case. If this were so, Berengar was, from his earliest youth, most closely connected with that Church of which he was to be afterwards so distinguished an ornament. For a time, however, during his younger years, this connexion was interrupted. It was not thought fit, by those who had the direction of the education of Berengar, that he should complete his studies in that school of St. Martin, which had been made so famous by the great Saxon Alcuin. After commencing them there he was sent away from his home and the instructions of Adam, the schoolmaster of Tours, to obtain further teaching at the seminary of Chartres, over which the good Bishop Fulbert then presided. A charming letter, which has been preserved to us from one who was a fellow pupil with Berengar at Chartres, sketches the character of their common master in the most glowing colours:—‘I may call you,’ writes Adelman to Berengar, ‘my fellow-nursling, on the ground of that sweet sojourn which we shared together in our youth under that venerable Socrates in the academy of Chartres. He was one, whom to have lived with, is, indeed, matter for a boast such as Plato made, when he gave thanks to nature that he was born a man and not a brute, and in the days of Socrates rather than at any other time. Yes, we have known that holy life, that wholesome doctrine of this Catholic and most Christian man, and now we may hope that he helps us by his prayers before the throne of God. Surely we cannot think that he, who ever bare us in his bosom as a mother does her infant, has now forgotten us, or that the Christian love, with which he ever embraced us as his children, has become dim. Without doubt he still cherishes the remembrance of us, only now with a greater fulness of love than when he sojourned in the body of this death, and is even now inviting us to himself by vows and silent prayers. Does he not appeal to us by those retired colloquies which we so often held with him in the dim hours of evening in the little garden near the chapel, when he used to speak to us of that Holy City of which by God’s good pleasure he is now a Senator? Does he not entreat us by the tears, which sometimes in the midst of his discourse used to burst forth, as the fire of his holy zeal abounded, to hasten thither with all earnestness, keeping carefully the royal road, the footsteps of the holy fathers, and not turning aside to any bye-path of novelty which may lure us into the way of snares and stumbling-blocks.’¹

¹ Letter of Adelman to Berengar, printed in Lanfranci Opera (Ed. Giles) i. 18; and in *Bibl. Patrum* (Lugdun.), vol. xviii. The date at which Adelman and Berengar were at Chartres together must have been some time previous to 1029, in which year Bishop Fulbert died. There is a letter of Fulbert’s extant, in which he speaks tenderly of Adelman; but the story which is found in some writers, of his having given a solemn warning against Berengar’s heretical spirit, is without foundation. See *Hist. Lit.* viii. 198.

Having remained apparently for a considerable time as a student of the school of Chartres, Berengar returned to Tours. The reputation of his learning and talents must have already been great, for, quickly after his return, he was appointed to the responsible position of master of the Cathedral School of St. Martin. If the date of this appointment be 1031 (as is conjectured), the age of Berengar at this time could scarcely have exceeded thirty. His admission to the order of priesthood, and his election as a canon of the church of St. Martin of Tours, must have, in all probability, preceded his appointment as *scholasticus*. We also find that he discharged the offices of treasurer and chamberlain of that church, so that there can be no question as to the estimation in which the young scholar of Chartres was held by his friends. Abundance, indeed, of contemporary testimonies establish the fact that Berengar enjoyed a reputation, as master of the school of Tours, which was not confined to that city, or even to France itself. 'The school of St. Martin,' say the Benedictines, 'acquired so great a lustre under him, that it might seem to have eclipsed all others. He was possessed, indeed, of genius, a quickness more than common, eloquence, fire, imagination, pathos. He excelled in all the liberal arts, especially in dialectic. Besides this, his mind was well stored with learning, and he was fully acquainted with all the best authors of antiquity.'¹ Passing over the testimonies of the scholastic renown of Berengar, which are to be gathered from the letters of Eusebius Bruno, Bishop of Angers, Frollant, Bishop of Senlis, and Paulinus, Archbishop of Metz;—inasmuch as these are somewhat of a later date, when Berengar had become known as a theologian as well as a learned professor—we will produce here one remarkable testimony to Berengar's literary fame, which dates at least ten years before the Scholastic of Tours was known for any distinctive tenets in theology. This letter is from Drogo, a priest of Paris, who is sometimes described as Archdeacon, and evidently, from the tone of his letter, must have been a man of consideration among the learned of his day²:—

'To the reverend priest Berengar, his friend Droco:—If I had expressed in your presence in words how greatly I admire your most active and watchful care in discovering the sense of the Scriptures, and your most ready and pleasing eloquence in expounding it, I should have appeared a flatterer; but that I may not be thought to differ from all others in my estimate of your excellence, which

¹ *Histoire Littéraire*, viii. 199.

² This letter, published for the first time by Sudendorf, was unknown to Mabillon, who adopts Gozechim's loose assertion that Drogo, of Paris, was among the opponents of Berengar (*Act. Bened.* v., *Præf.* p. 6). Some ten or twelve years after this time, Drogo joined the ranks of Berengar's opponents; then again returned into friendship with Berengar, as will appear below.

I should naturally be if, when absent from you, I should also be silent in your praise, I have determined to make known to you in writing my sentiments about yourself. It is true that in my mind you hold a singular and supreme place, for I know of no one to whom I can compare you. Neither your manifold occupations of business, and in giving advice to those who flock to you, nor your age, which is no longer that of a youth, nor your body, chastened by much abstinence, do you allow to be any let or hindrance to your careful study of the Scriptures. You are not content to pass any of them over without arriving at a meaning for them, nor do you rest satisfied with any crude or shallow interpretation which may present itself. In addition to this no one can fail to admire your skill in the art of medicine, in which you excel the professed physicians. I need not add more. There is only one thing for which I grieve and lament in your case, and that is that the world does not know you as you ought to be known. For this, however, I endeavour to make up by speaking of your good qualities to as many as I am able, ever since I left you, and among these to some men not of the lowest rank.¹

This emphatic testimony to the worth of Berengar as a teacher, ought certainly to carry with it considerable weight. It is not, however, to be concealed, that we have to set against this a sketch of a very different character, written by one who was also a contemporary, but who, if acquainted with Berengar at all personally, only knew him considerably later, when the charge of heresy had altered all men's views in regard to him. Guitmund, afterwards Archbishop of Aversa, was a pupil of the famous Lanfranc, the bitter enemy of Berengar. About the year 1076 he published a treatise against Berengar's doctrine on the Eucharist, in which we find the following somewhat severe personal sketch of the scholar of Tours:—

'In his youth at school, as those say who knew him, so great was his levity and conceit that he paid but little regard to the opinion of the master himself; that of his fellow pupils he altogether despised. He affected also a contempt for all books of art. Finding, however, that by himself he could not reach the secrets of the higher philosophy (for indeed he had no remarkable acuteness, naturally, and at that time there was a general decay in France of the liberal arts), he adopted another plan. He began to put forth new interpretations of words, and these he still very much affects, hoping thereby to obtain the praise of singular and remarkable knowledge, and thus to catch a certain sort of glory for excelling in something, no matter what. With this view he adopted a pompous manner of walking, a lofty air, imitating the dignity of a master though having no real claim to it; shutting himself up deep within his hood, making a pretence of long meditation, giving forth his words in a most slow and deliberate tone after they had been long waited for, and thus imposing on the unwary, and pretending himself to be a teacher of arts, whereas in fact he was almost ignorant of them.'²

It has unhappily been the custom of controversialists at all times to 'write down' their opponents with bitter and cutting

¹ Letter of Drogo to Berengar, Sudendorf, Briefe, No. I.

² Guitmundus de Corpore et Sanguine Domini. Printed in Bibliotheca Patrum (Lugdun.), vol. xviii.

gibes. To this bad habit a great part of this sketch is probably due.

Having undertaken to combat Berengar's opinions, Guitmund held it to be part of his work to disparage Berengar's person, and hence the pointed sarcasm of his words. It is observable, however, that Guitmund's master, Lanfranc, though he also wrote with the greatest bitterness against Berengar, does not affect to give this contemptuous account of his abilities and knowledge, and that no other contemporary writer in any way bears out the invective of Guitmund. The praise, indeed, of Archbishop Heribert, who was personally acquainted with Berengar in later life, and wrote his epitaph, is equally wholesale and indiscriminating with the censure of Guitmund. According to him, Berengar is one 'whom the world will ever admire; one who occupies the highest peaks of faith, the glory and head of affairs, the guardian of law and justice, subduing to his genius and eloquence all that philosophers and poets have written; full of the sublimest piety; the friend of the poor; the despiser of wealth; who cared to follow nature's laws; to keep his mind free from faults, his lips from deceit; a man pious, grave, and modest, lamented even by envy, which carped at him when alive.'¹ And if the weight of testimony is found to be entirely against the depreciating estimate of Berengar, which the bitter spirit of Guitmund put forth, it seems to follow from this that scarce greater reliance is to be placed on other statements of this writer concerning the object of his attack. It is asserted by Guitmund that Berengar 'having been disgracefully put to shame by Lanfranc on some trifling question in dialectics, and being jealous of the revival of the liberal arts which the labours of that learned man had produced, seeing himself also with pain deserted by his scholars, turned his attention to defaming the sacred truths of the divine Scriptures, to which up to that time, having been occupied in other studies, he had paid no attention. He foolishly sought with care for those things by the novelty of which he might attract attention, choosing to be a heretic, if he could gain admiration, rather than a Catholic, only observed by the eyes of God. On this ground he put forward doctrine calculated to please worldly men, who are ever ready to commit sin if they can do it with impunity. He argued with all his force against lawful marriages, and opposed the baptism of infants. In the former matter the devil, by his means, seemed to give liberty to the vilest men to abuse all women as they pleased; in the former, the baptism of infants being abolished, encouragement

¹ *Epitaphium Berengarii, inter Hildeberti Carmina.* Paris, 1717.

‘ was given to all to rush into the abyss of sin with impunity, as being about at some future time to be baptized, and thus to obtain remission. Read the letter of the Bishop of Liege to King Henry against Berengar, and you will find the same things written there almost in the same words.’¹

We do not hesitate to characterise this virulent attack of the Archbishop of Aversa as a malicious and unfounded slander. In the letter of Deoduinus, Bishop of Liege, to which he refers, there is, indeed, an assertion as to the false opinions of Berengar on marriage and infant baptism. But this bishop betrays so very bitter a spirit against Berengar, and such an utter contempt for fairness and candour, that his authority is not very valuable. Writing to Henry, King of France, to thank him for having summoned a council, he suggests ‘ that such sort of men ought by no means to be heard, nor ought a council to be called to allow them to speak, but simply to deliberate about their punishment.’

If Guitmund had no better authority for his statement than the assertions of this headstrong partisan, they are scarcely worth much, nor will the other part of his account bear investigation. The jealousy of Lanfranc, which is represented as having driven Berengar into heresy, could scarcely have arisen before the year 1040, at which time Lanfranc came from Italy into Normandy, and established a small school at Avranches.³ But, before this time, Berengar had been appointed Archdeacon of Angers, inasmuch as his name is found attesting a document of that date as Archdeacon,⁴ and had, in all probability, ceased to perform the functions of Scholæ Magister at Tours. Even, however, if he continued to superintend the studies at Tours, it is improbable that the fame of Lanfranc as a teacher should have affected Berengar. The distance from Tours to Avranches is considerable. They were in different kingdoms and under different rulers. Nor was Lanfranc at Bec more likely to draw pupils away from Berengar than Lanfranc at Avranches. Doubtless the monastery of Bec became very famous under his learned directions; but this can scarcely be said to have been before Berengar’s theological opinions were formed, so as to have made him out of jealousy leave secular studies and apply himself to heretical theology. On the contrary, we now

¹ Guitmundus de Corpore et Sanguine Domini, Lib. iii.

² See the letter of Deoduinus (or Theoduinus) in Labbe, Concil. ix. 1061.

³ Mabillon, Act. Bened. v. Præf. p. 7.

⁴ Mabillon, U.S. Mabillon and the Benedictines, who adopt the statement of Guitmund, maintain, in order to lend colour to it, that Berengar continued to direct the school of Tours after becoming Archdeacon of Angers. This is, at any rate, doubtful. The assertion made by Lanfranc, that Berengar bribed students to listen to him, and not only so, but that Berengar’s pupils bribed other students to listen to them, is so eminently absurd, that it hardly deserves notice. Yet the authors of the Literary History gravely record it as a fact! (Lanfrancus de Corp. et Sang. Domini, c. xx. See ‘Hist. Littéraire,’ viii. 202.)

know from a letter of Eusebius Bruno, discovered and published by Sudendorf, that the tenets of Berengar on the Eucharist were known and disliked at Rome before the year 1049.¹ But whether Berengar was jealous of Lanfranc or no is a comparatively unimportant question. It is far more important to ascertain whether he ever held or taught opinions so abominable as those as are attributed to him by Deoduinus and Guitmund; and of this we can find no trace. Neither in Lanfranc's elaborate and bitter treatise against him, nor in the treatise of Bishop Hugh of Langres, the earliest of his opponents, nor in the work of the Abbot Durandus, nor in the violent invective of Gozechim of Liege is any sign of this charge to be found. Further than this, we now have considerable writings of Berengar himself. In none of these does he allude to such notions. We have emphatic testimonies to his worth from many men of high station and piety in the Church, which would hardly be given to one who preached concubinage and depreciated infant baptism. We are compelled, therefore, to come to the conclusion that Deoduinus invented, and that Guitmund rashly adopted, these charges, to disparage a theological opponent, whose character, if left unstained, would have a considerable weight in recommending his opinions.

The appointment of Berengar as Archdeacon of Angers was made by Hubert of Vendôme, Bishop of that See, probably in 1039, and it was followed by his resignation of the office of Chamberlain of the Church of St. Martin,² and probably also of that of Scholæ Magister. The distance, indeed, from Tours to Angers by the Loire is not great, and it is possible that Berengar may have still continued the direction of the studies of the pupils of St. Martin's, assisted by a subordinate teacher. The fact, however, of his resigning the post of Chamberlain seems rather to indicate that he now ceased to reside at Tours, and took up his abode at the scene of his new duties; and if, as is supposed, Eusebius Bruno (afterwards Bishop of Angers) was indeed Berengar's pupil, this is more likely to have been the case at Angers than at Tours. A letter of Berengar's, written about this date (1040), is preserved to us. It is of no special importance, but is nevertheless of some value as indicating a religious and practical turn of mind, very different from that which is attributed to him by Guitmund. The letter is addressed to certain solitaries or hermits, who, as it appears, had desired him to write to them.

During the period at which we are now arrived, Berengar, relieved from the more active duties of the school of Tours, was applying himself more earnestly to the study of theology. The

¹ See letter of Eusebius Bruno to Archbishop Arnold: Sudendorf's '*Berengarius*,' p. 202; also Sudendorf's '*Bemerkungen*,' p. 92.

² *Histoire Littéraire*, viii. 200.

opus operatum doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, which had become current since the time of Paschasius, would naturally attract his attention. We know from his own words how much the feeble platitudes of the Monk of Corbey excited his indignation and contempt. 'As to Paschasius the Monk of Corbey,' he writes, 'how plainly he is opposed not only to truth but also to himself; how clearly he himself destroys his own arguments, I could easily show if it were not too tedious. The trifling of which he has been guilty on the subject of the Lord's Table is sufficiently exemplified by that story which he tells about the Presbyter Pesivil, a thing enough to excite the indignation of any Catholic.'¹ And while the mind of Berengar was shocked and revolted by the materialism of the Transubstantiation theory, he was strongly attracted towards the vigorous and Scriptural teaching of Joannes Scotus (Erigena). From numerous passages in his letters and writings, we know that it was the teaching of this scholar on the subject of the Eucharist which formed Berengar's views.

The work of the famous Irishman on the Eucharist is usually supposed to be lost; but there is good reason to think that it still exists in the comparatively well-known treatise ascribed to Ratramn or Bertram, which we think can be almost demonstrated to be the identical treatise written by Erigena at the request of Charles the Bald.²

And if this be so, we can easily trace the connexion and see the substantial agreement of the two. 'You accuse me of ex-tolling John Scot,' Berengar writes, in reply to Lanfranc. 'Yes, I had indeed written that, in his views on the Lord's Table, he held with Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and that the truth of his opinions must be manifest to every one who did not rather choose to say to the Lord God, "We will not have the knowledge of thy ways, depart from us."'³

The sentiments of a man who stood so high in the estimation of his contemporaries as Berengar would doubtless be closely watched and marked, and though he was careful, during his time of study and inquiry, to write nothing which impugned the common teaching in the Church on the subject of the Eucharist, it soon became known, to some at least, that he did not follow in the track of Paschasius, but held opinions widely different. It seems highly probable that the letter of his friend Adelman, part of which has been already quoted, was written about the year 1047. The writer of this had heard reports of some new

¹ Berengarius de Sacra Cœnâ (Berolini, 1834), p. 37.

² The grounds for this opinion (to which, however, many more might be added) will be found given by the learned Cossart in Labbe's Concilia, vol. ix.

³ Berengarius de Sacra Cœnâ, p. 36.

and strange opinions entertained by Berengar on the subject of the Eucharist. He writes in great anxiety to obtain, as he hopes, a contradiction to those who 'endeavour to stain your reputation with so foul a mark, spreading it about everywhere, so as to fill not only Latin but even German ears (among which I have now for a long time been sojourning), that you have torn yourself away from the unity of holy mother Church, and that you seem to differ from the Catholic faith in the matter of the body and blood of the Lord which is every day offered upon the holy altar. They say that you hold it not to be the true body and blood of Christ, but a sort of figure and similitude. I heard this indeed two years ago, and at that time I had intended to address a letter to you, my brother, to ask you for more certain intelligence.'¹

In the fragments which have been preserved to us of Berengar's answer to Adelman,² he says:—'As to what you tell me that you have heard that I said, viz. that there was no true body and blood of Christ, or that the bread and wine of the altar are not after consecration the true body and blood of Christ, I would have you know that I never adopted the opinions of the Manicheans. They held that the body of Christ was merely an apparent body; I have always held, and still hold, that it was a true human body. . . . I am ready to grant that the bread and wine of the altar are after consecration made the body and blood of Christ, and yet I will by no means allow that the bread and wine are after consecration made the true and actual body and blood of Christ. The body and blood of Christ are the substance of the Sacrament of the Lord's Table, but not the Sacrament itself; this they are never called in Holy Scripture, nor are the terms figure and similitude ever used of them; but the Sacraments may be called signs, figure, similitude, pledge. You refer me to the Fathers, but if you yourself had more carefully consulted them you would see clearly in what way the Lord's Table can admit of the expressions, figure, pledge, sign, similitude. These words properly apply to the Sacrament, but not to the substance of the Sacrament. *The true body of Christ is put before us on the very table, but only true spiritually to the inner man; only by those who are the members of Christ can the body of Christ, uncorrupted, uncontaminated, and unbroken be eaten after a spiritual fashion.*

¹ Letter of Adelman to Berengar, printed in *Bibl. Patrum* (Lugdun.), vol. xviii. pp. 438—440.

² The answer was not sent till some years after the letter of Adelman was written. Possibly some other letters may have intervened, but it is well argued by Sudendorf, from the internal evidence of Berengar's letter, that it could not have been written before 1051.

'The Fathers declare most distinctly that the body and blood is one thing, the Sacrament of the body and blood another thing. The pious receive visibly the Sacrament, the substance of the Sacrament invisibly. The wicked only eat the Sacrament without partaking of the substance. It is true that in a certain sense the Sacrament can be said to be the thing of which it is the Sacrament; but yet it is clear, on every ground that when we speak of bread being the body of Christ, we must mean that it remains bread in all its qualities, and that its substance is not taken away. As to the opinion of the vulgar and of Paschasius, that ignorant monk of Corbey, I cannot but think you will agree with me that it is wholly opposed to the Scriptures.'¹

Such was the distinct utterance which Berengar did not shrink from giving in reply to the inquiries of his old friend and fellow pupil. But, before this was written, events very important in the history of this great champion of truth had taken place. It is clear that, some time before the year 1049, Berengar's opinions upon the subject of the Eucharist had been known and talked of, but it was in that year that the first open attack was made upon him. This was by Hugh, Bishop of Langres, a prelate of scandalous life, but who appears to have been impressed with the idea that he could do good service to the Church with his pen. He objects to Berengar, that he so explained the presence of the Body of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, as not to allow that the nature and essence of the bread and wine were changed. This, he declares, is equivalent to a denial of the Incarnation. If the body of Christ be not in very substance on the altar, neither was it on the cross. The Bishop endeavours to support this strange position by arguments from reason; though, at the same time, he taunts Berengar with being too much addicted to philosophy.² But a more formidable opponent than Bishop Hugh was now to engage Berengar, and one who, it is much to be feared, did not scruple to use other weapons than those of fair argumentation against his keen-sighted opponent. There may very probably have been some rivalry between the two successful teachers, Lanfranc and Berengar, though the charge that the latter became a heretic out of jealousy of the former is groundless and absurd. At any rate they were acquainted with one another before the year 1049, at which date it is clear Berengar addressed his famous letter to Lanfranc, the first open declaration of his dissent from the prevailing doctrine on the Eucharist. The letter was as follows:—

¹ Martene, *Thesaurus Anecdotorum*, iv. 710.

² *Bibl. Patrum* (Lugd.), vol. xviii.

'It has come to my knowledge Brother Lanfranc, through Ingelcannus of Chartres, that you lately used certain words as to which I think I am quite justified in plainly giving you a word of advice, trusting to your friendship not to misjudge me. You are reported to have said that you very much disliked and even held heretical the opinions of Joannes Scotus on the Sacrament of the altar, in which he dissents from Paschasius, whom you have adopted for your guide. If this be so, my brother, you have acted unworthily of that considerable genius which God has given you, by putting forth your judgment too hastily. Surely you have not yet sufficiently examined the divine Scriptures, nor conferred about the matter with those who have been more diligent than yourself. As for myself, brother, though I too am unskilled in those Scriptures, yet I would gladly hear you repeat that statement, if it could be conveniently managed, in the presence of any hearers or judges you may please; but until this be done (and we can argue the matter fully), do not treat with contempt what I say. If Joannes, whose sentiments on the Eucharist I approve, be held as a heretic by you, you must also hold Ambrosius, Hieronymus and Augustinus as heretics, to say nothing of the rest of the fathers.'

This letter, containing, as it does, somewhat of a taunt as well as a challenge, was not likely to be received with great equanimity by the learned Prior of Bec. But how did Lanfranc act with regard to it? According to his own statement, he had gone from Bec to attend a Council at Rheims, and the letter of Berengar was sent there to him; but, before its arrival, the Council was ended, and Lanfranc had departed in the suite of Pope Leo IX. to Rome. At Rome the letter at last reached him, but on its way it had been read by several clerks, and described by them to others, so that a suspicion arose that Lanfranc was tainted with the same heretical opinions as the writer. To do away with this unjust surmise, Lanfranc was obliged to bring the letter to the knowledge of the Pope, who, at a council held at Easter, condemned it, and excommunicated the writer, while Lanfranc set forth his own sentiments to the entire satisfaction of his Holiness.² This is Lanfranc's version of the matter, and a stranger attempt to explain away a very questionable transaction has not often been made. The letter might have been read by the whole of the Roman clergy without any real ground for a charge against Lanfranc being found in it. How is it possible that he could be compromised by it, when it impugns his sentiments, and blames him for his devotion to Paschasius, the great oracle at Rome? We are compelled to agree with Lessing in the strong views which he expresses against Lanfranc's defence, and to admit that Berengar had good grounds for the charge of falsehood which he brings against him.³ But, at any rate, it was a

¹ Lanfranci Opera (Ed. Giles), i. 17.

² Lanfrancus de Corp. et Sang. Domini. Opera, ii. 154. *Vide* Histoire Littéraire de France, viii. 263. Art. Lanfranc.

³ 'Sepius me de falsitate tuâ scriptum tuum compellit ut loquar; quâ enim fronte scribere potuisti suspicionem contra te de meo ad te scripto potuisse oriri?

damaging reply to a disagreeable correspondent. Berengar was at once excommunicated—(a fair specimen of Roman justice)—and, then, having been prejudged, was somewhat unnecessarily summoned to attend a Council at Vercellæ, in the following September. 'He did not appear,' say the Benedictines, 'but two clerks who were sent to represent him appeared there; and, having been called upon to defend him, were straightway confounded, and then arrested by order of the Council.' This was, doubtless, highly satisfactory to the Council, if not to the clerks. Thus, then, the cause which Berengar did not venture to defend, and which the two clerks were not able to defend, would seem to have been lost; the book of John Scot on the Eucharist was burnt; and all was comfortably settled. This is Lanfranc's story, and does well enough until the other side is heard. But the other side, fortunately, can be heard now, the real facts of the case having come to light in the treatise discovered by Lessing. Why, then, did Berengar not attend the Council at Vercellæ, and defend his opinions? Because he was seized and imprisoned in France on his way to Rome. Why did not the clerks represent him better? Simply because there were no clerks there to represent him. The story of his two deputies is an entire invention. It appears that after his grossly unjust arrest by King Henry, the clergy of the Church of S. Martin at Tours sent a clerk to inform the Pope of it, naturally thinking, as Berengar himself did, that the Pope would interfere to procure his release. This clerk found a friend at the Council, who agreed with him in his views, and joined with him in a protest against the injustice of the proceedings. Upon this the two were imprisoned. Such were the facts; but, as it seemed better that it should not be said that Berengar was condemned unheard, the two clerks were said to be his deputies breaking down in their defence.²

The history of this period of Berengar's life, which had before been involved in some confusion, has been greatly cleared by the letters published by Sudendorf. In the year 1050, on his way to Vercellæ, Berengar paid a visit to the Abbot Ansfried at Preaux. Some friendly discussion passed between them on the subject which was now engrossing all Berengar's thoughts, but they parted on excellent terms, although Richard the Abbot of S. Julian at Tours had come from Rome, and told Ansfried of Berengar's having been condemned and excommunicated there at the Easter Council. From Preaux Berengar went to Chartres.

Nec sani capitis fuit aliquid contra te suspicari de Scripto illo in quo ego reprehenderam quod omnes, ut scribis te fecisse, approbant.—Berengarius de Sacra Cœnâ, p. 36.

¹ *Histoire Littéraire*, viii. 205. Art. Berengar.

² Berengarius de Sacra Cœnâ, 41—49.

Here it was his especial wish to avoid discussion, if possible, for he knew the clergy of Chartres, and did not consider them fit to hold an argument on difficult theological points. No sooner, however, had he arrived at Chartres than the clergy rushed upon him in a body, with Arnulf the Precentor of the Cathedral Church at their head, and forced upon him a discussion in spite of his unwillingness. The disputation was conducted with great tumult, and in a very unseemly manner.¹ The question on which Berengar was interested was evidently stirring all men's minds at this time. To the discussion at Chartres Berengar alludes in several of his letters. 'I have heard,' he writes to Ascelinus, 'that Wilhelmus (the Bishop of Chartres) now boasts that I was unable to deny that Joannes Scotus was an heretic. Now, that this is false, you can bear me witness, if you remember sufficiently my words. . . . You are, indeed, opposed to the methods of all nature, opposed to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine, if you hold with Paschasius in that view of which he is the inventor, viz., that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Table the substance of bread altogether departs.' Ascelinus, thus addressed, seems to have been a man of considerable talent. He replies to Berengar in a spirited letter, lamenting the absence from his Epistle of that sprightly and vigorous wit, power of argument, and solid wisdom which Berengar formerly possessed, and strongly reiterating and insisting on his own belief in the Transubstantiation theory.² Immediately after the Chartres disputation Berengar went to Paris and was imprisoned. It would seem that the charge of heresy had nothing to do with his imprisonment. King Henry, of whom Berengar bitterly complains that he might have expected better things from him, inasmuch as the king was the Abbot of the Church of S. Martin at Tours, handed him over to some unworthy favourite that he might extort a ransom from him. He probably had to sacrifice most of his worldly goods to obtain a release. In a letter addressed to one Ricardus (perhaps the Abbot of St. Julian's mentioned above) the unfortunate scholar, thus mercilessly fleeced, says:—'As I know that it is an easy matter for you to get speech with the king, I should wish that you would put in a word with him for me; if, perhaps, of his humanity, his liberality, his royal dignity, and the reputation which he has for religion, he would by some act of munificence compensate to me, a clerk of his own Church, for the mischief which, with the greatest injustice and most unworthily of his royal majesty, he has inflicted upon me. If he does this, he may at a moderate cost free himself from an

¹ Letter of Berengar to Ansfrid. Sudendorf, No. V.

² The two letters are printed in Giles' Lanfranc, vol. i.

'immoderate blame, which is no small thing; but if he does not do this, I nevertheless am ready in this one thing to serve the royal Majesty, namely, in satisfying him and any others whom he may please to select, from the Scriptures, that Joannes Scotus was most unjustly condemned, Paschasius no less unjustly approved in the Council of Vercellæ. I can show to him that the clerks of Chartres unfairly, and in a way most unfitting the royal ear, explained to him the opinion of Bishop Fulbertus on the Eucharist. . . . But in order that the King may the less shrink from my faithful service, let him know that what Joannes Scotus wrote, he wrote by the recommendation and at the request of Charles the Great [the Bald] his predecessor, who was as devout in religious matters as he was active in carrying on affairs, and being desirous that the ignorance of the uneducated and gross men of that time should not prevail, he assigned to the learned Joannes the task of collecting out of the sacred Scriptures materials for changing that ignorant folly of theirs. . . . The Sacrament, indeed, is a thing transitory; but the virtue which operates through it, and the grace which is introduced by it, are abiding. The partaking of the Sacrament is a thing done by many, only a few have the Communion of love. He who loves God with all purity comes rightly to the Sacrament. Love is the new commandment, the new covenant, the promise of the kingdom of Heaven, the pledge of the inheritance—that is the Sacrament of Communion.¹ About this time (early in 1051) Drogo of Paris, who has before been quoted as having given so emphatic a testimony to Berengar's worth, wrote to him to explain a matter which it seems had angered Berengar against him. In this letter, although he must now have been well acquainted with Berengar's views on the Eucharist, he altogether denies that he had imputed heresy to him, as he was reported to have done. He quite agrees with Berengar in his estimate of the clergy of Chartres, who had spread the false report which had vexed Berengar.

But, though Berengar still retained many influential friends (among whom Paul of Metz and his own good Bishop Bruno of Angers were conspicuous), and though many, as the Abbot Durandus asserts, both in France and Normandy, held with him, it was evident that his cause was hopeless as regards success. The dominant party were ready to use any weapons, whether fair or not, to put down the attempt to revive spiritual views in opposition to the materialism which so fell in with their tastes. At a discussion which took place some time this year, before

¹ Lanfranci Opera, i. 18. Sudendorf, No. vii. The latter part of this letter is not printed in Sudendorf.

William, Duke of Normandy, at Brionne, Berengar was reduced to silence, say his opponents, but it is evident from the account that he was cried down by sheer clamour.¹ A still grosser outrage against him was perpetrated in the autumn of 1051. At that time King Henry of France, moved by the clamour of his bishops, summoned a Council in Paris, to treat of these matters. It is doubtful whether Berengar was even cited to this Council, Bishop Deodunius of Liege having advised King Henry (as has been before stated), that councils were meant not for discussion, but for passing sentence upon those whom everybody knew to be heretics. Certainly, this sort of spirit was eminently displayed at the Paris Council. Berengar, remembering the scandalous outrage he had lately suffered at Paris, was not there, and nobody seemed to know what opinions they were to condemn. Suddenly, however, a certain Bishop of Orleans came to the rescue. He had, he said, some letters of Berengar on this subject. The assembly was delighted. Then the Bishop explained that he had indeed come by these letters in a rather questionable manner. They had been sent by Berengar to Paul, Archbishop of Metz, but he had caused the messenger to be *robbed of them*, and, lo! here they were forthcoming. No indignation was excited by the avowal of this outrage. The letters were eagerly read, and instantly condemned. Banishment was decreed against Berengar and his adherents, and death if they did not obey the decree. The exasperation felt by the unlettered and ignorant prelates at any one venturing to call in question a doctrine in which they had comfortably acquiesced, comes out very amusingly in the account of Durandus.² The Bishop of Orleans was doubtless a hero among his brethren, and his robbery of the letters held indeed to be yeoman's service. We may form a shrewd guess as to what were the contents of the letters of Berengar, inasmuch as we have the letter of his friend, Archbishop Paul, to which they were an answer. The friendly prelate thus writes:—

'To the beloved Berengar his friend Paul wishes health in the Lord. I have been much afflicted by many evil things which I have heard of my dear brother; but now may the Divine ear listen to my petition (unworthy though I am), that he who hath begun a good work in you may finish it to the day of Jesus Christ. Truly, as far as I have seen your writings on the Eucharist, you agree with the

¹ Durandus Abbas de Corpore et Sanguine Domini. Bibl. Patrum (Lugd.), xviii.

² Durandus U.S. This account of Durandus, first published by Dâchery in 1648, is thought by Lessing to be an entire fabrication, and the Council of Paris to be altogether a myth. Sudendorf, however, shows that there is good ground for giving credit to Durandus; and as to the fact of the Council having been held, the *Annales Elnoneses*, which Lessing had not consulted, distinctly affirm it to have been held in the year 1051.

author to whom you refer, and your sentiments are good and Catholic. We ask you (that is the Abbot of Gortz and I) that you would also defend the opinion of John Scot, and not fail to send to us by the next opportunity the ground on which you defend it. We beg you to cherish wisdom in the Lord with all sobriety, and remembering the profundity of the Scriptures, and the danger of casting pearls before swine, not to be too ready to discuss them with everybody that asks you.¹

No long time would certainly be lost, by Berengar, in furnishing the defence of John Scot, which was here asked for, and as we read that the Codex of John Scot was condemned at the Council of Paris, doubtless it was this very defence which fell into the hand of the exasperated prelates.

A year or two now intervenes in the history of Berengar without any contemporary document to illustrate it. Probably (as he wrote in 1054, to Drogo), he was taken up during this period with *plurimæ et pessimæ occupationes*. Charges and attack of all sorts were rife against him. He had to defend himself on every side supported only by the consciousness of right and by the sympathy of a few friends, who could see that he was earnestly seeking the truth. It would seem that Drogo, in some letter which has not survived, had said, in answer to a quotation from Augustine brought by Berengar, that Augustine's language on the Eucharist was exceptional. To this Berengar replied, pointing out that Hilary, Jerome, Ambrose, and Gregory had used exactly the same language as Augustine.²

We now, however (1054), come to a very important episode in the life of Berengar, and one which has been grossly misrepresented by Lanfranc and the Benedictines who have followed him. The words of Lanfranc are:—'The sentence of Leo did not escape the attention of his successor, of blessed memory, Pope Victor. But whatever he had decreed, or had ordered to be decreed, on this matter or on others, this, Victor too, confirmed by his own authority and by that of all his councils. At length, in a Council held at Tours, at which his legates were present and presided, there was given to you [Berengar] the option of defending your cause. But the defence of this you did not dare to undertake, but publicly professed and swore to the common faith of the Church, and that you from that hour would believe the same as it has been shown that you swore you believed in the Roman Council.'³ On this statement Lessing ruthlessly comments. 'How much, think you, is there true in this? First reckon what is not true, and then see how much remains. The remainder *may* be true. It is false, then, that at this Council of Tours Berengar was free

¹ Martene Thesaurus Anædotorum, ii. 196.

² Sudendorf Briefe, No. ix. See his reasons for assigning the date 1054.

³ Lanfrancus de Corpore et Sanguine Domini. Opera, ii. 258.

‘to defend his opinions. It is false that at this council he swore to that which, four years afterwards, under Nicholas the Second, he swore to at Rome. It is false that this council at Tours was held under Pope Victor. It is false that Victor had any—the least thing—to do with this controversy during his whole reign, either by himself or his legates.’¹ The assertions of Lessing, bold as they are, are amply borne out, if the account of Berengar, in his book *De Sacra Coenâ* is to be believed; and the account of Berengar is worthy of credit, inasmuch as it is strongly confirmed by independent contemporary testimony as will appear by what follows.

Of the many services which Sudendorf has rendered to the elucidation of the history of Berengar, none is perhaps greater than his research into the history of Walter, Count of Anjou and Touraine, and his publication of the letters of this noble, in his collection. Very truly does he remark that ‘the understanding of this history stands in the closest connexion with the account of Berengar.’² It appears, then, that the Count of Anjou having had a long and bitter quarrel with Gervase, Bishop of Mans, at length seized the obnoxious prelate, and imprisoned him at Tours. For this his duchies were placed under an interdict by Pope Leo. But the Archbishop and clergy of Tours, who had strongly sided with the Count throughout, refused to acknowledge the interdict, alleging that it was uncanonical. Among the Tours clergy Berengar was conspicuous on the side of the Count. His bishop also, Eusebius Bruno of Anjou, held with Count Walter. Here was reason enough to draw upon Berengar’s head, irrespective of any charge of heresy, the anger of Rome. For some years the state of the Church in Anjou and Touraine was in the utmost confusion; and it is evident that when Pope Leo at length dispatched his legates, to hold a council at Tours, in the year 1054, it was not on account of Berengar’s heresy that they were sent, but on account of affairs of a secular nature. So far from Berengar being unwilling or afraid to defend his cause at a council appointed by the Pope to hear the matter, as stated by Lanfranc, it would appear that he pressed the consideration of those points, in which he considered that he was falsely accused, upon the unwilling ears of the Council, and tried with the greatest earnestness to obtain a hearing for them. This is Berengar’s reply to Lanfranc:—

‘In the time not of Victor, but of Pope Leo, Hildebrand was at Tours to represent the Apostolical See. As I had been grievously calumniated by some mad zealots, I was at the pains to satisfy him out of the Scriptures and Fathers

¹ Lessing’s *Berengarius*. Werke, ix. 141.

² Sudendorf’s *Bemerkungen*, p. 118.

as to my opinions. He saw the truth of what I had said, but advised me to go to Rome to Pope Leo as a better means of reducing my adversaries to silence. However, if the Bishops who were present desired to consider the subject more at length, he promised that books should be supplied to them with the passages marked; if, however, they were content with a simple declaration, he promised that I should go with him to the Pope. The Bishops decided that a committee of three persons should hear the matter. Accordingly the Archbishop of Tours, the Bishops of Orleans and Autun, with their clergy, were appointed. The two Bishops immediately fell to reproaching me that by my fault they were kept back from attending to the business of their own churches. I denied that I had committed any fault. They answered that I was commonly reported to have said that the holy bread of the altar was only common bread, and differed not from bread which was unconsecrated. I replied, on the contrary, I most certainly hold that the bread and wine of the altar are after consecration in very truth the body and blood of Christ. When they heard this they said that if I would make this declaration to the assembly in the Church of St. Maurice [? Martin] nothing else would be needed, and they might return to their business. I repeated the words in the hearing of all; still some calumniators said I was making mental reservations. At the advice then of the Bishop of Angers and Abbot Albert, I wrote down what I would swear to. It was as follows:—"The bread and wine of the altar are, after consecration, the body and blood of Christ. This I profess with my mouth, and swear that I believe in my heart." The disturbance was thus appeased, and Hildebrand turned to the other matters *on account of which he had come from Rome*. He was delayed, however, till after Pope Leo's death, which event caused me to abandon the proposed journey.¹

This account completely oversets that of Lanfranc, and it is confirmed by the following testimony. About the year 1059, Count Walter, already mentioned, wrote a letter to Cardinal Hildebrand at Rome.² It will be observed that Berengar speaks with much kindness of the great Cardinal, and thinks that he treated him fairly at Tours. Not so, however, the Count.

'Berengar,' he writes, 'has gone to Rome according to your advice and at your request. There is now given to you the opportunity of showing that Christian magnanimity which he did not find in you when you were here as legate. He had expected your coming as that of an angel of light; but you shrank from giving him a fair hearing, nor did you fittingly reprove his unreasonable adversaries. I don't wish to reproach you, but merely to point out that now is the fitting time, when you have Berengar before the successor of the Apostle. All, indeed, among us who had any learning or any knowledge of the Scriptures, as far as I could hear, had freely declared that the sentiments of Berengar were according to the Scriptures; all waited with impatience for you publicly to state the truth. They were miserably disappointed by your silence, and by your evasion of the matter, when you declared that this was not the business upon which you had come.'

The Count then enters into a bold and clear argument against the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and an exhortation to Hildebrand, openly to profess this which he knows him to believe to be true. This very remarkable letter adds another strong testimony to the others which may be drawn from the words of

¹ Berengarius de Sacra Coenâ, 50—52.

² Sudendorf, Briefe, No. X.

Berengar, and from the treatment which he received from Hildebrand, both before and after his accession to the Papacy, that the great churchman of the Middle Ages, the builder-up of the vast edifice of the temporal power of Rome, was not a believer in the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Too politic to commit himself to an open advocacy of the unpopular doctrine, and scrupulous as yet about condemning a man for holding what he himself believed to be true, Gregory VII. showed throughout a strange vacillation in his treatment of the alleged heretic, and, as usual, drew on himself the reproaches of both sides.

Hitherto Berengar has not appeared justly obnoxious to the charge of timidity or tergiversation in respect to his opinions. He could not appear to defend his cause at Vercellæ, for he was imprisoned on the way. At Brionne he did his best, but was overborne by clamour. He did not venture to Paris to attend the Council, as he had shortly before been grossly ill-used in that city. At Tours he was anxious to have a thorough discussion of his doctrines, but circumstances prevented it. That his anxiety on this head was genuine, the fact of his going to Rome soon after the Council of Tours sufficiently shows. He must have known full well what was the popular doctrine on the Eucharist at Rome. He hoped indeed for the support of Hildebrand, but he must have clearly perceived the danger lest even the powerful Cardinal should not be able to uphold him against his many enemies. According to Lanfranc he came to Rome 'trusting to 'certain who had promised him their help, not because they had 'been convinced by his arguments, but because they had received 'certain favours from him.¹ There is probably an allusion here to Hildebrand and the influence of Count Walter of Anjou. However, whatever induced Berengar to go to Rome, being there, it soon became necessary for him to defend his doctrine. A violent storm was raised against him. The Pope, Nicholas II., summoned a council, and declaring that it had been asserted against Berengar, that he held 'that the Bread and Wine of the 'altar remained after consecration in their original essence without any material change,' called upon him to answer to this charge. There could be little doubt what answer would be given by Berengar. This was the very point which he was ever denouncing as the 'folly of the vulgar, and the trifling of the ignorant monk of Corbey.' That the Body and Blood of the Lord were present on the altar, he would assert in as glowing terms as any, but that '*panem et vinum non superesse*,' he held

¹ Lanfrancus de Corpore et Sanguine Domini. Opera, ii. 152. For the history of the Roman Council, the submission and retraction of Berengar, we are dependent upon Lanfranc's Treatise, corrected, however, as it is in many points by Berengar's Reply discovered by Lessing.

to be an outrage on reason and sense, and a flat contradiction to Scripture and the Fathers.¹ That he must have given utterance to these sentiments at Rome is evident, from the violence of the commotion which was raised against him. 'I reproached Pope 'Nicholas,' he writes, 'as strongly as I could, for having as it 'were exposed me to wild beasts, these savage spirits who were 'not able to listen to any word about spiritual refreshment from 'the Body of Christ, but at the very word spiritual closed their 'ears. I was not, however, able to induce him to give me a 'hearing with Christian mildness and paternal care, or, if he was 'not able to do this, to appoint some persons suitable for the 'employment to look carefully into the Scriptures. I pleaded 'that I had come to Rome of my own accord with great labour, 'and that if I was not to be approved, I certainly ought not to 'be precipitately condemned, but rather to be carefully and 'fairly heard, and either to be approved, or, if need be, ad- 'monished.' The Pope in reply declared that he would refer the matter to Hildebrand, but afterwards appointed Cardinal Humbert, whom Berengar stigmatises as *ineptissimus Burgundus*, to draw up a confession of faith which Berengar was to sign. Humbert was the most bitter of Berengar's adversaries, and the confession which he drew was as careful a stultification of what he believed to be Berengar's opinions as his ingenuity could make it. The unfortunate scholar, seeing all things hostile around him, having, as he repeatedly declares, the fear of instant death before his eyes, finding no support from the politic Hildebrand, who, doubtless, kept aloof from the contest, in a moment of weakness signed the paper, and thus made a profession of faith which he did not even pretend to believe a right one. 'You call me,' writes he, in his answer to Lanfranc, 'an unhappy man, a most miserable soul. I, too, confess to the Lord 'mine iniquity, and pray that He would pardon the impiety of 'my sin; that, being disturbed by the fear of imminent death, 'I was silent concerning the truth, and did not shrink with 'horror from casting into the flames the prophetic, evangeli- 'cal and apostolical writings.' In the Declaration thus signed he is made to 'anathematize all heresy, and especially that with 'which his name had been connected—namely, that the Bread 'and Wine of the Altar are, after consecration, only a sacrament 'and not the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'and that these cannot be sensuously (*sensualiter*) handled by 'the Priest, or broken, or ground by the teeth of the faithful.'

¹ There are some passages in Berengar's writings in which he almost speaks the language of the Consubstantiation theory, but in other places he is careful to say that the Body and the Blood are present *intellectualiter*, and that they are received only by the faithful.

He is made to assent to the faith of the Holy Roman Church, which is declared to be 'that the bread and wine which are placed on the altar are, after consecration, not only a sacrament, but the very Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that the Body and Blood of Christ are sensuously, not only in a sacrament, but in actual verity, touched by the hands of the Priests, broken, and ground by the teeth of the faithful.' He is then made to anathematise all who hold contrary to this. It is clear that Berengar had not the spirit of a martyr; but still he had an earnest love for truth, and bitterly did he grieve for having in his weakness and his fear subscribed to these monstrous doctrines. No sooner was he liberated from the dangers of Rome than he hastened to declare that what he had professed in his timidity was so far from being the truth, that it was directly contradictory to it. The writing in which he set forth his abhorrence of the materialism to which he had been forced to yield an unwilling assent, and exposed the contradictions and absurdities of the confession of Humbert, is, perhaps, composed in too caustic and bitter a tone considering the circumstances; but it must be remembered that we only gather it from the pages of Lanfranc's reply, and that he has doubtless selected those sentences which would best supply matter for a retort.

The answer of Lanfranc is principally interesting, on account of the curious literary forgery which is connected with it, and which has been before alluded to. It appears that Quadratus, a monk of Bec, published this treatise at Rouen, in 1540, and at the same time declared that it was now put forth for the first time. It had, however, been previously printed from another MS. by Sichard, at Basle, in 1528. The two editions had an important discrepancy. In the edition of Quadratus there was found a passage referring to the times of Gregory VII., and to Berengar's second recantation; in the earlier edition of Sichard, no such passage existed. A hundred years later, the learned Luke Dáchery published the work in his collection. He had examined, he declares, three manuscripts and all the printed editions of this treatise, and in none of them could he find a syllable of this passage about Gregory VII. It would have been very strange indeed if he had. This would of necessity throw the composition of Lanfranc's treatise to the year 1078 or 9, at least fourteen years after the publication of the document which he was hastening to refute. The Benedictine monk Quadratus, zealous for the glory of his order, wished to make it appear that Lanfranc had completely crushed Berengar. There was no reply of Berengar's known. But it was known that, in the times of Gregory VII., Berengar had written another refutation of the

popular doctrine of Transubstantiation. It was desirable, therefore, that Lanfranc's treatise should be made to date after this, that he might seem to have overwhelmed the heretic. Hence the interpolation, and the pleasant fable which the Benedictine writers of the literary history of France raised thereupon as to the conversion of Berengar. The discovery of Berengar's reply to Lanfranc's treatise, of course, overset this theory. This, Lessing argues, must be dated about 1064 or 1065. It seems probable, however, that it was written in 1063. It is composed in a violent and bitter spirit against Lanfranc. Berengar felt himself deeply aggrieved by the misrepresentations of his history in which Lanfranc had indulged, and expressed himself in no measured terms against his opponents.¹ Our space will not permit us to enter into the details of the controversy; we will only select a few passages from Berengar's work to show how falsely he has been accused of being a mere Sacramentarian, and how strongly he holds the catholic doctrine of the Real spiritual Presence in the Eucharist.

'I declare my belief that the bread and wine are, by consecration, converted into the true body and blood of Christ, and that this is the Evangelical, Apostolical, and Scriptural doctrine, if an unfair meaning be not given to the terms.' (P. 56.) 'That opinion which you attribute to me, that the bread and wine on the altar are merely Sacraments (he defines *Sacramentum*, *sacrum signum*) were a most foolish thing to say.' (P. 67.) 'The bread becomes that which it had never been before consecration. Out of that which had been common bread is produced the blessed body of Christ, but not in such a manner that the bread ceases to be the bread, or that the body of Christ is actually generated, seeing that this before all time has existed in blessed immortality, and that that body cannot now begin to be.' (P. 97.) 'I have shown that he (S. Ambrose) plainly held that the faithful receive bread and wine in their proper substance at the Lord's Table, and yet that these are by consecration made the body and blood of Christ, inasmuch as they are Sacraments.' (P. 143.) 'When the Apostle Paul is said to have been made a vessel of election from a vessel of rejection, we ought not to hold that Saul was changed into Paul in such a manner that he ceased to be what he was; but so, that while he was still the same man in body and soul, he began to be that which he was not before, viz., a vessel of glory. Just so, when an angry man is changed into a peaceful man [he assumes a new condition, not a new substance]. Similar is the change of bread into the

¹ The editing of this treatise was commenced by Stäudlin in 1814, but his death prevented the completion of the work. It was afterwards edited by Dr. Neander, as the first volume of the collected works of Berengar, and published by A. and F. Vischer at Berlin, in 1834. It is much to be regretted that the most important mediæval work on the Eucharist should have been given to the world in so slovenly a manner as this has been. The punctuation is so utterly unmeaning as to cause great difficulty in following the sense of the writer, and no attempt whatever has been made to verify the quotations and give the references. As the book can now only be procured with great difficulty, a new and carefully executed edition would be of much value to the theological student. Part of Stäudlin's prospectus is printed in the Berlin edition. In this he accuses Lessing of having made errors, but falls into as great mistakes himself, especially with respect to the Council of Tours.

body of Christ. Before consecration it was inefficacious for obtaining eternal life; after consecration it is efficacious.' (P. 145.)

It is difficult, however, to select isolated passages fully illustrative of Berengar's doctrine on the Eucharist from this treatise, inasmuch as, from its fiercely controversial character, it does not allow any quiet discussion of the subject. It is almost entirely occupied with contending about the proper meaning of logical terms, or the true interpretation of passages from the writings of S. Ambrose and S. Augustine. This ground Berengar was obliged to take, as Lanfranc had rashly charged him with having contradicted these great authorities. A marvellously minute acquaintance with the chief Latin fathers is displayed by Berengar, but the excessive iteration in which he allows himself makes his work repulsive and fatiguing to the reader.

Enemies were now multiplying on every side against the bold scholar who ventured with such undisguised earnestness to combat the most cherished doctrine of his day. 'The great 'system of imaginative Christianity,' says Dean Milman, 'which 'had so long ruled the mind of Latin Christendom, was menaced 'with a controversy which struck at the root of its power, and 'prematurely undermined in the hearts of men the greatest of 'those influences by which the hierarchy swayed the world.'¹ Yet it says much for the personal character and reputation for learning of Berengar, that though now so generally pointed at and denounced as a heretic, he yet was able to retain so many influential friends on his side, and to stand as well as he did in the difficult position in which he was placed. The history of Berengar between the two Councils at which he appeared at Rome, which, in the accounts of De Roye, Mabillon, and the elder writers had been almost a blank, has had great light thrown upon it by the discovery made by Sudendorf and its publication. From a letter of Berengar's to Drogo of Paris, which Sudendorf places between 1066 and 1071, we find that he now again enjoyed the friendship of one whom he evidently greatly valued and esteemed. Drogo had about 1060 joined the ranks of his opponents, but now, as Berengar writes, he had heard '*restitutum divinitus benevolentiae vestrae solatium*,' and he fervently prays that it may not again be taken away from him.²

Sufficient proof is also not wanting of the high estimation

¹ Latin Christianity, iii. 19. Dean Milman is here, as everywhere, graphic and powerful. He is not, however, so happy in his accuracy. 'The fatal term Transubstantiation' was not first used by Paschasius, probably not for three centuries after his time (vide Bingham S.V.), neither have we been able to discover any authority for, his designation of John Scotus Erigena as 'the Scotch or Irish Monk,' pp. 21, 22.

² Sudendorf Briefe, No. xlii.

which Berengar preserved in the Church at Tours and even at Rome, long after the work of Lanfranc against him and his reply had become known; so far are the Benedictines from the truth, when they imagine that the Treatise of Lanfranc crushed and convinced his opponent. It does not indeed appear to have had much effect either upon him or his friends. About the year 1067, Archbishop Bartholomew of Tours writes to Pope Alexander II. to complain of the atrocious violence and robberies committed by the Count of Anjou on the Church at Tours. Especially he complains of his persecution of brother Berengar, against whom the Count seems to have had a special grudge. The Count Walter, who had been the friend and supporter of Berengar, had died in 1060, and was succeeded in most of his possessions by his son Walter, surnamed *Barbatus*, who appears to have been a perfect specimen of the robber chief of the Middle Ages. He is described by the archbishop as a modern Nero, and the anathema of the Pope is earnestly sought against him to second the excommunication already pronounced by the bishops.¹ Shortly afterwards Eusebius Bruno, Bishop of Angers, writes to Pope Alexander on the same subject. The Count is here described as an angel of Satan, changing himself into an angel of light, as having bitterly spoiled and wasted the Church of Touraine and Anjou, and as despising not only the bishop, but even the Pope himself. It appears that in answer to Archbishop Bartholomew's letter the Pope had sent Cardinal Stephen into France as his Legate to endeavour to arrange matters, but apparently without much success.² The mission of the Cardinal was, however, an important one to the history of Berengar. As one of those who had especially suffered from the Count's violence, both at Tours and Angers, Berengar had doubtless much to do with the Legate, and was in constant attendance on him. The retraction of his enforced confession at Rome, the violent contest with Lanfranc, do not appear to have prevented the Pope's Legate from being on intimate terms with the heretic. To judge from the following letter, mutual respect existed between them:—

'To the Lord Stephen, in all sincerity of love, Berengar sends greeting. I am especially anxious to inform your Excellency of certain matters connected with myself, seeing that I am addressing in you one not unfamiliar with my affairs. The kind attention you have paid to them, and your friendly disposition towards me, will not allow you to forget that all that God's goodness had given me at Angers was ruined by the enmity of the Count. I was not allowed access to the city, nor permitted to perform my duties to the Church as Clerk and Archdeacon for many years. I knew it was no use for me to write to you about this merely to engage your sympathies, or to obtain advice how to bear my persecution. It is generally said, "A friend and a physician

¹ Sudendorf Briefe. No. xlv.² Sudendorf Briefe, No. xv.

are proved by need." Why do I say this, you ask? For this reason, that you may not now refuse to bestow a benefit on me, such as hitherto you have never been able to bestow, that you may not think it too much trouble to convey to the Pope the assurance of my devotion and dutiful regard. I have, indeed, already had the good fortune to receive the salutation and apostolical benediction through Richard of Orleans and the Bishop of Nantes, but I have not yet obtained it in writing. Divine Providence would, indeed, confer on me an immense favour by your means, if you could obtain for me a letter from the Pope addressed to the Archbishop and the Bishops of Mans and Angers, to rebuke the folly of the envious, ignorant, and foolish persons who oppose me, and to stir up the zeal of the Bishops who now almost shrink from giving any support to the manifest truth which I teach. None is so suitable, or so competent to do this for me as you, if your affection will not refuse a favour which will deserve all the gratitude I can give throughout my life. Let no expenses stand in your way. I will gladly pay the expenses whatsoever they shall be, fourfold. Brother Richard informed me that the Pope had thought of sending into these parts for the purpose of study a certain relation of his. If this purpose still stands, I beg he may come to me without delay, and be not in any way concerned how long he stays with me.¹

It will be seen that this letter has a very important bearing on the history of Berengar. In the year before it was written (1072), Alexander II., the scholar and friend of Lanfranc, had died, and the great Hildebrand had succeeded to the Papal Chair. Hildebrand was inclined to be friendly to Berengar, and, as will presently be shown, had no great affection for Lanfranc. Berengar had already received a kind message from him, but was most anxious to obtain a letter in his favour, that by its means he might combat with more success his enemies, both lay and clerical. The letter also reveals the important fact that, as yet, the prelate most concerned with Berengar had taken no steps against him on the ground of heresy. Archbishop Bartholomew of Tours, who had been very friendly to him, had been succeeded by a prelate named Radulf, of whose nomination by the King of France Bishop Bruno complains bitterly.² It is clear that no open opposition to Berengar's teaching had as yet been made by this archbishop, though it also appears by the letter above quoted, that both he and the Bishop of Mans, as well as Berengar's old friend and helper, Bishop Eusebius Bruno, were growing somewhat cold towards him, and inclined, without directly impugning the truth of his teaching, to favour the party of his opponents. This coldness and slackness Berengar thinks might be removed by a letter from Pope Gregory, who, as Berengar well knew, approved of his opinions in his heart. The Pope, thus appealed to, at once proved that Berengar's con-

¹ Sudendorf Briefe, No. xvi.

² "Contra legationem nostram, immo contra jura divina et humana, rex cuidam nullius eruditionis nullius honestatis, cui res in armis quantum potuit ex multo tempore erat, regendi populi insignia virgam pastorem et annulum, per symoniacam heresim tradidit."—Sudendorf, p. 223.

fidence in him was not misplaced. Despatching about this time his Legate Hugo, Bishop of Die, into France, he gave him a letter in favour of Berengar,¹ recommending him to his care and protection. For this special mark of his favour Berengar now writes to thank him with all earnestness. At the same time he expresses his wonder that some who came, under the Pope's authority, into those parts did not seem to be aware that it had always been Gregory's wish that Berengar should bear with the clergy of Angers in their opposition to him, and 'keep silent even from good words.' The allusion here is without doubt to the council held at Poitiers under Cardinal Gerald, in the year 1076. The subject of the Eucharist was especially treated of at this council, but Berengar, who was present, did not enter into the discussion. The reason of this conduct is clearly given in this letter, but the Benedictine historian not being aware of the existence of this document, and having no better reason to give, declared that Berengar was afraid of being torn in pieces.²

'I have obeyed your command,' he writes to Pope Gregory, 'as much as was fitting, and have determined that I would do nothing more in that matter except in the hearing of you alone, hoping that the Ruler and Lord of all will at some time grant me the opportunity of seeing you face to face. The Bishop of Angers on his return from Rome gave me the same message from you, as well as also the Bishop of Nantes. Both divine and human laws prescribe that prejudiced and hostile judges are to be declined. Divine laws also tell us that when a man's life is contemptible his words are also contemptible. I pray you, of your love for religion, that you would allow me to have such a care for myself as not to expose myself as to wild beasts, to the savage spirits of some. Farewell, most excellent father; and may your Christian kindness for a long time grant to my littleness that patronage which is worthy of the Apostolical See.'³

The resolution expressed in this letter of bringing his cause before Gregory, where he believed it would find a fair hearing, was not long delayed. But before we follow Berengar to his last great contest at Rome, we must glance at two or three other letters, now first printed by Sudendorf, which illustrate the points we are endeavouring to bring out, viz. that Berengar always stood well with the more enlightened and respectable of his contemporaries, and that in his own character he was a man of a grave and religious frame of mind. The first of these positions is supported by the letters addressed by Berengar, about this time, to the Archbishops of Metz and Bourdeaux; the second by the very remarkable letter written by him to Philip I. king

¹ The letter was addressed to Radulf, Archbishop of Tours, and Eusebius Bruno, Bishop of Angers. It is printed in De Roye's *Hist. Berengarii*, p. 75.

² *Histoire Literaire de France*, viii. 209. Martene, *Thesaurus Anecd.* iv. 102.

³ Sudendorf *Briefe*, No. xx.

of France.¹ It will be remembered that in Berengar's earlier history, Paul, Archbishop of Metz, was one of his chief friends. The same good feeling seems to have been kept up with his successor, Hermann. 'You were kind enough, most excellent father,' he writes to him, 'to send me a letter of greeting, and I truly rejoiced, on receiving it, to find that divine Providence, which strikes and heals, was present with me to comfort me. It has tried me with numberless vexations of my enemies, and yet does not refuse to soothe me with the favour of your good affection towards me. For indeed, had you not this good affection to make you think favourably of me, your judgment would not allow you to write of me what I never have been nor can be. For who am I, to whom you ascribe the treasures of wisdom? It would have been better indeed had you undervalued than thus overvalued me. I gladly, for my part, welcomed brother Peter, the son of your love, and I gladly see him with me; it must be your care, under Christ, to make his coming to me bear good fruit.' This letter is placed by Sudendorf in the year 1074 or 1075. After ascertaining the date, and pointing out the important part which Archbishop Hermann played in the eventful history of those times, Sudendorf well remarks: 'Hermann, Bishop of Metz, this most intimate friend of Pope Gregory, and earlier confidant of King Henry IV., this champion of the Church, condemned not the doctrine of Berengar; rather did he entertain so high an opinion of the wisdom of this man, that he sent to him brother Peter, a young ecclesiastic whom he especially loved, for further improvement.'² About a year later, Berengar (the despised heretic, according to the Benedictines) is found addressing another primate, Joscelyn, Archbishop of Bordeaux. The letter is one of sympathy and consolation. Joscelyn had been arbitrarily suspended by Hugo of Die, the Pope's Legate, for non-attendance at a Synod summoned by him. The tone in which the letter is composed fully justifies the remark of Sudendorf. 'The heartiness, warmth, and freedom with which Berengar addresses Joscelyn—the schoolmaster the archbishop—and seeks to comfort him, fairly allow us to infer a very intimate connexion between the two.' And this view is still more strengthened, and in a way which redounds to Berengar's credit, if we remember that the Pope's Legate, who had shown such violent hostility to Archbishop Joscelyn, had been specially charged to have a tender regard for Berengar. He thus appears defending the cause of his friend who had been unjustly treated, even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of his all-powerful patron, Pope

¹ Sudendorf Briefe, xvii. xvii. xix.

² Sudendorf, 179.

Gregory, who was not one to tolerate any sympathy with those who opposed his will. This seems to be very inconsistent with the character for timidity, self-seeking, and insincerity, which the Romanist writers ascribe to Berengar. The letter of which we have now to speak may perhaps still further confirm this more favourable estimate. It has been already observed, that the King of France occupied the post of Abbot of the church of S. Martin, at Tours.¹ Berengar had, on this ground, remonstrated with King Henry against the unjust treatment which he had received at his hands. He now takes advantage of the relationship of a clerk of the Church, to address to his superior a letter of good advice and exhortation which is in every way creditable to the writer. The king, to whom this letter was written, was the young Philip I. The ministers of this prince had, during his minority, acted harshly towards the Church at Tours.² It was of the utmost importance that the young king should be brought to look upon the responsibilities attaching to his office in a better light. Thus Berengar addresses him:—

"To the Lord Abbot, Philip, King of the French, Berengar sends greeting, desiring him to show himself not unworthy of his vocation. It is asserted that he who enjoys the royal dignity should show himself more assiduous than others in his attendance on the Lord's Table, more diligent in ministering justice, more cheerful in doing alms-deeds, more constant in prayers. You will best perform your office, if in each of these points you show the zeal which befits you. With regard to exercising justice, this is the most proper quality of a king. The virtue of charity belongs not only to the royal eminence, but to all those who at the end of the world shall be placed at the right hand. Concerning prayer we have the precepts of the Lord himself. . . . I come now to that of which I spoke first. The Lord himself says, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him." And concerning communicants at the Lord's Table, the Apostle says:—"Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh judgment to himself." [In what this unworthiness consists, SS. Augustine, Hilary, and Jerome clearly teach us.] Be it your care to govern your subjects as a good king should, to presume nothing on your own strength, to glory in Him who is the author of all virtues, and then you need fear no enemy. Farewell. May Divine Providence long preserve the royal dignity for our comfort and support; may you be instant in prayer, as far as you are not hindered by other good employments; may you be a partaker in the Sacraments of the Altar on all solemn days, and perform the works of mercy and justice, and on this ground delay not to remove from the Church of S. Martin the rigour of the royal censure which was sacrilegiously imposed upon it, [that you may thus promote] the honour of Christ the Lord, and that of so great a Confessor of the Faith."³

¹ Staüdlin's Preface, published in Neander's *Berengarius*, p. 14. The King of France was not only Abbot of Tours, but also Canon of Lyons, Angers, and other Churches.

² Letter of Eusebius Bruno, Bishop of Angers, to Pope Alexander II. Sudendorf, No. xv.

³ Sudendorf Briefe, No. xviii.

The tone of this letter certainly implies a position and character in the writer likely to command respect. No apologies are made for addressing the king, but a plain statement of his duty is laid before him. Whether Berengar was deputed to write by the rest of the clergy of S. Martin's, or whether the movement was from himself, at any rate here is nothing of the tone of the despised heretic. But calumnies and attacks were, doubtless, rife against Berengar; and as the Count of Anjou, supported by these, refused to allow him to perform his duties, it became absolutely necessary that he should endeavour to obtain an authoritative decision in his favour. That he had not the slightest doubt in his own mind that he should obtain this from Pope Gregory, the letter above-quoted sufficiently shows. From the time, indeed, when he had made his acquaintance at Tours, more than twenty years before, Berengar had kept up his correspondence with the great man who now occupied the chair of S. Peter, and was perfectly aware that in the matter of the Eucharist he thought with him. The character of Gregory, also, in the main honest, bold, straightforward, led him to place reliance in him; and it is evident that he went to Rome to seek the approval of the Apostolical See, without hesitation and without misgiving (1077). And, doubtless, the Pope was sincerely anxious to terminate the controversy arising out of Berengar's views. Not only had he summoned Berengar himself to defend his cause before him, but he had also addressed a mandate to Archbishop Lanfranc to be present, and that couched in so haughty and severe a tone, that it plainly shows that no goodwill was entertained by the head of the Roman Church towards the Primate of England.¹ This fact, which has an important bearing on the English Church History of the period, has been carefully suppressed by the Benedictine historians, and is not alluded to by Lanfranc's latest biographer, Dean Hook.² It was in the latter part of the year 1077 that the Scholar of Tours made his journey to Rome, doubtless full of hope and confidence that he should at last see a successful issue of his struggle for truth, and find a peaceful ending of his long and troubled life. His anticipations at first seemed likely to be realised. The Pope received him kindly, and desired him to stay with him. Foreseeing, however, both inconvenience to himself, and danger to the peace of the Church in having any formal statement made as to the matter in which Berengar was so much interested, Gregory hesitated to yield to his request for a decision. Probably he thought Berengar's object would be

¹ See the letter given below.

² A really exhaustive life of Lanfranc would be a great acquisition to the student of Ecclesiastical History. It seems indeed strange that Dr. Hook should have almost totally ignored the controversy between Lanfranc and Berengar.

answered by his allowing all men to see with what favour and kindness he regarded him, and he knew well that a mighty commotion would be stirred up by any opposition to the prevailing superstition as to the Mass. Thus things remained for some time;¹ but after a while murmurs began to be heard. The doctrines of Berengar were denounced—the Pope himself, it was insinuated, was an encourager of heresy—an abettor of heretics. Then Gregory, to allay the tumult, drew up (in concert, doubtless, with Berengar himself) a confession of faith, which he caused to be publicly read in a Synod of Bishops assembled on the Festival of All Saints (1078.) The Confession ran as follows:—‘I profess that the bread of the altar, after consecration, is the true body of Christ, which was born of the Virgin, which suffered upon the Cross, which sits at the right hand of the Father; and that the wine of the altar, after it has been consecrated, is the true blood which flowed from the side of Christ. This, I profess with my mouth, and believe in my heart.’ This was approaching as near to the materialistic doctrine as Berengar could be brought; and, in fact, did we not know, from other passages of his writings, the sense in which he made this profession, we might almost set him down, at any rate, as a Consubstantiationist. The expressions, however, as to the human body of our Lord being present on the altar, are only means to denote carefully his belief in the *reality* of the presence. As a fact, we cannot separate the presence of Christ from the presence of His body. The Incarnate Saviour is present mysteriously in all His perfect nature.

That this was Berengar’s meaning is clear from his words further on, in the account of these transactions. ‘I held thus: that the bread and wine, when consecrated on the altar, are the body, not of any one else, but the proper body of Christ, not a fantastic body, as the Manicheans thought, but his true human body.’² He believed in the real presence of the glorified Redeemer, but that the bread and wine ceased to be bread and wine, or that the *res Sacramenti* and the *Sacramentum* were to be confounded together: this he spent his life in combating. This profession of faith the Pope caused to be proclaimed to the people with loud voice (*vociferatione multd.*) He also himself declared loudly that Berengar was not a heretic, that he agreed in all points with Peter Damiani, a Cardinal of the Roman Church, and one ‘not inferior to Lanfranc in erudition and

¹ For this part of Berengar’s history we have fortunately his own account, fainted by Mabillon, and Martene Thesaur. Anecdote. iv. 103.

² Martene, iv. 107.

'dignity, and much more diligent than Lanfranc in the study of the Scriptures.'¹

The crowd appeared to be satisfied, the Pope thought that the excitement against Berengar had been allayed, and many influential divines signified their agreement with him. His opponents, however, were by no means satisfied. They maintained that he could hold grievous heresy consistently with the confession he had made, and they so worked upon the Pope that he consented to reconsider the matter at a council to be held the following Lent, and even allowed *them* to draw up a confession to which Berengar should be obliged to subscribe. We here see the statesman predominant over the divine—the secular prince anxious for power and influence, forgetting the demands of truth, the obligations of friendship, and basely deserting one who had confidently trusted in him, and willingly done exactly as Gregory himself had directed him to do. He even went so far as to convey a private intimation to Berengar, that if he scrupled in what was demanded of him, he should be imprisoned for the remainder of his life, in order that the Pope might not have the trouble of defending himself against charges of heresy.² At the Lent Council, then, the chief opponents of Berengar, the Bishops of Padua and Pisa, appeared with a smile of anticipated triumph, and handed their antagonist a paper on which was written—

'I believe and confess that the bread and wine which are placed on the altar are, by the mystery of holy prayer and the words of our Redeemer, substantially converted (*substantialiter converti*) into the true, proper, and life-giving flesh and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was born of the Virgin, and which having been offered for the salvation of the world, hung upon the cross, and which sits at the right hand of the Father, and into the true blood of Christ, which was poured forth from his side; [and that] not alone by a

¹ This disparaging mention of Lanfranc, made publicly by the Pope, is remarkable, and well accords with the following letter, which contained the summons to Lanfranc to Rome to meet Berengar:—'We have often invited you to come to Rome to give proof of your faith and religion, but hitherto, either from pride or negligence, you have abused our patience and put it off. You do not allege any canonical excuse, nor is the labour and difficulty of the journey a sufficient reason, since it is well known that many who live at the greatest distance, and who are scarce able to leave their beds, yet, out of their burning love to S. Peter, come to his threshold even carried in litters. Therefore, by our apostolical authority, we enjoin you to put aside all excuse and dismiss vain fears and to come to us. We allow you four months after this shall have come to hand, but you must without fail be at Rome on the *Fest of All Saints*, in the present year, and no longer delay to remove the guilt of your disobedience which has been so long cherished. But if you shall still despise the apostolical commands, and blush not to incur the danger of disobedience, which is like the crime of idolatry, as the blessed Saviour beareth witness, know that you shall without doubt be removed from the favour of S. Peter, and be chastised by his authority. That is to say, if you come not to us within the time appointed, you are suspended from all your episcopal offices.'—Gregorii Epist. ap. Labbe Concil. ii. Lib. Ep. 20.

² Martene, iv. 109.

sign and the virtue of a Sacrament, but in propriety of nature and truth of substance.'

As Berengar glanced over this paper, seen by him for the first time in the Council, and heard that the Pope required him to agree to it, the unhappy subtilty of his brain suggested to him that even this might admit of an explanation not discordant from the doctrine which he held; *substantialiter* might be explained to mean nothing more than *really*, and *converti* might simply signify the change which takes place in the condition of the bread and wine, when, after consecration, they cease to be ordinary bread and wine, and receive that which they had not before, the presence of Christ's Body and Blood.¹ The real meaning of his opponents he declares he knew well enough, which was to enunciate a *material change*, but he thought it allowable to him to make the profession, not in their sense but in his own.² This unhappy subterfuge, which has so often misled men of subtle intellect, was not long in bringing its punishment upon Berengar. He declared he would agree to the new confession. Then a cry was raised that he took the words in a sense of his own and not in the sense of the framers. This he dexterously evaded by saying that the Pope did not think so in that matter which he had transacted with him a few days before. None ventured to inquire further as to a private transaction in which the Pope had been engaged, and it seemed as if Berengar would escape from the toils of his enemies. At this moment, however, the Pope, in whom he had most confided, 'prompted,' says Berengar, 'by I know not whom, and as it were thrown down from the citadel in which he had fortified 'himself,' suddenly called upon him to do a thing which he had never even hinted at before, which none even of his adversaries had demanded, and which was a base and unworthy stultification, not only of Berengar, but also of himself, inasmuch as Berengar had been formally cleared by him on agreeing to the confession which he had drawn up. He was bid to fall prostrate on the ground, and to confess that up to that time he had erred in his doctrine on the Eucharist, in that, in affirming the presence of Christ he had not always added the word *substantialiter*. The unfortunate Berengar now found that he had himself cut the ground away from under himself by agreeing in his own subtle sense to use the word *substantialiter*. This cruel requirement of Gregory at once contradicted the whole work of his life. He was to declare that he had always been in error on the

¹ 'Quodeunque enim consecratur non amittit quod erat sed in melius quam erat provehitur.'—Mart. iv. 107.

² 'Putavi licere mihi pronunciare quod addi scripto volebant suo, dum ad aliud quam ipsorum intellectum vocem referrem eandem.'—Mart. iv. 106.

subject on which he had thought, written, and argued for more than 40 years. It was bitter, but as himself touchingly says, 'God did not give him the grace of constancy.' He feared the anathema of the Pope, converted from a friend into an enemy; he dreaded the rage of the people, and the hostile and menacing looks of the prelates around him. He fell upon the ground and made the acknowledgment required. 'Hear me, O Lord,' he prays at the end of his account, 'and have mercy upon me; Thou that showest thy power chiefly in compassion and mercy, have pity on me, acknowledging so great a sacrilege, and ye, O brethren in Christ, whosoever shall meet with this writing, beseech the Omnipotent compassion for me in your prayers.'¹ The lines of Coleridge are surely here very applicable:—

'Ye who, secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of recreant Berengar!
O first the age and then the man compare!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell!
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night, }
Moved in the scanty circle of his light.
And was it strange that he withdrew his ray,
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?'²

On the latter part of the history of Berengar the letters published by Sudendorf have a most important bearing. In a truly touching letter written by him to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux,³ he shows that he continued to cherish, with deep feelings of penitence, the remembrance of that weakness which led him to yield to the urgent demands of Pope Gregory against his own reason and convictions. 'As to what your kindness prompts you to say about the restoration of those matters which touch me, I, indeed, am "not worthy of the least of all the mercies of the Lord;" yet, in prayer and supplication I have good hope in the mercy of His omnipotence, that mine iniquity will not be too great to find pardon, that He will not "shut up my soul with the sinners, nor my life with the bloodthirsty;" and although I cannot bewail and humble myself as I ought, yet out of the multitude of the sorrows that I have in my heart I turn myself to pleasant places, even to the fulness of His consolations, among which I esteem it a special one, that "one so great as you should be so kindly affected towards me."'⁴ Now if this letter be rightly assigned to the year 1082 (as we think the reasons given by Sudendorf show that it must be),

¹ Martene, iv. 109.

² In 1082, according to Sudendorf.

³ Coleridge, ii. 79.

⁴ Sudendorf Briefe, No. xxi.

what becomes of the Benedictine theory that Berengar formally renounced his errors at the Council of Bordeaux, in 1080, that he cherished during the latter part of his life a strict orthodoxy, and died in the odour of sanctity?¹ It is evident that the latter part of their account of this famous man's life is as false as the earlier part. That Berengar lived as a penitent and died devoutly may well be believed, but his penitence was for his fault committed at Rome, when he timidly shrank from defending the ancient faith. His devotion was not grounded on the new and materialistic superstition, but was addressed to the Father of Spirits, with whom he hoped to find pardon and acceptance through the merits of his Saviour. The epitaphs written upon him by Archbishop Hildebert and the Abbot Baudri and others, attest the estimation in which he was held among his countrymen, but they prove nothing as to his change of opinions. They are no stronger testimonials to his worth than have already been quoted as given by many great prelates, his contemporaries; and given when, according to the Benedictines themselves, he was certainly in a state of heresy. Neither will a loosely worded passage from William of Malmesbury be of much avail against the unmistakeable inference to be drawn from Berengar's own words. We have, too, the express testimony of Bernold, a credible contemporary chronicler, that Berengar did not change his opinions.² And if any doubt should still be remaining on this point, assuredly the last letter published in Sudendorf's collection would serve to dispel it. This letter was addressed to Joscelin, Archbishop of Bordeaux, an old friend of Berengar's, in the year 1085. The date is not doubtful, inasmuch as the letter is occupied with reflections on the death of Pope Gregory VII. The letter is a very beautiful one. Berengar expresses good hope of the salvation of the great Pontiff. He trusts that the errors into which he had been led would not prejudice his eternal state. He had turned against himself, and deserted one who formerly trusted in him; but so had Paul and Barnabas departed asunder, and yet both of them remained in the Book of Life. It might be said, indeed, that the Pope had all power to bind and to loose, but this power could not be given by God to be used arbitrarily, otherwise any injustice might be upheld. He deprives himself of this power who uses it not to improve the morals of those put under him, but according to the promptings of his own will.³ It is clear that the allusions

¹ *Histoire Littéraire*, viii. 214.

² Nam et in Romanâ Synodo canonicè convictus hæresim suam in libro a se descriptam combussit et abjuratam anathematizavit nec tamen postea dimisit. Bernoldi Chronicon (Ed. Pertz.), p. 439.

³ Sudendorf Briefe, No. xxii.

here are to the part which Gregory had taken against him in binding him with a promise never again to maintain his doctrine on the Eucharist. This is well pointed out by Sudendorf. He plainly shows that the tone of this letter implies that though Berengar might not, after the Roman Council, have again entered into controversy, yet that he evidently had not changed his opinions. The Pope, he felt, had treated him harshly and unjustly. Archbishop Joscelyn had also experienced hard usage from the Apostolical See. He writes to him in a forgiving and Christian spirit concerning the great man who, for purposes of ambitious policy, had harshly borne upon them both.

This letter enables us to take a pleasing farewell of Berengar. He was now in extreme old age. For half a century he had fought the battle of truth, reason, antiquity, and Scripture against the novelties and corruptions of an ignorant time. His work was now done. He had committed many errors. He had been guilty of acerbity in attacking, and of weakness in yielding from fear of death. Yet he had borne in a critical period a good and useful testimony to most important doctrine, and even now 'his works do follow him.'

ART. V.—*Catherine de Bourbon, sœur de Henri IV, Etude Historique*, par M^{me}. la COMTESSE D'ARMAILLE. Paris, Didier. 1865.

IT seems to be established as the specially feminine department of history to seek out those persons who, well-nigh against their will, are caught up like straws in the whirlwind of political strife; and, though unimportant to the main course of events, yet, by the very fact of being snatched out of their natural quiescent privacy, become exposed to the full light of day, and evince qualities worthy of the attention of a student of human nature—and of the effects of great convulsions upon the ordinary spirits who were acted upon by, instead of producing them.

History is read in numerous aspects. Primarily we

By the light Thy words disclose,
Watch Time's full river as it flows;
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense.

Or we trace the great and massive forms of political events, the growth of society, and the effect of institutions upon nations. Or, experience on a large scale is sought by the philosophical historian, and grand impressions by him of a poetic frame. But there are also openings for very interesting study, in the characters, not merely of the great, but of the little; indeed, there is more of human and domestic interest in these lesser figures, who are more like those of our own familiar acquaintance, than the great heroes who make history for themselves. The present researches among original documents have brought the possibility of piecing out living portraits of many who have hitherto been no more than cold names in genealogies; and our gallery is continually increasing under the tender and careful hands of female biographers, to whom this labour is especially congenial.

The Comtesse d'Armaille, having already drawn out the history of the neglected queen of Louis XV., has now applied herself to another of the gentle women with whom their masters dealt hardly, as mere chattels at their will—namely, Catherine de Bourbon, the pale shadow who follows the glaring light of her brother Henri's career; and we are willing to trace her history, because it is always well to obtain evidence as distinct as we can, of the effects on individual dispositions of the system under which she was brought up.

Catherine de Bourbon was the youngest child and only daughter of Antoine, Duke de Vendôme, the head of the

house of Bourbon, and of the Queen of Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret. The situation of her family was politically very curious. Her grandfather, and after him her mother, were sovereigns by right, of Navarre, the eldest of all the peninsular kingdoms; but this dominion was little more than a mere title. Navarre itself had been almost devoured by Ferdinand of Aragon in the war far more memorable for the wound of Ignatius Loyola than for the addition of a province to Spain. The possessions of the house of Albret consisted chiefly of the counties of Foix and Béarn, the first a fief of the crown of France, and the property of the husband of a past heiress of Navarre; the latter a Navarrese fragment on the French slope of the Pyrenees. On the other hand, the mother of Jeanne d'Albret had been the sister of François I., and though no rights were transmitted through a mere female connexion with the crown, yet the bonds of relationship were admitted, and the consideration thereby derived was great. Moreover, the house of Bourbon was owned to possess the blood of St. Louis in the direct male line, and all the collateral branches of the Valois family having failed, it came constantly nearer to the steps of the throne, although the large family of Henri II. rendered their accession to it extremely improbable at the time of Catherine's birth; which took place at Paris on the 7th of February 1559, during a visit made by Jeanne d'Albret to the French court, in order to be present at the wedding of the young Dauphin with Mary of Scotland.

The religious opinions of the family were in almost as doubtful a state as their position. Marguerite, the mother of Jeanne, and sister of François I. had, in the early days of the Reformation, caught eagerly at the bright hopes of cleansing and illuminating the Church, and sympathized with the earlier preaching of the new doctrine, though she had never separated from the Church. If there had been more in high places such as she, there might have been light instead of schism. Her daughter Jeanne, strong-minded, earnest, and resolute, had for a time viewed the reformers with much distaste, because she had reason to believe that the Calvinist ministers to whom her mother had entrusted some money for the relief of the Lutherans in Germany, had misappropriated it; but as she grew older, reaction from this prejudice set in. She studied for herself, and became increasingly drawn towards Calvinism. As matters stood in her life time, the Roman Catholic Church, hampered by political Popes, and by princes whom they feared to offend, was doing marvellously little to reclaim her deserters, or assert her own purity. Save for the stirrings among the small beginnings of the company of Loyola in Spain, it is hard to point to any bright spot in the continental Church during the critical years

of the 16th century. Kings were compounding with the clergy for their vices, by persecuting the religion that denounced luxury, and the clergy were too much afraid of alienating the kings to enforce on them the lessons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment. The one king who was conscientious in his own fashion, was narrow, grim, and persecuting to a degree that has made hatred to his name universal and lasting, to an almost unrivalled degree. No wonder, then, that truths and moralities, when unassisted by the Church, and proclaimed by those opposed to her, should win the hearts of almost all the ardent youthful generation, who longed for the purity and unclouded doctrine that they believed the new cause to hold out to them. They were times of trial that can scarcely now be realized; and strong, indeed, must have been the faith that could patiently cling to the Invisible Church, when the Visible was so sedulously stained by those who held the rule.

Jeanne d'Albret was not one of these adherents. Her whole heart was with the Huguenots; though at the time of Catherine's birth she still remained within the pale of the Church, waiting till she could persuade her husband to come to a decision. His younger brother, Louis, Prince de Condé, was the acknowledged political champion of the Calvinists, and this high-spirited woman was fretted even to scorn and contempt by her husband's doubts and scruples—scruples, which the tenor of Antoine's life compels us to regard as chiefly the weak vacillations of an infirm character, seeking for expediency.

In 1551, however, his waverings were ended by a cannon-shot at the siege of Rouen; and Jeanne, no longer forced to conceal her opinions, repaired to her own capital at Pau, with her two children, and professed herself a Calvinist. Not only this, but she would have her Béarnese subjects of like religion. Catholic worship was proscribed; Mass and Procession were forbidden, on pain of death, and the Churches of Bearn were 'purified' in the Scottish fashion. As was naturally to be expected, the persecuted Catholics looked to Spain for help, and plots were continually formed against Jeanne. Of the failure of these Mme. d'Armaille gives some curious particulars. It had been concerted that by the intrigues of the disaffected Béarnais, the Queen should be surprised and given up to the Inquisition in Spain, her children shut up in fortresses, the kingdom occupied by Spanish troops, and the consent of Charles IX. purchased by the annexation of Béarn to the crown of France. The overthrow of the plot came from a most unlikely quarter.

'Unconcerned with the policy of Philip II., Elisabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain, lived quietly in the palace at Madrid, her modest heart divided between

maternal love and the most evangelical charity, assisted in her benevolent cares by her almoner, the Abbé de St. Etienne; she employed even her lowest servants to seek out the poor, whose secret misery required succour and comfort. One of these was an usher of her apartments, a Béarnese, named Anis Vespier, who was warmly attached to the House of Albret. One night a woman came to tell this man that a Béarnese, who had been for a few days at Madrid, was lying sick and in great distress in a poor lodging that she had hired for him. Vespier immediately visited his countryman, lavished on him the benefactions of his royal mistress, brought him to his own rooms, and gained his whole confidence. Thus he discovered in the poor traveller an agent of the plot against the Queen of Navarre. The sick man, at once grateful and boastful, spoke of the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Alva, vaunted of his interviews with these grand personages, and added that such measures had been taken that, before two months were over, the Queen of Navarre and her children would be in the hands of the Inquisition; and to prove and enforce his words, he showed the papers of which he was the bearer. Vespier restrained his indignation as he heard the confession, and hastened to inform the Queen's almoner. When conducted into the presence of Elisabeth, "he told her in detail," says Vileroy, "all the particulars of this execrable deed." She heard, was shocked, and said with tears in her eyes, "It cannot please God, my masters, that such wickedness should be brought to pass;" and she resolved to write to the King her brother, and the Queen her mother, to put a stop to it. The Queen of Spain did in fact warn M. de Saint Sulpice, the French ambassador in Spain, who sent a secretary to Paris with letters for the Queen-mother. At the same time he took care to give the Queen of Navarre secret warning of the danger that threatened her, advising her to leave Béarn and take refuge at Nérac, where she would be under the protection of the King of France. Jeanne received the news with her usual determination, and instead of following the advice of the French ambassador, she took measures for defence, visited all the Béarnese fortresses, and even ventured up to the Spanish frontier. She then retired in a leisurely manner to the strong castle of Navarreins, with her ladies and little Catherine, and prepared to sustain a siege. A letter was at the same time dispatched to the Court of France to explain the conspiracy of Philip, and demand justice. This she did not obtain, Catherine being far too prudent to quarrel with the son of Charles V. about the Queen of Navarre; but the plot having failed, and the danger being over, Jeanne resumed a more quiet mode of life. (P. 11.)

Jeanne's mode of education of her celebrated son is well known—the hardy vigour that she sought to infuse into him by his simple life among the Béarnese mountaineers; her vain endeavours to force scholarship upon his active, practical disposition; and her still vainer efforts to impress religion upon him through her austere and dry Calvinist ministers. Poor Jeanne, she was a hard, stern, masculine woman, of the stamp that seldom attaches a strong and spirited son, her errors were many and unloveable, yet few things are more touching to hear of than her sufferings when necessity forced her to send her son to the court where she knew no means would be spared to ruin him alike in body and soul. Miss Freer has given us some of her original letters to her boy, where the stern, unbending woman strives to throw herself into his innocent pleasures, telling of his dogs, and of the hunts, in the evident wish to keep

the heart of the bright young lad from the snares that her enemy, Catherine de Medicis, was already spreading for him with only too much success.

But the parent, who repelled the nature kindred to her own in strength and spirit, was regarded with intense affection by the more tender and clinging disposition of her daughter. The little Catherine admired her mother with all her heart, and was absolutely moulded by her with a lasting impression. The ladies, in whose hands the little girl's education was placed, were grave, learned, and austere matrons, after Jeanne's own heart. The little playfellows who shared her studies were Jeanne du Monceau Tignonville, afterwards Baronne de Pangeas, and two others of very different fate, Corisande d'Audoins, the first of Henri's mistresses, and Louise de Chatillon, the daughter of Coligny, and widow, first of Teligny, and then of William the Silent.

Very serious were her studies. Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, were learnt from Florent Carestien and Palma Cayet; history and poetry from Salomon de Maçoin, then presumptuously termed the French Horace; theology from Merlin de Vaux; and all were superintended by Théodore Beza; who sometimes corrected the young girl's versions of the Psalms. Spinning and needlework were also taught to her, and she played well on the lute, sung prettily, and could do her part in both her national dances and the stately Spanish court pavises, although she was small, pale, and feeble, and had in her infancy been lame enough to recall the remembrance of the nickname of her great grandfather, Sir Alain d'Albret of the *Jambe Torte*.

At thirteen, Catherine accompanied her mother on that unfortunate journey to the French Court, when the preliminaries of the marriage between Henri and Marguerite de Valois were to be arranged. The little princess's first note to her brother after the sight of his brilliant betrothed is very like those of little girls of all ages—not of the highest perfection in spelling. The evident cream of the introduction is *et ma donné un beau petit chien que j'ai bien*.

Catherine's little delicate figure, in its stiff Huguenot costume, was not unpleasing, and the grave mother could not help writing to her son's tutor, 'You could not believe how pretty my daughter is in my eyes.' Ere long, however, Catherine suffered from a severe attack of pleurisy, and was in a hopeless state for a week, but the unceasing care of her mother bore her through her illness and the subsequent weakness. Indeed it seems as if the nursing and anxiety had filled up the measure of Jeanne's sufferings, in her anxieties for her Huguenot friends, her far greater fears for her son's welfare, her suspicions of the seeming welcome, the effort of keeping up the impenetrability

needful in intercourse with such an antagonist as Catherine de Medici. Poison was talked of—harassed to death would probably be the truer verdict—as the cause that removed this much-suffering woman. The chief care that haunted her on her death-bed was for the poor young girl about to be left an orphan in such a court as that of the Medici Queen, and with no better protector than the brother, whose kindness might far better be trusted than his principle. Neither son nor daughter were with her. Henri had been left at Béarn, and Catherine was still so ill that her mother's critical state was concealed from her, and Jeanne could only entrust her last messages to her faithful Madame de Tignonville. Her will was signed in the presence of the Cardinal de Bourbon and the Admiral de Coligny, to whom she committed her injunctions to Henri, that he should not remove from his sister the ladies her mother had chosen as her attendants, 'whose whole life is an example,'—that he should deal gently with her, let her be brought up in Béarn, and 'when she is of age to marry her to a prince that is of the 'same rank, the same religion, and of such morals that they may 'in true and holy matrimony live in equality and sanctity.' In Marguerite, the bride who had been forced on Jeanne's acceptance by old compacts between the two deceased fathers, and by the pressure of the policy of her party, the truthful queen had so little hope that she merely made her a conventional request 'to love her little daughter.' It must have been an additional pang to the dying woman that the destined wife of her son was one of whom she had written to an intimate confidante that she was 'very beautiful but entirely corrupted.'

On the 9th of June, 1572, Jeanne d'Albret expired, and her forlorn little daughter remained at the Louvre, where, unfortunately, she is beneath the notice of history, so that we know not how it fared with her through the pageantry of her brother's wedding, and during the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew. All that we do know is, that on the morning when Charles IX. had almost drawn his sword upon the two Bourbon princes, her brother included her in his abjuration of Calvinism, that she was comprised in the absolution pronounced on him and his cousin the Prince of Condé, by their uncle, Cardinal de Bourbon, and that she signed their joint letter to the Pope, demanding to be reconciled to the Church. Poor child, it was no doubt under compulsion that she acted. The only friend of her earlier days who seems to have been near her was Madame de Tignonville; her brother had no time to attend to her; she was disliked and despised by the princesses, and the guardian to whom her mother had entrusted her, Coligny, was dead. Her biographer gathers from her letters that—

'She seemed to wither up under her trials; she lost the joyousness and trustfulness of her age. A deep sadness, that dumb resignation, more alarming in children than loud outbursts of despair, seemed to seize upon her. Henri of Navarre seldom saw her, and then only before witnesses. Cardinal de Bourbon, her only guardian since the death of Coligny, was too weak in character and too indifferent to try to console her; and Marguerite de Valois, busied with pleasure and intrigues, had no sympathy with a child pining under constant languor.' (P. 43.)

The only worse misfortune that could have befallen the poor child threatened her—namely, a marriage with that hideous ape, the Duke of Alençon, the youngest of the king's brothers, but the Queen-mother's hatred to the house of Navarre hindered this, as well as the almost equally undesirable offer, which at first on his accession Henri III. was inclined to make to the Princess of Navarre. Palma Cayet, Catherine's old tutor, declares that if the King had only seen her on his first return from Poland, before he had met Louise de Vaudémont, he would certainly have married her, but that his mother represented her to him as dwarfish and deformed. This was the greatest service the Queen could have done her, and thanks to systematic neglect and unkindness, Catherine left the Louvre, four years after she had entered it, as simple and pure-minded as the child her mother had brought thither.

It was in the May of 1576, four months after Henri's own flight from the Court of France, that he obtained permission for his sister to join him. The Baron de Rosny was one of her escort, and her brother meeting her at Parthenay took her to La Rochelle, where she was enthusiastically received, and renounced her compulsory Catholicism. Her brother placed her at Nérac, where she became the head of a little court, and showed that, during her dreary residence at Paris, she had caught something of the queenly graces suited to her position. In those most quaintly drawn-up of all memoirs, those of Sully, addressed to him in the second person by his secretaries, the princess thus appears:—

'There you (Sully) began to act the courtier; Madame, the king's sister, herself taking pains to teach you the steps of a ballet in which she wished you to take part; and, in fact, you danced it a week after before my lord the king, as we have heard say by the *Sieur d'Yvetot*.' (P. 54.)

And by the grave duke himself too, it seems, for this agreeable remembrance of the dances of the Baron de Rosny with Madame are several times repeated with the same solemn complacency. The *Vicomte de Turenne*, afterwards Duke de Bouillon, also has a sentence pleasantly recording his intercourse with the young princess, under the austere chaperonage of the careful *gouvernante* Madame de Tignonville. It would seem as if these two years were the happiest of Catherine's life, when once

more among the friends who esteemed her for her mother's sake and were learning to esteem her for her own—treated as a woman and no longer as a child, and enjoying the reliance that her brother began to learn to place in her discretion; above all, returning to the religious profession to which she had been bred up, and which she had never really renounced.

At the end of two years her tranquillity was disturbed by the arrival of her gay sister-in-law, whom the Queen-mother herself conducted to Nérac, attended by a troop of ladies selected for the very purpose of captivating Henri of Navarre. There was, however, so little love between Henri and his wife, that the sister's influence at first prevailed. With that unfortunate imagination which had taken so strong a hold of almost all the Reformed, that the Holy Eucharist, as celebrated by Roman Catholics, was absolute idolatry, the sight or permission of which involved a sin, Catherine obtained that, when the court was at Pau, the Queen herself should be barely excepted from the general edict that had forbidden all celebration of the mass in the whole of Béarn, although many of the natives still held the ancient faith.

'Marguerite de Valois with great difficulty obtained leave to have mass said on Sundays at the Castle, in a small apartment unable to hold more than seven or eight persons. The drawbridge was raised as soon as the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice began. On Whit Sunday, 1579, some Béarnese Catholics gained entrance by means of a disguise into the little chapel, where they were quietly praying, when a spy revealed their presence to Le Pui, the King of Navarre's secretary. Without form of trial, he had the intruders seized before Marguerite's face, and shut them up in the Castle prisons. The secretary's wrath did not resist a large sum offered by the prisoners, but they could not be released except by an order of the Parliament. The Queen's anger made the vexatious affair worse, and Henry cut the matter short by transporting the Court to Nérac, where it remained four or five years.' (P. 67.)

In Béarn, as part of Navarre, he was an independent sovereign, at Nérac, he was only Count of Foix, and, therefore, a vassal of the French crown, without power to forbid the Catholic ritual, and Catherine submitted to see a chapel erected amid the oleander groves that Marguerite caused to be planted in the grounds she had laid out round the old feudal castle of the ancient Gastons and Phœbuses.

Marguerite was at this time living more respectably than usual, and seems to have thought it worth while to cultivate the little pale maiden, who, after having been neglected and despised at Paris, had proved herself a person of so much influence and consideration at home.

'Latin, music, and poetry occupied the mornings of the princesses, balls and long expeditions the rest of the day. Nothing can be more brilliant than the recital of these cavalcades, where the young court nobles vied with one another for the honour of escorting Catherine and caracolliing round Marguerite's litter.

Such a litter! It was that made for the journey to Flanders, "made with pillars, lined with incarnadine Spanish velvet, with embroidery in gold and clouded silks in devices, all glazed, and having on the lining or on the windows forty different devices, in Spanish or Italian, on the sun and its effects." All the maids of honour followed on horseback. M. de Turenne alone had the privilege of conversing with the Queen at her window, whilst the twenty-five gentlemen of the house of la Tour d'Auvergne, dressed in orange velvet cassocks, passmented with silver, and their coats of arms gilded, escorted her at some distance.' (P. 69.)

These pleasant days were, however, full of secret intrigue on Marguerite's part, and were broken up at last by what was called the Lovers' War, in the course of which Marshal Biron made a feint of besieging the two ladies in the Castle of Nérac, but without much alarm on their part. After it was over, Marguerite, tired of her rural romance at Nérac, returned to her native element of gallantry at Paris; and Catherine, now twenty years of age, was appointed by her brother regent of Béarn, an office which she continued to fill with great prudence and uprightness for many years.

Her brother's wedlock was childless, and it was scarcely doubted that she would be one of the many females who wore or transmitted the Navarrese crown, so that her hand became an object of desire to many political leaders. Philip II., who not only had four wives, but must have been proposed at one time or another to every princess born for a half century in Europe, would have been glad to have legitimated the Spanish conquest of Navarre by such a marriage, and made offers of advances so splendid that his envoys exclaimed that the King of Navarre and his sister did not know what they did in rejecting them! Another suitor was the Duke of Savoy, but Catherine at once refused him on account of his religion, and the Duke of Lorraine she disposed of, not only for the same reason but because, as she added, 'he was too old, having heirs of the same age as herself.'

Protestant suitors, however, were not wanting. The Prince de Condé, the Prince of Wurtemberg, the Elector of Saxony, were all proposed, but the most eligible was thought to be the young King of Scotland. Queen Elizabeth had expressed satisfaction in the alliance, and M. de Ségur had actually set out to make the arrangements, when a fresh outbreak of the war made Henri feel that his sister was too valuable a means of binding Frenchmen to his interest to be bestowed upon a foreign prince.

Marguerite's visit to the French court had been terminated by a desperate quarrel between her and Henri III., the disgusting particulars of which have been brought to light by Miss Freer.

It is hard to say which of the two, brother or sister, acted the most disgracefully, but Marguerite was the chief sufferer, and,

repairing to Nérac, she made her husband revenge her injuries by seizing the villages on some debateable land on his borders. Before however further measures could be taken, the death of the only surviving brother of Henri III. removed all that stood between Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre, and the crown of France. The first effect of this event upon Henri's fortunes was disastrous. Spain and the house of Guise were furious, and the Pope, Sixtus V., was forced to promulgate a bull, excommunicating the King of Navarre as a relapsed heretic, and declaring him not only incapable of inheriting the crown of France, but of retaining his present possessions. That inexplicable mixture of cleverness and folly, frivolity and melancholy, Henri III., himself had an old regard for his cousin Henri, and preferred him to the Guises; but for the present they and the League entirely mastered the king, and he was obliged to consent to the proscription of his new heir.

To add to all the difficulties, the Duke of Guise and the Queen of Navarre had been first-loves of one another, and might have had a very different career had he not been entrapped into marrying Catherine of Cleves, and she forced into her ill-omened union with Henri. Of late they had renewed their old correspondence, and Turenne discovering their intercourse, made it known to her husband. A messenger with her letters was arrested, and she, declaring that she was in danger of being arrested and imprisoned at Pau, eloped to Agen, and carried on a little war of her own, in the name of the League, against her husband, for two whole years. At last she was captured, and conveyed to the Castle of Usson in Auvergne, where she occupied herself with writing memoirs, in which perhaps nothing redounds so much to the honour of Catherine as that there is not one breath of scandal against her.

Whilst the clever Marguerite was embroiling affairs and making herself contemptible, Catherine, in her government at Béarn, was most efficiently raising men, stores, and money for her brother's assistance. Théodore Beza assisted her in pawning all her jewels to a Swiss merchant, and her example was followed by most of her ladies—and throughout the whole struggle that followed, her wise administration enabled his little realm to assist him to the utmost, without calling off his attention by its own requirements. About this time another means of making his sister useful to him suggested itself to him. The Prince de Condé, who was slain at Jarnac, had left four sons; Henri, his successor, the contemporary and companion of the King of Navarre, the Prince de Conti, Charles, who became a Cardinal, and another Charles, the Count of Soissons. This last was an exceedingly brilliant personage—a Roman Catholic,

but closely connected with both parties, and so changeable, that l'Estoile calls him the Proteus of his time. There was a great charm in his manners, and his popularity was pronounced by Henri of Navarre himself to be even superior to that of the Duke of Guise.

To attach such a powerful ally permanently to his cause became Henri's object, and he sent a great intriguer, the Abbé d'Elbène, to endeavour to win him over by the offer of Madame Catherine's hand, with a considerable dowry for certain, contingent rights to the remnant of Navarre, and even, as the Abbé hinted, the possibility that France itself might be made to pass after Henri to the only Bourbon prince who was both a Catholic and a layman.

Soissons was persuaded so far that he came to Béarn, had a secret interview with Henri, wrote to his uncle, the Cardinal de Bourbon, to explain his desertion of the League, and collecting his troops, he joined the Huguenots at Rosiers, and contributed greatly to their victory at Coutras. Catherine was used to hear of offers of herself to every one whom her brother wished to attach to his cause, and the noble-looking kinsman, whom she had known at Rochelle in her early childhood, and whose interests would become the same as those of her beloved brother, was to her a most grateful alternative from the alarming prospect of being transplanted to that Northern realm which was best known in France by its treatment of Mary Stuart. She was twenty-eight years of age, a time of life when there is just youth enough left for romantic affection to begin, and age enough to render it deep and permanent. In her brother's presence the solemn promise of betrothal was exchanged between her and Soissons, and there was every reason to expect that the marriage would soon take place. The princess surrendered her whole heart to her future husband, and the king treated him with cordial familiarity. Soon, however, Henri became aware that the Count's personal character was hardly worth the effort that had been made to gain him over. His immorality would have mattered little to Henri, but he was haughty and contemptuous towards the simple nobility of Béarn, passionate and capricious, and so evidently untrustworthy that Henri doubted whether his own dangers would not be increased by putting him in possession of Catherine's dowry lands as a daughter of the Bourbons.

He therefore made all excuses in his power for delaying the marriage. Soissons grew impatient, said all sorts of violent things, and talked of breaking with Henri, marrying Catherine against his will, and carrying her off to the other party. In the midst of this mutual discontent, an anonymous letter was brought to Henri, accusing the Count of the most treacherous in-

tentions, declaring that he was corrupting the King of Navarre's servants, while intriguing with the King of France to get himself declared heir to the throne, and that while affecting great affection for Catherine, he was really negotiating a marriage with a daughter of the Duke de Nevers; nay, that he had only accompanied the king into Béarn to hinder him from following up the victory at Coutras.

The truth of the accusation was never known; it was observed that the king showed more resentment than surprise at the reading of the letter, but he did not openly break with Soissons. Only, as just at this time the untimely death of the Prince de Condé rendered his presence necessary at Rochelle, he insisted that Soissons should come with him, and not remain behind in Béarn. He had evidently made up his mind to put an end to the engagement, and though willing to spare himself the pain of the announcement to his sister, he and his counsellors had no fears but that one hitherto so obedient to his will, would submit as easily in this as in other matters.

A sharp quarrel soon broke out between Henri and the Count, and gave the former sufficient pretext for writing to his sister that she must think no more of Soissons; and at the same time he sent her a letter from James of Scotland making a formal offer to her. He had, however, come to the point where Catherine was resolute; she replied stiffly, that her health would not bear the Scottish climate, and continued to keep up her correspondence with the man whom she considered as still her affianced husband. He, in the meantime, had saved Henri much trouble and perplexity by falling into the hands of the Leaguers, who, considering him as a deserter from their cause, imprisoned him at Nantes, where he remained for several months, corresponding with Catherine all the time through one of her ladies. At length he effected his escape, by hiding himself in the basket in which his dinner was usually carried away, and thus being taken safely past the guard. Poor Catherine wrote to her confidant, M. de Gontaut, 'God hath shown His Providence wonderfully in his deliverance. I pray that He may do him the further grace of not being ungrateful towards Divine goodness for so excellent a benefit.'

Meantime, Henri III. had murdered Guise, thrown himself upon the aid of his Huguenot cousin, and soon after perished under the hand of the fanatic Clément. The brother of Catherine had become, *de jure*, King of France, and her lover had placed himself at the head of another faction, which stood between him and the League, intrigued against them both, and was ready to take part with whichever should be the winner, or to rise upon the ruins, should both be defeated.

Catherine, while believing her betrothed to be only alienated by her brother's suspicions and injustice, still remained unalterably faithful to that brother's interests; and as Governess and Lieutenant of Béarn, continued to rule the southern portion of Henri's dominions. She resided almost constantly in the old Castle of Pau, and actively attended to state affairs. After these were ended, her favourite further recreation was the making translations of the Psalms, and composing religious poetry, 'which obtained a sort of success,' and assuredly had the better effect of soothing and composing a sad and anxious heart. Either Henri's commands, or the ill success of her earlier intolerance, rendered her as lenient to the Catholics as her mother had been severe, although she continued to be a most rigid and devout Calvinist, and she was much loved by both parties. She had brought elegant tastes with her from Paris, she encouraged art and poetry, and did much likewise for the industry of the people, taking interest in the printing press set up at Pau, in the manufacture of arms there carried on, and in the cloth-works of the little town of Nay. She often rode to visit the farms around, and sometimes made expeditions to inspect the fortresses on the frontier, staying on the way with the nobles, who treated her with much esteem and respect.

So passed the time for four years after her unfortunate betrothal, until her patient tranquillity was broken in upon. Her early companion and friend, Corisande, now the widow of the Count de Guiche, had been for a time the foremost lady in the fickle heart of Henri IV., but was now losing her first bloom, and was discarded by him in favour of la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées. Her jealousy and hatred led her to endeavour to bring about Catherine's marriage with Soissons, as the surest means of annoying Henri; and she therefore, did all in her power to induce Soissons to make a sudden appearance at Pau, whilst the king was detained by the siege of Rouen.

But Corisande was closely watched by another lady, Madame de Pangeas, for whom Henri had once evinced just admiration enough to make her regard Madame de Guiche as a successful rival. She sent Henri secret intelligence of all these designs, and the consequence was, that he sent off a trusty steward, named Lavaranne, with letters to all parties concerned, most kind and tender to his sister, but short and sharp to the mischief-maker.

'Madame,—I had charged La Varenne to speak to you touching what passed between my sister and me. He has scarcely found you capable of believing that your designs only tend to cast blame on me and to excuse in my sister that which she ought not to do. I should not have thought it of you, to whom I will say but this one word—whoever tries to put strife between my sister and me, shall never be pardoned by me. On which truth, I kiss your hands.

'HENRI.' (P. 146.)

Besides this very decided and characteristic warning, Henri took the precaution of summoning Soissons, and giving him employment; but his own presence being suddenly required in Picardy, he was obliged to leave the count with the army at Rouen. No sooner was he gone, than, under the pretext of visiting his mother, who was lying ill at Nogent, Soissons quitted the camp. At Nogent he disguised himself, and rode off with a small escort for Béarn, avoiding the towns, and when forced to answer questions, giving himself out as a Spanish gentleman on his way home, a courier, or whatever might best serve his turn. At three leagues from Pau, he left part of his escort behind, and, with only twelve horsemen, entered the city, and presented himself before the princess.

‘What passed between the prince and the regent? Must we believe, with the romantic and inaccurate Charlotte de la Force, that on his knees before her he supplicated her to excuse the boldness she had herself encouraged, to recollect that he was sacrificing his honour to her, and that if she now repelled him he must either seek death, or undergo the shame of the chastisement of his desertion? Did he persuade her, as is declared by Sully, De Thou, La Force, Meszeray, Grouland, the editors of *l’Etoile*, the Princess of Conti in her historical romance, and all the subsequent memoirs, to fulfil his entreaties by consenting to an immediate marriage? Are we right in affirming with the author of the notice of Palma Cayet, who does but repeat what other authorities have said, that the Count de Soissons entreated him to perform the ceremony, and that he refused, replying to the enraged prince, “I had rather die by a prince’s hand than by an executioner’s?” Or can we receive the accusation made by the Supreme Council at Pau against the Regent, that she had attempted an elopement with the Count? All that is really proved, all that Catherine did not attempt to deny, keeping absolute silence on that head, is that she and the Count formally renewed their solemn promises, and drew up a formal agreement in the presence of witnesses.’ (P. 150.)

Whether Catherine herself, or Madame de Pangeas first informed Henri of her visitor’s presence, is uncertain. The effect was, that he wrote strict orders to the prime minister of Navarre, M. de Ravaignan, in consequence of which the council came in a body to the regent, and accused her of intending to marry the Count of Soissons, and depart with him against the king’s will. She answered indignantly, that she was accountable for her actions to no one but her brother; but in return the president, with a trembling voice, informed her that he was under the necessity of having her watched and guarded as long as Soissons was in the town or castle.

The Count was placed under arrest, but not without making disturbance enough to alarm the city, where it was reported that he had bewitched Madame by arts of sorcery, and the people became so excited that the council had him removed to Henri’s presence, lest his life should be endangered. The letter that Catherine entrusted to him for her brother is said by

L'Etoile to have drawn from Henri the bitterest tears he had ever shed.

'Monsieur,—I informed you in my last letter of the arrival of M. le Comte, my cousin, and of the cause of his journey. It is a proof of his love at which I cannot be displeased, and I think that being rightly represented and regarded as such by you, who permitted him to love me, it cannot but be agreeable to you. His wish was to accompany me to meet you, and not finding me set out or so nearly ready as he had expected, he was preparing to wait for me in a place where he would not be useless for your service. I saw nothing in him but your most trusty servant; I perceived it by his coming, and that, next to your own commands, was my chief reason for wishing him well. I had promised to let him know when I should be ready; and knowing his affection to his master and to me, whom by your permission he calls his mistress, I had proposed, according to the liberty you have ever given me, to speak freely to you, and entreat you, when I was to choose between him and the Prince de Dombes, to allow me to prefer him. . . . (P. 154.)

She then goes on to describe how 'a troop of *mutins* seized the castle, and insolently accused her to her face of intending to elope; and after explaining that she had no means of sending a letter to her brother, save through him, she continued:—

'You have always loved me; I have no safety nor support but in you. For God's sake, my king, show in this stress that you are my good king and good brother. Were I the meanest damsel in your realm, you should not deny me justice. If through this outrage I were abandoned by you, I would not live. I supplicate you very humbly, with joined hands and with my whole heart—not without weeping, and would to Heaven that it was in your presence. I shall not cease from such a life till death ends it as I desire; I shall only own the continuation of your affection when I see the punishment of the affront I have received, grief for which has forced me to keep my bed with a double tertian fever. Haste then to aid me, my dear brother, if I deserve the name of dear sister, as you often call me, and let me come to you. Grant me my request, my king, and forgive me if I have importuned you with this long discourse. It is very true, and the affront I have received gives me this boldness. For God's sake, my king, still love me, and I would not change my state for anything living. I kiss you in spirit a thousand times.'

Good-natured Henri made a consoling answer to his sister, and desired her to come to his Court; but at the same time he wrote to Ravaignan—'I confess you have done me one of the 'greatest services you could have rendered me.' And he continued his arrangements for marrying Catherine to the Prince de Dombes, the heir of Montpensier, mentioned in his letter. Soissons was pardoned, and continued on the same terms as usual with Henri, till one day meeting the Baron de Pangeas in the house which was occupied by the king, he could not restrain his fury at the remembrance of the scenes at Pau; and falling upon the unlucky Baron de Pangeas, who had received his sword when he was placed under arrest, he took him by the neck, and threw him down stairs—a grievous fall for a man of his portly dimensions.

Catherine was extremely unwilling to leave Béarn, and her

people were equally unwilling to part with her. On the wall, or perhaps on the window, of a house where she was staying at Castle Beziat, she wrote the words—‘*Quo me fata vocant,*’ and presently after found inscribed beneath, by an unknown hand, ‘*Ne quo te fata vocarent.*’ The poor whom she had aided with her charities surrounded her with their lamentations. ‘Oh, ‘madame, we see your departure as we saw your mother’s,’ they said; ‘but we shall never see you return.’

Nor was it ever possible to her to return. Her brother was, no doubt, afraid of fresh attempts on her, and was determined to have her under his own eye, but he manifested no displeasure with her, and sent such orders to his cities as rendered her journey almost a triumphant progress. She even had leave to have the prisons thrown open—a measure for which, probably, Henri was not sorry to have an excuse, since in such times as these they were sure to contain many captives made by his zealous partizans, without any great guilt on their own part.

To Saumur Henri came, through snow and bad roads, to meet his sister. They met affectionately, but almost immediately Henri began to torment her about a marriage with his new favourite suitor, the young Montpensier, whom he introduced to her, and encouraged to offer her presents, and verses composed by Malherbe. Catherine, however, resolutely held out against all persuasions, and Henri then became aware of the renewed engagement that she and Soissons had together signed. The scene that took place on this discovery is reported by Duplessis Mornay, who was summoned by the king when Catherine had been driven by her brother’s endeavours to compel her to accept Montpensier, to avow that her faith was not her own, and that the bond she had given was no longer in her own hands.

Henri turned white, and spoke no word in his desperate struggle with one of the most furious fits of passion that ever assailed him. Terrified exceedingly, Catherine threw herself at his feet with such agonized entreaties for forgiveness for Soissons, that Henri had been touched—called Mornay to help to compose her, and led her back to her room, where he aided her in concealing the traces of her tears before seeing her women. But though he could not bear the sight of her distress, he was not shaken in his resolution; and sending for Sully, committed the whole affair to him, insisting only that the engagement should be broken off on any terms. Sully, by his own account, persuaded the princess that till the engagement was yielded up there was no hope of pardon or favour for Soissons: and for his sake he obtained at length her reluctant consent to annul the bond by a formal act, to be signed by both parties.]

There can be no doubt that 'Soissons' conduct had been a sufficient justification to any brother for preventing the marriage, and Henri might be regarded as blameless in the matter, had he not first promoted the match with so worthless a character for his own political ends, and then, when his sister's heart was given, continued to perplex and outrage her feelings by constantly forcing fresh political suitors upon her. The truth was, that with all his kindliness and dislike to give pain, Henri's whole moral sense had been so completely obscured ever since he fell under the influence of Catherine de Medicis, that he had never, first or last, the least perception of the strength or the delicacy of love worthy of the name. It may be doubted whether the very worst evil effected by the Italian queen was not that systematic perversion of Henri of Bourbon, which, though not reaching his candour, honour, and generosity, neither obscuring his intellect, nor taming his high spirit, yet seemed to bring a moral blindness over his eyes, and made him miss one of the greatest opportunities that ever slipped through a man's hands, of bringing a blessing to Church and nation alike.

For what a moment was missed when he turned Romewards! There is no reasonable doubt that his was not solely a political conversion, that he was convinced of the deficiencies of Calvinism, and of the evils of schism, and that he heartily joined the Catholic Church in full sincerity. But had he come with eyes lightened by a pure life, had he been endeavouring after holiness and truth for all these years, surely he would not have made an unconditional surrender. The Gallican Church had not yet accepted the Council of Trent, and a whole kingdom, with its sovereign at his head, was to make terms. A monarch who had truth at heart could have obtained such concessions as, while not alienating his Catholic subjects, would have enabled the more moderate of the Huguenots to have conscientiously given up their schism. What might not France have been saved? Nay, what might not we ourselves have been saved? Or, again, had those been faithful ecclesiastics who dealt with Henri—men who would have refused to accept him with all his vices—and would have made his absolution dependent on his repentance, the story of the house of Bourbon might have been far otherwise than it is.

At the time of Henri's conversion it was his object to give as little umbrage as possible to his Huguenot friends, and no endeavour was made by him to disturb his sister in her habits of devotion. She had sermons three days in the week at the Louvre, and at St. Germain and Fontainebleau there were administrations of the Lord's Supper by Calvinist ministers, shared by herself and the numerous Huguenot nobles, who were

still the chief supporters of her brother's throne. She was, in fact, playing a more important part than as regent of Béarn, by acting as a sort of mediator between the Huguenots and the king, and keeping the former satisfied that as long as she continued their protector, there would be no renewal of their dangers.

The Leaguers, on the other hand, hated her bitterly. One of their preachers had called her the French Jezebel, a demon from the mountains, bringing with her a whole train of imps. The women of Paris came in a body to Harlay, the President of the Parliament, to complain of her preachings, and of a distribution of provisions that she had imprudently permitted on a fast-day.

'Damoiselles,' said Harlay, from his balcony, 'go home and send me your husbands, that I may command them to shut you up, and not let you run about the street in this manner.' Even in the Louvre, in the galleries between her apartments and those of the king, most disgusting and offensive placards against her were affixed to the walls by unknown hands.

'To these trials were joined others, no less painful. Constantly with Henry IV. since her arrival at Saumur, she shared his privations, and often his dangers. At the siege of Dreux, she had nearly been killed beside him when visiting him in the trenches; her dress was touched by the balls, and officers were mortally wounded near her. During her journeys she was often forced to go without necessary comforts, and to lodge in hovels where she was scarcely sheltered from cold and wet. During an expedition into Picardy, the king found her lying ill upon a wretched bed, in a room open to all the winds, and with such a rotten floor that part broke down during his visit.

'The maladministration of M. D'O, the superintendent of the finances, increased the penury of this wandering Court. The king's sister often fasted because her purveyors would supply her with nothing on credit, and the winter of 1594 found her without fire, beset by Jeanne d'Albret's creditors, and obliged to shelter her royal poverty at the Constable de Montmorency's when too long a course of privations drove her from the Louvre.' (P. 192.)

At last the king was able to give her a little estate, and likewise presented to her all the fines and confiscations upon false coinages, and on the gold and silver that was seized while being carried out of the kingdom; and her affairs were thus set on an easier footing.

All this time Catherine had not resigned the hope that the king would at last permit her marriage with Soissons, and the king was equally desirous of making her consent to that with Montpensier. He sent his trusty Sully to the princess, at Fontainebleau, to talk her over, and the minister has recorded the whole scene, in which the indignant princess seems to have quite overborne him by her just complaints of the treatment she had received.

'What right have you to meddle in my affairs,' she exclaimed

at last, 'with my differences with my own brother? Why put your finger between the bark and the tree? Is it to a *petit gentilhomme*, whose greatest honour is to have been bred up in my family, that it belongs to occupy himself with matters above him?'

Sully was bitterly angry at this term of *petit gentilhomme*, and raising his voice in his turn, declared that unless she would obey the king's will, she must return to her original position of a mere princess of Navarre, a vassal.

'Are you out of your senses to delight in thus offending me?' cried Catherine, 'speaking to me thus boldly of constraint in marriage, when you know that in that matter all are free? Have you lost your wits, that you threaten me with deprivation of the king's liberalities, my portion and my household? You must be possessed with the devil, to make you tell me such news and offer me such affronts.'

She left him hastily and wrote an angry letter to Henri, whose manner of reply was characteristic. He sent off to Sully a long letter, blaming him for having used offensive language to his sister, and recommending him to apologize and make his peace. This letter was to be shown to the princess; but four hours after, there arrived the following private note:—

'Friend, I doubt not but that this letter will find you angered by the style of the former one, which Boesse will have given to you. The which I only wrote because of his importunity, and to free myself from that of my sister, as well as to appease the first burst of her wrath. You know her as well as you know me. We are both quick and hasty, but we soon recover. Do not fear that I should disavow you, or suffer any vexation to befall you. Serve me always, in my own way. Love me as I love you. Come and tell me more minutely the details of your journey, and be sure of being as well received by me as ever, when I have had to take the old device of Bourbon *Qui qu'en grogne*.' HENRY. (P. 211.)

Henri was right, Catherine's outspoken wrath soon gave way, and the minister was soon able to render her services which won back all her gratitude and affection; and her strong love for her brother never allowed her to believe him guilty of any of the annoyances which, in fact, he usually inflicted on her through his agents, rather than himself deal with her in her anger and distress. All about her did not, however, acquit the king as easily as did the fond sister. The old Duchesse de Rohan, who had a secret grudge against Henri for some fleeting, unmeaning attentions to one of her daughters, and who bitterly resented the outrages upon Catherine's feelings, produced one of the most cutting and sarcastic libels that perhaps was ever put forth by a lady against a prince. It was entitled, 'The Apology of Henri IV. to those who blame him for favouring his foes rather than his servants.' The difficulties of a prince who had to conquer his rightful throne by a civil war, and who

must needs trust the unbought loyalty of known and tried friends, while buying over doubtful ones with the price that it would be almost an indignity to offer as a reward to those who deserved it, are entirely forgotten in the o'ertrue title, but nothing can be more keen or truer than what is said of the treatment of the sister.

'No prince in the world knows how to make so much out of a little. Is proof needed? He has but one sister, and, with her he has already made a dozen friends, and will make a thousand if he can find so many willing to attend to him. But with what judgment did he not arrange all these marriages? What a balance must he not have kept to prevent one of these princes from getting the advantage over the rest, and to make them all equally satisfied at the end!

'Has he not offered her to five or six at one time, I had almost said in one day? Saying to this, "Come to me, I will give you my sister." To another, "Make your party come to terms and I will give you my sister." To a third, "Keep your province favourable to me, I will give you my sister." Then was he not provided with objections? For one, the difference of language; for another, the diversity of religion; for a third, relationship; for a fourth, his sister's will; so that by thus giving satisfaction to each, he might take from them all future cause of complaint or dispute. O truly politic prince! Is it possible to call these the mere efforts of a soul that knows nothing except the old routine of promising and keeping one's word—of observing a pledge that is given. O infinitely more supple statecraft, well-practised lessons of the learned Machiavel—worthy observance of the maxims of the Queen Mother, who never made a peace with the Huguenots till she had decided on the means of breaking it.

'But what! say certain punctilious persons, is it not a matter of conscience to keep promises? Would it not be better to succeed less well in one's schemes? And is it not hard upon a sister, to use her as a bait to delude all the princes in Christendom? O poor ignorant creatures! forgetful of what I have so often told you—that this prince manages, in a rare and extraordinary fashion, that his virtues differ from those of other princes as visible things do from invisible, or intellectual from material. Yet you always want to compare him with others, as if you had to do with a King Louis XII., or a great King François I., virtuous, indeed, but not after this fashion. . . . He knows when to promise, and when to keep a promise; nor does he make his sister do anything but what he has done himself; he treats her in this respect as he does his own person. Does not this prove that he loves her as himself?

'Yes, say others, if after that he does anything for her; but he does not seem to care for letting her pass the flower of her age unwedded; he denies her all authority, he gives her nothing, and even diminishes everything belonging to her as far as he can. These do not seem great marks of affection!

'Coarse minds and earthly souls, who call visible and bodily things, like riches, honours, ease, benefits! who cannot perceive that the wise alone are happy, that the supreme good is but in the soul alone, and that perfect bliss is solely in virtue! If you had but spiritual eyes to discern the effects by which he does good to his beloved sister, how greatly his debtor you would deem her. Other princes have endowed their sisters, their daughters, their kinswomen, with gifts, apanages, rank, and authority! He gives to her virtue, honour, esteem, he teaches her patience and endurance of all kinds of discomforts; he teaches her frugality—makes her practise it every day; he instructs her in being contented with a little—sometimes with nothing at all. Is not this doing her a service? And, not yet satisfied, he makes her acquire reputation (at the expense of his own) for being the most patient, respectful, and sub-

missive being on earth, and the princess who best yields to the will of the strictest brother in the world. Will you tell me that such benefits are common, that they can be compared to those of other kings who have loved their sisters and their neighbours? O rare obligations, unrivalled tokens of affection, worthy only of the rare qualities of the Fourth Henri.' (P. 218.)

This most stinging production was handed about everywhere, till the king himself saw it, and was extremely hurt by its surface truth and real injustice, and it met with the success it deserved, in bringing universal reprobation on the Duchess, while it brought on Catherine herself a stern letter from her brother, who was much wounded and deeply indignant at the idea that she had either suggested or approved of this most virulent attack.

In her reply, Catherine disavowed having even seen the letter, even when it was in full circulation, and promised to give up entirely the hope of Soissons, only entreating piteously to be allowed to leave the Court, and hear no more of marriage with anyone, but to retire into some distant abode, and there live a peaceful unmolested life. Poor thing! she was again very ill with the affection of the lungs to which she had been liable since her childhood, but her brother could not yet forgive the attack made on her account, and saw in her humblest expressions complaints which he deemed ungrateful and unjust, since he believed himself to desire heartily her welfare and happiness. Her desire was to return to Béarn, where she was so much beloved, and where every corner of the old chateau at Pau was so dear to her, that she ends one of her letters to the governor, the Duke de la Force, by saying, 'Commend me to my alley and my cabinet.' The Duke de la Force, however, succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation, and Catherine was persuaded by the Huguenots that her presence was far too important to them at the Court for her to seek out retirement. In fact, while the fair Gabrielle was reigning on her side of the Court, and with her hateful sister Angélique, corrupting the convent of Maubuisson, the reformation of which cost a very different Angélique—namely, her of Port Royal—so much toil and danger, Catherine kept another court at which the daughters of Rohan, Turenne, La Force, Mornay, la Tremouille, could safely show themselves, and where she, who was to be our own Charlotte of Derby, grew up among examples of the constancy she was afterwards to evince. It seems, however, that Catherine was on friendly terms with the mistress, whom she regarded as almost a left-handed wife. On Gabrielle's death, a few years later, Catherine's condolences with her brother were in the tone of one who had lost a kind sister-in-law, and she was eager to have the charge of one of her nieces.

The letters of Henri at this time, while he was gone to Amiens

to reduce the last remnant of the League, show him as affectionate to his sister as ever. Indeed, he had to obtain from her consent to bestow the duchy of Vendome, the apanage of his father, upon his illegitimate son, whom he betrothed to the little heiress of the Duke de Mercœur, in this alliance extinguishing the last remnant of the old Catholic League.

It was a concession that probably cost Catherine little in comparison with the object that, since the abandonment of the one romance of her life, she had most in view—namely, the legalising toleration for the Calvinist doctrine. One who had suffered so much as she had,—had felt with the persecuted, then in her eager youth had herself attempted persecution and found it fail, and while still a firm Huguenot and surrounded by Huguenot friends saw her brother and her lover among the Catholics,—was surely unusually fitted to judge of the terms of toleration. Matthieu, the historian, declares that she had a very considerable part in drawing up the Edict of Nantes, that edict under which France arrived at her chief prosperity, and which, by removing from Calvinism the halo which persecution always casts around any cause, enabled many of its professors fairly to weigh the merits of the case, and ultimately to return to the church; and indeed the church which received them, the Church of Vincent de Paul, François de Sales, Mère Angélique, and Mme de Chantal, showed a very different aspect from the church that had fostered the Medici and the Guise.

The Edict was registered, and Catherine saw her friends secure; but the Catholic party, in their discontent, endeavoured to make another outbreak, and Henri again fixed on her as a sacrifice. To marry her, the royal head of the Huguenots, to the Duke de Bar, the son and heir of the Duke of Lorraine, the head of the Guise family, was his device for satisfying all parties. Poor Catherine resisted with all her might; but Henri, utterly incapable of understanding her repugnance, wrote to the Duke de la Force in these terms. 'My sister is in the same bad temper as she was at Compiègne, which is an unbearable vexation to me. Therefore I am making as much haste as I can to marry her, and give myself that satisfaction, after all the others God has given me, such as the pacification of my kingdom, and specially that of those of the Religion.'

For half a year Catherine strove on. The weary woman, in her fortieth year, remembered, perhaps, the tale of how her high-spirited mother, at twelve years old, though carried to the altar by force in the arms of the Constable de Montmorency, had actually defeated the will of François I. himself, and eluded her intended bridegroom the Duke of Cleves. But a woman of thought and affection cannot contend with that single-hearted

wilfulness that a little girl, heedless of all consequences, can show, and Catherine gave way at last, on the sole condition that she should not be forced to change her profession of faith. She had some hope left, in the probability that consent might be refused by the Pope; but Sixtus V. had become friendly to Henri IV., and perceived that in case the king himself should remain without direct heirs, much confusion would be saved by the marriage of his sister with the Duke of Bar, whose mother had been Claude of France, the eldest daughter of Henri II. It was true that the Salic Law disabled both alike for the succession, and the Prince de Condé was Henri's real heir presumptive, but they had both at different times been talked of, and it would be much safer to unite the pretensions of both. The dispensation was accordingly promised, on condition that the princess would submit to listen to instruction in the Catholic faith, but no constraint was to be used. The contract of marriage was drawn up, and the pair were presented to one another. The arrangement was almost as cruel to the bridegroom as to the bride. Mme d'Armaille thus describes the contrast:—

'The unfortunate princess was scarcely capable of confronting the new lot that awaited her, or of adding other duties to those that already weighed her down. A restless and sickly melancholy was slowly consuming her. Like Henri IV. she might have said of her brow, withered prematurely, "The blast of misfortune has been here!" and her delicate features, whose charms had once been so sweetly attractive, already bore the painful and resigned impress of constant suffering and approaching death. The Duke of Bar was, on the contrary, in the prime strength of youth. Handsome, graceful, and brave, like all the princes of his family, he had already distinguished himself in the wars of the League, by brilliant exploits. The Lorrainers gave him the surname of the Good, because of the generosity of his heart, and the piety of his soul. But the timidity and feebleness of his character, and his natural irresolution, damaged his better qualities, and made him the victim of the intrigues of those who surrounded him, when he was not the slave of the ambition of a too absolute father.' (P. 251.)

In January, 1599, Catherine, though very unwell, listened in her bed to a controversy between one of the divines of the Sorbonne, named Duval, and a minister of Sedan, Tilennis Daniel, who argued hotly without making themselves at all clear to her, and, day after day, she endeavoured to understand them without effect. 'What,' said her brother's friends, 'had not such instructions satisfied the king?'

'The king's example is a law for me in what concerns not the law of my God,' said Catherine; 'I know how far obedience ought to go.'

When the conferences were over she told the king that she really had not understood either disputant, and that she could not call herself converted. He replied so sharply that he made her weep, but without shaking her resolution; and he was in great perplexity, for on the one hand the Pope forbade the

marriage of the Prince of Lorraine with a Calvinist, and on the other the Reformed Synod at Montpellier forbade the princess to marry a Catholic. Afraid of missing his project altogether, Henri had recourse to his illegitimate brother Charles de Bourbon, whom he had made Archbishop of Rouen, a gay man of pleasure, unworthy of his office. He objected at first, but the Baron de Roquelaure talked him over; and on the 28th of January, 1599, Catherine was informed that she must be ready for the wedding at six o'clock the next morning! At five Henry sent for the archbishop, the bridegroom and his father, and then went to fetch his sister. He led her alone through the galleries to the hall, where the witnesses were assembled. She was in the plainest morning dress, entirely unadorned, paler than ever, and leaning shivering on her brother; her bridegroom looked greatly agitated, and the prelate was the most of all disturbed. The eyewitnesses of the scene say, that of all the actors in it no one appeared at ease but the king. 'Brother,' he said, 'I desire that you should at once perform the marriage ceremony between my sister and M. le Duc de Bar.' The archbishop replied that the usual preliminaries had not been complied with. 'My presence,' said Henri, 'is more than all the ordinary solemnities, and my apartment, full of so many persons of rank, is sufficiently sacred and public. I therefore command you absolutely to proceed to perform the marriage, notwithstanding all difficulties, all which, as with the assent, I take upon myself.'

The prelate obeyed, and gave the nuptial benediction; afterwards the pair remained on their knees without speaking. Then the poor bride, forced after all to steal a marriage, though how unlike what she had imagined ten years before, was allowed to retire, and by-and-by re-appeared richly arrayed, as in her portraits. Most of these were taken at this period, and show that she had become very like her brother, with the same marked aquiline outline of feature, and quick piercing eyes. The festivals of the wedding lasted for a week, and the verses and other compliments that celebrated it were of the most absurdly fulsome character. A medal was struck, with poor Catherine's head on one side, and on the reverse the three Graces, with the inscription, 'One or Four!' And in the *Bibliothèque Impériale* there exists an engraving which had great success in its day.

'The subject is a bridge,¹ the erection of which Love is just completing. On one side a person, representing Hymen in a high priest's robes, unites the betrothed, Catherine, in a ruff and hoop, holding a caduceus, and the Duke of Bar dressed in the last fashion of the reign of Henri IV., while the king himself is draped as a classical hero, holding a branch of laurel!' (P. 264.)

¹ In allusion to the Marquessate of Pont, one of the bridegroom's titles.

The young duke's gentle and affectionate nature was gained, as could hardly have been anticipated, by the grace and sweetness that still remained to Catherine, and he made her so happy that she told her father-in-law that she had never hoped for so much felicity; with a pretty reserve, veiling her confession in Latin—'*Grata superveniat quæ non sperabitur hora.*' She was only grieved at having to part with her brother and her country. She fainted while bidding adieu to Henri, and he also shed tears. She was thoroughly happy, however, in Lorraine; she found resemblances in the scenery to the dear mountains of Béarn, she sent for the tapestry and ornaments of the apartments where her youth had passed; planted Béarnese trees and shrubs, and surrounded herself with the faithful old servants and dependants whom she had been forced to leave behind at Pau. Her letters to her brother are full of spirit and vivacity. The stiff '*mon-sieur*' that commenced her anxious letters in her days of trouble and strife has given place to '*my dear king,*' or '*my dear brave king;*' and she is full of fearless playfulness, as though enjoying the tardy sunshine of her life, and commencing a new spring-time of youth.

Alas! her happiness did not long remain unbroken. As Henri and the Duke of Lorraine might have expected, the Pope (now Clement VIII.) was greatly displeased at the marriage, declared it null, and excommunicated the bridegroom; while the Reformed Synod condemned the bride. She had hitherto been permitted to use constantly for the Calvinist worship a barn near the Castle of Sans Soucy, which she had had repaired for the purpose, so much to the disgust of the Lorrainers that the castle itself still goes by the name of Malgrange; but now the Duke of Lorraine, much dismayed at the censure of the Pope, began to repent not only of the toleration he granted her, but of his own share at the irregular marriage. Moreover, the death of Gabrielle had led to Queen Marguerite's consent to apply for the annulling of the marriage with the king, which she had always refused when it might only lead to his marriage with Mme d'Estrees, and the Duke's hopes of the French crown for his grandchildren were thus diminished. Catherine, grieved at the general distress, and drawn towards her husband by his unfailing tenderness, begged herself for Catholic instruction; and a Jesuit, named Commelet, was appointed for the purpose, but his arguments failed to convince her.

'I would tell you,' she writes to Mornay, 'that I have severe conflicts to endure, not from being coerced as to my religion, but to see the griefs inflicted on "*Monsieur mon Mary*" for not being able to obtain from the Pope absolution for having married me, his relation. It troubles him so much that I feel all his sorrow, and cannot remedy it except by pity. The kindness with which he treats me makes me long, that, were it not a matter of life and death to me, I might free him from his belief that he is in a state of condemnation. He

has been forbidden to keep his Easter. It makes him extremely unhappy, but without loving me the less; and he tells me his sorrow in such affectionate words that my eyes are full of tears, yet I am resolved to live and die in the fear of God. I write to you freely, as to my friend, praying you not to let it go further, except where you think it may serve to aid me in relieving us both from this affliction, but for which I should be the happiest woman in the world.' (P. 291.)

And still feeling unable to renounce the doctrines that had become entwined with her whole life, Catherine continued resolute, and her husband, divided between his affection for her and his sense of duty, durst neither coerce nor protect her.

At last his Confessor, and his first gentleman, the Marquis de Beavan, suggested to him to avail himself of the jubilee of the year 1600 by going to Rome to solicit the Pope's pardon and legitimization of his marriage. This was the ostensible purpose; the real one, which seems to have been devised by these advisers and by the Duke of Lorraine himself, was to obtain permission to repudiate the unfortunate princess, and contract another marriage. The Duke arrived at Rome as a private pilgrim, and remained incognito at the Convent of Trinità del Monte for some weeks, hoping to mingle with the crowd and obtain the general absolution of the Pope; but he was probably recognised, for he was withheld from the Papal presence and forced to confide his entreaty to agents. Cardinal d'Ossat, the French Ambassador, was however far from willing to assist; he was extremely displeased with the weak, helpless, wavering prince, first driven into an irregular marriage, then while loving and respecting the wife who had been forced on him, without energy to protect or support her, and with his bewildered conscience lending himself to this cruel scheme for her repudiation. Indeed it is said that d'Ossat's exertions to prevent the separation were one of the causes of his sudden death in 1604.

The Pope, Clement VIII., at first refused the dispensation. He said he had rather be quartered than pronounce the marriage valid where one party did not own him as chief pastor, nor marriage as a sacrament, but at the same time he passed over the proposal of divorce, suggested persons likely to convince the Duchess, and finally promised to grant the dispensation if she would engage, sooner or later, to return to the bosom of the Church. Finally he absolved the Duke, who returned to Nancy, but not to the society of the Duchess. He kept up a separate establishment, where he spent a penitent and melancholy life, often proposing to become a brother of St. Francis.

Henri IV. meantime did his utmost to obtain relief for this misery of his own causing, pleading with the Pope for his sister, and sending for his sister to Paris, where fresh disputations were held before her, but still without effect. When he himself spoke strongly to her, telling her that she was harming the future

peace of the States of Lorraine, and called on her husband, whom he had also summoned, to confirm his words, 'Alas!' she said to the one, 'I know well that my religion is hurtful to you. Only let me return to Béarn, where at least I shall vex no one, and live in peace;' and turning to her brother, 'Sire, they would have me believe that our mother is lost!' Henri turned away to hide his tears, and only said, 'Enough, brother, I leave her to you.'

The unhappy couple returned to Nancy, where Catherine wrote a piteous letter to the Pope, entreating him to set her husband's conscience at rest. Clement VIII. was greatly touched, and asked why the ladies who kept up her Calvinism had not been removed as he had long ago advised. Cardinal d'Ossat answered that she was in such weak health that she could not be deprived of the care of the persons to whom she was accustomed. In fact, the Pope showed the greatest pity and consideration for her, and placed the question of the dispensation in the hands of a committee of nine cardinals, who, on the 12th of December, 1603, at length granted it on the condition that she should still continue to receive instruction in the Catholic faith, and that any children that might be born might be so bred up.

Once more Catherine's spirits rose. With that buoyant capacity she wrote to her brother, 'M. mon Mary loves me more and more. Believe me, my king, I am the happiest and most contented wife in the world. You have brought me to paradise.'

It was the last sunshine of her life, and it lasted to the end. Always delicate, her health had been much shaken by her anxieties, and scarcely was she reunited to her husband before the prescriptions of quacks added seriously to the evil. She received much comfort from sharing the devotions of her husband, and herself requested that prayers might be offered for her in all the churches of Lorraine. Delusive hopes, like those of poor Queen Mary Tudor, were in like manner deceiving her and leading to mismanagement, and in the February of 1604 her illness became so severe that, between faintings and convulsions, she was often thought dead before the last moment came, on the 13th of February, when she expired, giving a last gesture of affection to the Duke de Bar. Her burial-place is uncertain; some say that she was interred in the park of the castle of Sans Souci, where she died, her religion excluding her from the tomb of her husband's family. Others say that she lies beside her mother in the Cathedral at Vendôme.

And thus closed a sad and clouded life, wrecked amid the storms of her century. It is as if the gifts of clear sense, constancy, and warm affection had only been sufficient to make the toy and victim of policy suffer acutely the shocks that they did

not enable her to oppose. There is something both striking and touching in the character that resigned herself, her love, her happiness, to the will of her king and brother, yet still, even when brother and husband united—nay, even her very position, and all that is most dear to woman, made her long to bend her conscience, still held to that one last stronghold, with a martyr-like resolution. And that her biographer, Catholic herself, feels the full beauty of that meek constancy, is a great charm of the book. Certainly, the modes of conversion employed in Catherine's girlhood, had not been such as to gain her to the Roman Catholic Church. Even in these days of whitewashing, the utmost that can be said for the perpetrators of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew is, that the Huguenots had at times slaughtered Catholics; but, in an age when no one was tolerant except from a certain semi-sceptical indifference, the guilt of men flushed with victory and under a strong sense of former oppression can bear no comparison with that of the deliberate treachery of the dominant party at Paris. The latter days of Henri IV. were a time of reaction, when the Gallican Church was bringing up those who were to become her brightest lights, profiting, no doubt, by the earnestness brought in by the many converts from Calvinism. Catherine was beginning at the time of her death to reap the benefit of the truer sense of piety that was reawakening, and it does in truth seem as if she had been driven beyond argument when she made that last appeal to her brother's feelings as to her faith in her mother's salvation. Ever since the time of the old Saxon chief, who refused baptism rather than condemn his forefathers, many a convert has been lost from his teachers not being content to say with St. Paul, 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth;' nor to distinguish between the want of a covenant of salvation, and absolute condemnation.

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration for the delicacy and grace with which Mme d'Armaille has steered her blameless heroine through these difficult times, making hers a book that no one need fear to put into the hands of their daughters. In general, too, it is very accurate, though there is one slip at the end, where she says that the daughter of the Count de Soissons was mother to the celebrated Prince Eugène. One so well read in French history cannot fail to know that the son of that daughter and her husband, Prince Thomas of Savoy, married Olimpia Mancini, niece to Cardinal Mazarin, and that her disgrace, when implicated in the horrible poisoning mania of the ladies of France, was one of the causes that carried the fiery little Eugène from his native element at Paris to fight under the Imperial standards.

ART. VI.—1. *Novum Testamentum Græce. Ad antiquissimos testes denuo recensuit, apparatus criticum omni studio perfectum apposuit, commentationem isagogicam prætexuit* CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Editio octava. [Pars I., 1864, Pars II., 1865; pp. 256 : S. Matth. i. 1—Marc. v. 1.] Lipsiæ, 8vo.

2. *Novum Testamentum Græce. Ex Sinaitico Codice omnium antiquissimo, Vaticana itemque Elzeviriana lectione notata, edidit* ÆNOTH. FRID. CONST. TISCHENDORF. Cum tabula. Pp. 616. Lipsiæ, 8vo. 1865.

PROFESSOR TISCHENDORF has devoted the flower of his life to the critical study of the Greek New Testament, with so thorough a purpose and such conspicuous success that the progress actually made in that science during the last quarter of a century can best be noted by a careful survey of the labours whose fruitful results he seems never weary of communicating in a long and almost unbroken succession of learned publications. The space of seven years, which has now elapsed since the completion of his *seventh* and (up to this date) his chief edition of the New Testament, has brought to light a large accession of fresh materials for the illustration of the sacred text, and has been diligently employed by Biblical scholars in a more complete examination of other documents, which, though before available, had not been scrutinised as exactly as their importance demands. The greatest discovery of all, that of the 'Codex Sinaiticus,' was made by Tischendorf himself in 1859, after his seventh edition had passed out of his hands, but before it was given to the world. Hence arose both the necessity on his part of preparing yet another edition of the New Testament, which might embody the stores of information that have recently accumulated in such rich abundance, and the interest his new work has excited in the minds of those who are at once anxious to estimate the practical value of our latest gains, and to put them to the earliest and most profitable use.

The hope of contributing something towards so desirable an end has prompted us to notice the *eighth* edition of Tischendorf's 'Greek Testament,' though as yet only two numbers have appeared, containing the text and commentary on S. Matthew's Gospel and the first four chapters of S. Mark's, prefaced by just two pages of introduction, put forth merely *ad interim*. In

most cases, the attempt to review a book five-sixths of which is still unpublished, and perhaps unwritten, would be manifestly futile or very unfair: in the present instance, however, an experienced eye can as readily discern the merits and faults of the whole design from the adequate specimen now before us, as if it were already executed in its minutest details. Professor Tischendorf's general plan has been rendered familiar to us by means of his previous editions; the copious additions he has made to our existing stock of authorities are so arranged under their proper heads, that each Gospel, indeed each separate chapter, is complete in itself; while the critical principles he adopts, and the spirit in which he applies them, appear as plainly from the examination of several hundred passages as of as many thousand. Add to this, that a subject sufficiently laden with technicalities can most conveniently be discussed in relation to a limited number of examples, if only they be not too few to lead us to safe conclusions; and that English students of Holy Scripture cannot too soon understand the real character of a new revision of the inspired text, which comes to them recommended by one who confessedly holds the highest place among living Biblical critics.

We will pursue the same method in our endeavour to lay before the reader the results of our present investigations, as we adopted for our own satisfaction when Tischendorf's new work first came to hand; comparing the text it exhibits with that of his earlier editions, especially the third (1849) and the seventh (1859), and then seeking for the grounds of the wide discrepancies which subsist between them. Whatever might be the value of the two earlier recensions put forth by Tischendorf, and however high his merits in other respects, he certainly could not be praised for consistency or stability of judgment. Between the editions of 1849 and 1859 no less than 1,296 variations have been marked, some of them of considerable moment; in 595 of these places he returned, in his seventh edition, to readings of the common or received text which he had abandoned in his third; while of the rest, full 430 relate to points of mere orthography, of little or no moment. Thus it would have seemed as if more enlarged information and riper experience were gradually leading this eminent critic to a more favourable appreciation of the ordinary or Elzevir text of the New Testament than ten years before he would have deemed possible; and so decidedly conservative a tendency, the extent of which he appeared hardly conscious of, was regarded both by his admirers and opponents as a distinctive characteristic of his latest views on this important subject. But in the course of the last seven years another change has come over his mind. If we are to

judge of the whole by the very important part of the eighth edition which is yet published, it will differ from the seventh far more than that did from the third, and the alteration will in this case be mainly *retrograde*. An examination of the thirty-two chapters comprised in the numbers before us will detect as many as 592 variations from the text of the seventh edition, in no less than 168 of which (some of them being among the most weighty) he comes back to his own book of 1849, while in as many as 135 (after excluding examples relating to the mode of spelling) he has adopted readings hitherto approved of neither by himself nor by any critical editor of the many that have laboured in this field before him. We must confess that such a result has startled us not a little; this perpetual vacillation has gone far to shake whatever confidence we might have felt in the critical tact and sagacity of Professor Tischendorf, and has reluctantly compelled us to fear that his name must be added to that long list of illustrious men, in every department of literature and of science, who know not how to use the priceless treasures their own toil and perseverance have brought up to the light of day. *Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.*

In the absence of any formal statement of the reasons which have persuaded this eminent scholar to undo his own work, and discard the recension he had taken so much pains to commend to our acceptance, we have undertaken to analyse the readings which appear for the first time in this his eighth edition as an integral portion of the sacred text. Our task, if rather tedious, has proved, to our mind, very instructive; and when some account of it has been given to the reader, he will probably agree with us that the causes of this deplorable infirmity of purpose, which must so grievously mar the reputation of Tischendorf, spring mainly from an undue and excessive estimate of the service he did to sacred learning, when he transferred the Codex Sinaiticus from the steward's chamber in S. Catherine's Monastery to the Imperial Library at S. Petersburg, and placed a knowledge of its contents within easy reach of every private student in Europe.

It will probably save the reader some trouble if we remind him, in passing, of that abridged notation by which certain of the principal ancient copies of the Holy Gospels (we meddle with no other portions of the New Testament) are distinguished in critical works. It is apt enough to escape the recollection of persons only occasionally conversant with these matters, and our present short explanations may save us time hereafter.

Regarding, therefore, the evidence of *manuscripts* of Scripture as at once the surest and the readiest method of fixing the sacred text, we proceed to divide these documents into two

distinct classes: (1) those written in *uncial* or capital letters before the end of the tenth century, which are comparatively few, but by far the weightiest; and (2) manuscripts written in *cursive* or ordinary Greek characters, from the tenth century down to the date of the invention of printing or later, which may be counted by hundreds, though only a small number of them can be compared in value to the *uncials*. Scholars have agreed to indicate the elder class by the capital letters of the alphabet; the juniors whether by Arabic numerals (1—469), or by the smaller letters with certain distinctive signs annexed.

On the fly-leaf of Tischendorf's eighth edition is found a list of fifty-five *uncials* which he has used for the purposes of that work, very few of them being complete, and the greater part mere fragments consisting of a very few verses. Of these the great Codices Sinaiticus (Σ) and Vaticanus (B) alone can be referred to the fourth century; the celebrated Codices Alexandrinus (A) and Ephraem (C), with the fragments I (two), I^b, Q, T^a, to the fifth; Codex Bezae (D), the youngest though not the least remarkable document of the first rank, with the fragments I (two), N, O^c, P, R, T^b, T^c, Z (parts of S. Matthew, now at Dublin), Θ^b, Θ^c, Θ^e, Θ^f, Θ^g, to the sixth; the fragments F^a, O^d, Θ^a, alone, to the seventh; manuscripts E, L, Y, and the fragments W^a, W^b, Θ^d, Ξ (of S. Luke), to the eighth; F, G, H, K, M, V, X, Δ, Γ, Λ, Π (some quite, and most of them nearly complete), with the fragments O, O^a, O^b, O^e, O^f, W^c, W^d, Θ^h, to the ninth century; S, U, to the tenth. Of these, Codex Sinaiticus *complete*, Π nearly so, thirty-three leaves of N, and the small pieces O^f, T^b, T^c, Θ^b, Θ^c, Θ^d, Θ^e, Θ^f, Θ^g, Θ^h, all at S. Petersburg; O^c, W^c, at S. Gall; W^d, at Cambridge; Ξ, collated by Tregelles in London; do not appear in the corresponding list prefixed to the seventh edition.

In his *third* edition of 1849, Tischendorf had made very little use of the *cursive* manuscripts, whose importance he at that time considerably depreciated, at least in practice: in 1859 he employed their evidence much more freely; and his extracts from them in this eighth edition are yet more full,—a change (as we cheerfully own) decidedly in the right direction. The mass of the *cursives* is very little known, having been collated but partially, or by hasty and incompetent hands. About fifty, however, have been thoroughly examined by various critics: among the most important of them are 1, 13, 33, 69, 118, 124, 127, 131, 151, 235, 435; those of Matthæi (237—259); Muralt's, 2^{pe}, 7^{pe}; certain of Scrivener's, especially c^{scr}, i^{scr}, p^{scr}, v^{scr}, w^{scr}; and the Lectionaries, or Church Lesson Books (cited as Evst.), 1, 2, 47, 50, y^{scr}, z^{scr}.

To these primary sources of information, contained in manu-

scripts of the Greek original, we are often glad to add, by way of supplement, the secondary and more precarious testimony of versions of Scripture, and quotations from it in the surviving works of ecclesiastical writers; the rather as we have no manuscripts extant which can well be thought older than the fourth century. Of these less direct authorities, the principal are the two Syriac translations (the Peshito, and that published by the late Canon Cureton), the old Latin version, and Irenæus, of the second century: the elder Egyptian version (Sahidic or Thebaic), Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Cyprian, of the third: the Latin Vulgate, the Æthiopic version, that of Lower Egypt (Coptic or Memphitic), the Armenian, and Gothic; with the great Fathers Eusebius, Basil, the Cyrils, Athanasius, and Chrysostom; as also the Latins Hilary, Arnobius, Jerome, and Augustine, of the fourth. Yet later versions (as two other of the Syriac, the Arabic, Persic, &c.) are sometimes useful, as well as certain more recent Church writers, but they cannot be depended upon when they are unsupported by better witnesses. Observe, also, that though these versions and ecclesiastical authors were themselves older than any manuscript of the original now known, the copies of them which have come down to us are considerably more recent. A few of the old Latin alone can be plausibly referred to the fourth or fifth century (*a, b, e, h, k, n*); a few more (*d, f, i, g, Cereani*), with the single fragment of Cureton's Syriac, to the fifth or sixth; the rest are not so ancient: *c, ff, g, l*, though later, represent an ancient text.

We must ask the reader's pardon for these preliminary explanations, the rather as we aim at rendering intelligible, without the need of his resorting to books of reference, at least the main points comprised in the following catalogue; in which we have collected the *lectiones singulares* of Tischendorf for this portion of the Gospels, with the scanty roll of authorities which can be mustered to defend them. The portions set within brackets are not expressly cited by Tischendorf, though often known to him, but are added to his list from other sources: 59, 66, Wake 12 and 34 (Christ Church, Oxford), Evst. O, and a few others are derived from very recent collations yet unpublished.¹

Readings brought into the text of the Gospels for the first time by Tischendorf in his eighth edition.

Matth. Title, simply *Karà Maθθαiov*, *κ*, B (D in John, *e. q.* partly).

I. 2, *Φapès* for *Ἰούδαν* can only be an unlucky misprint.

Ibid. 5, *Boès* twice, *κ*, B, *k*, Sahid., Copt.

¹ * set after the notation of a manuscript indicates a reading of the *first hand*, or original scribe; ** a reading of the *second hand*, or subsequent corrector.

Ibid. 24, *ὁ* omitted before Ἰωσήφ, **N**, K, Z, Γ, Δ, Π, [6, 11, 21, 28, 59, 72, 114, 116, 124, 251, 276, 300; Scrivener's k, p, w; Wake 12, Evst., 47, 53, 55, Erasmus' first edition].

III. 16, πνεῦμα θεοῦ, *anarthrous*, **N**, B, Copt.?

V. 22, ῥαχὰ for ῥακά, **N*** (that is, by the first hand), D, some manuscripts of the old Latin, Vulgate and Latin Fathers.

Ibid. 28, ἐπιθυμήσαι without αὐτῆς or αὐτὴν after it, **N*** [K in Wetstein only], 236, Clement, Origen, Chrysostom, and a few other writers.

Ibid. 39, σοῦ without σιάγονα, **N**, 1, 33, 127, 157, 435 [Scrivener's P, v, γ, and five others; 66, Wake 12, full fifty other *cursives*], a, f, h; Basil, Chrysostom, and a few others; one copy of the Vulgate.

VI. 1, τοῖς omitted before οὐρανοῖς, **N***, D, 1, 33, Chrys. [Erasmus first two editions].

Ibid. 4, ἡ σοῦ ἐλεημοσύνη ἡ (order), **N***, 33, (B, D, Δ, in part).

Ibid. 7, βαπταλογήσητε, **N**, B.

Ibid. 22, οὖν omitted, **N**, [61 Evst. 19, s, z, of Scrivener], Cureton's Syriac, a, q, the Vulgate and three other Latins.

VII. 12, ἐὰν (for ἂν), **N**, C, Chrys. [6, 21, 75, Scrivener's y, z (once), Wake 12].

Ibid. 18, ἐνεργεῖν for ποιεῖν twice, **N** (the first **N*** not **N****), B (only the first), Origen and one or two Fathers with much variation.

VIII. 5, 8, ἐκατοντάρχης (for ἐκατόνταρχος), **N***, [7, 27, 71 in ver. 8: this is the true reading in ver. 13].

Ibid. 12, ἐξελεύσονται (for ἐκβληθήσονται), **N***, and apparently some Syriac and Latins, which render *exient* (k), *exibunt* Cyprian), but mostly *ibunt*.

Ibid. 22, Ἰησοῦς omitted, **N**, 33, b, c, k, q.

Ibid. 34, τῷ (for τοῦ) Ἰησοῦ, **N**, C, 33, Scrivener's y, Cyril.

IX. 9, ἡκολούθει (for ἡκολούθησεν), **N**, D, 1, 21, 209.

Ibid. 10, καὶ omitted before ἰδοῦ, **N**, D, and (naturally enough) most Latin and other versions.

Ibid. 22, Ἰησοῦς omitted, **N***, D, and the Latin a, b, c, k, q.

X. 5, Σαμαριτῶν, **N**, C, D**, (that is, by a later hand), G, L, Π*, [Scrivener's H*, P, c, 66*, Erasmus' first two editions].

Ibid. 28, φοβείσθε (for φοβήθητε, *sic*), **N**, B, C [21].

XI. 8, εἰσιν omitted, **N***, B.

XII. 10, θεραπεύσαι, **N**, D, L, [106].

Ibid. 29, fin., διαρπάσῃ, **N**, D, G, K, Π*, more than 80 *cursives*, Chrys. [15 of Scrivener's, 59, 66, Wake 12].

Ibid. 47, placed within brackets as doubtful, is wanting in **N***, B, L, Γ, 126, 225, 238, 400*, ff', k, Cureton's Syriac.

Ibid. 49, αὐτοῦ omitted after χεῖρα, **N***, D [53, 60, 235, 300], a, b, ff', g', k, q, Vulgate, Augustine.

XIII. 7, ἐπιξεν, **N**, D, 13, 124, 346.

Ibid. 11, αὐτοῖς omitted, **N**, C, Z, ff', k, Æthiop., Copt., Euseb., Chrys.

Ibid. 17, γὰρ omitted, **N**, X [90, 235, Scrivener's a, q, r], a few others; a, b, c, f, ff^{1, 2}, g^{1, 2}, h, Armen., Æthiop., Hilary.

Ibid. ἴδαν for εἶδον, **N**, 33.

Ibid. 35, Ἡσαίου added after προφήτου (the true reference being Psalm lxxviii. 2, not Isai. xlviii. 3), with **N***, 1, 13, 33, 124, 253, Clement, Porphyry (the unbeliever), manuscripts of the Æthiopic, and some known to Eusebius and Jerome.

Ibid. 57, ἰδία πατρίδι for πατρίδι αὐτοῦ, **N**, Z, (C, partly), ff', Origen, [13, 124, Scrivener's u].

XIV. 1, τετραάρχης, **N**, C, Z, Δ, Copt.

Ibid. 3, αὐτὸν omitted, **N***, B, ff', h, Origen.

Ibid. 15, παρήλθεν ἥδη (order), **N**, Z, 1, Origen twice.

Ibid. 16, Ἰησοῦς omitted, **N***, D, 61 [Wake 34], k, Peshito and Cureton's Syriac, Coptic, Armen. Æthiop., and the Persic version of the Peshito.

Ibid. 22, εὐθέως omitted, **N***, C*, ff', Cureton's Syriac, some copies of Chrysostom.

Ibid. 26, οἱ μαθηταὶ omitted, **N***, [Wake 34, perhaps 1, partly], a, b, c, ff', g', h, q, (c, g², Vulg., August., partly), Euseb., Arnobius, Chrys., once.

Ibid. 27, ὁ Ἰησοῦς omitted, **N***, D, T^c, 231 [56, 58, 68], ff', Cureton's Syriac, Copt., Euseb., and late Arabic versions.

Ibid. 30, ἰσχυρὸν omitted, **N**, B*, 33, Copt.

XIV. 33, ἐλθόντες omitted, **N**, B, C**, T^c, 1, 22, [6, 36, 37, 40, 61, 68, 183, 237, 300, Wake 12], ff', Copt., Æthiop., Origen, Didymus (4th century).

XV. 30, ἐρίψαν, **N**, D, L.

Ibid. 31, ἐδόξαζον, **N**, L, 1, [5, 18, 33 (Tregelles), 35*, 36, 39, 40, 51, 66, 83, 84, 91, 122, 218, 240, 241, Evst. 14, Scrivener's d, l, m, p, y, Wake 12 and 34, others], the Latin versions, Cureton's Syriac, Armen., Origen, Chrys., Theophylact., the Complutensian edition.

Ibid. 38, παιδίων καὶ γυναικῶν (order), **N**, D, 1, 124, the Latin versions, Cureton's Syriac, Copt., Æthiop.

XVI. 1, ἐπηρώτων, **N**, 1, 13, 346 [Wake 34, Scrivener's H once], Copt., Origen.

Ibid. 2, from ὀφίλας γενομένης to the end of ver. 3 is included within brackets as doubtful,¹ being omitted in **N**, B, V, X, Γ, 13*, 124*, 157, [2*, 34, 39 (text), 44*, 84, 87, 180, 194, 258, 301, Scrivener's c, k: E notes it with an asterisk], Cureton's Syriac, Copt. (Mill), Armen., Origen?, most copies known to Jerome.

¹ This practice, newly adopted by Tischendorf from Lachmann and Tregelles, occurs twice before (ch. xii. 47; xiv. 3): but we notice it only in Part I. (dated Oct. 1864), which ends Matt. xvi. 23; not in Part II, dated Oct. 1865.

Ibid. 12, τῶν φαρισαίων καὶ σαδδουκαίων *for* τῶν ἄρτων, **N***, 33 (partly), *ff*, Cureton's Syriac.

Ibid. 19, *init.* καὶ *omitted*, **N**, **B***, **C***, **D**, 1, 33 [Wake 34, partly], *ff*, Peshito and Cureton's Syriac [Wetstein adds Copt., Origen].

XVII. 24, τὰ *omitted* before the second δίδραγμα, **N***, **D**.

Ibid. 27, σκανδαλίζομεν, **N**, **L**, **Z**.

XVIII. 5, τοιοῦτο, **N**, **B**, **K**, **L**, **M**, **V**, **Z**, **Γ**, **Δ**, **Π**, 1 [44, the editions of Erasmus, Aldus, and Colinaeus; Wetstein adds *G*], Origen, a copy of Chrys.

Ibid. 20, μετὰ σεαυτοῦ, **N**, **K**, **L**, **M**, 1, 13, 33, 69, 157, 346, [4, 28, 42, 68, 77, 106, 115, 248, Evst. 4, Wake 34, Scrivener's *d*, *e*, *w*], Origen, Basil, Chrys., Cyprian in Mill.

Ibid. 17, εἰπὼν, **N**, **L**, Origen.

Ibid. 24, εἰς αὐτῷ, (*order*), **N***, **B**.

Ibid. 25, αὐτοῦ *omitted* after γυναῖκα, **N**, **B**, 1, 258, *h*.

XIX. 14, αὐτοῖς *added* after εἶπεν, (Scholz had called this an Alexandrian reading), with **N**, **C**, **D**, **L**, **M***, [77, 89], *f*, *g*^{1, 2}, *l*, Vulg., all three Syriac versions, Copt., Æthiop., Chrys., and the more recent versions, Persic, Arabic, and Slavonic.

Ibid. πρὸς ἐμέ, **N**, **L**, **Δ**.

Ibid. 18, ποίας; φησὶν (*for* λέγει αὐτῷ, ποίας), **N**, **L**.

Ibid. 24, ὅτι *added* before εὐκοπώτερον, **N**, **C**, **L**, **M**, **Z** [Scrivener's *o*], Cureton's Syriac, Sahid., Copt., Æthiop. (both editions).

Ibid. 26, δυνατὰ πάντα, (*order*), **N**, **L**, **Z**.

Ibid. 29, ἔνεκα, **N**, **D**, Cyril.

Ibid. τοῦ ἐμοῦ ὀνόματος, **N**, **B**, 124.

XX. 4, καὶ ἐκείνοις (Griesbach marks this form as probably correct), **N**, **B**, **E**, **F**, **G**, **H**, **M**, **U**, **V**, **Γ**, **Δ**, [1, 3, 59, 69, Wake 34, nineteen of Scrivener's, full twenty others, Theophylact, Erasmus' first two editions].

Ibid. 13, ἐν αὐτῶν εἶπεν (*order*), **N**, **D**, 124 (**B**, partly), most Latin copies, Armen., Chrys., Origen partly.

Ibid. 18, εἰς θάνατον *for* θανάτῳ, **N** (θάνατον 66*).

Ibid. 30, κύριε *omitted*, **N**, **D**, 13, 69, 118, 209, 346, *b*, *c*, *e*, *ff*, *h*, *n*, Cureton's Syriac, Armen.

XXI. 2, εὐθὺς, **N**, **L**, **Z** (Scholz adds Origen).

Ibid. 27, εἶπαν, **N**, **D**.

Ibid. 45, ἀκούσαντες δὲ, **N**, **L**, **Z**, 33 [59], Cureton's Syriac, Copt.

XXII. 10, νυμφῶν (*for* γάμος), **N**, **B***, **L**.

Ibid. 21, αὐτῷ *omitted*, **N**, **B**, Peshito Syriac, Armen., two Latins.

Ibid. 30, τοῦ *omitted*, **N**, **L**, 13, 28, 33, 69, 124, 157 [6, 76, 127, 142, 237, 238, 247, 346, Evst. 21, 26, 27, 32 *bis*, Wake 12, Scrivener's *H*, *s*, *z*], Chrys.

Ibid. Fourth *ὁ θεὸς* omitted, **N**, D, 28, 67 [122, Evst. 17, 22, Aldine edition (Mill, Wetstein, Scholz add 33, against Tregelles and Tischendorf) Clement, Euseb., Origen] Chrys., John Damascene.

Ibid. 39, *δὲ* omitted **N**, B, [Scrivener's *z* once].

Ibid. 43, *καλεῖ κύριον αὐτὸν* (order), **N**, L, Z.

XXIV. 7, *ἐπ' ἔθνος*, **N**, C, K, L, Π, 1 [72, 433, Scrivener's *e*, *g*, *w*, *y*].

Ibid. 21, *οὐκ ἐγένετο for οὐ γέγονεν*, **N**, D, Euseb., Chrys., Oxford Catena and that in X.

Ibid. 24, *πλανηθῆναι*, **N**, D, (with D's version [*d*] and some other Latins, *b*, *ff*², *g*^{1, 2}, *q*, Vulg. &c.)

Ibid. 29, *ἐκ for ἀπὸ*, **N**, D, 54, Scrivener's *b*, *y* once, Eusebius twice, Basil, Cyril of Jerusalem, Cyprian, and perhaps other Latins.

Ibid. 30, second *τότε* omitted, **N**^{*}, 13, 237, 238, Evst. 6, 49, *y* (Scrivener) once, *e*, Cypr.

Ibid. 31, *φωνῆς* omitted, **N**, L, Δ, 1, 118, 209, Scrivener's *y* [56, 57, 58, 106, Wake 34], the Peshito, its Persic version, and a later Syriac copy, Copt., Armen., Euseb., Cyril of Jerusalem, Chrys., Theodoret (5th century), the Oxford Catena, one or two Latins.

Ibid. 38, *γαμίζοντες*, **N**, D, 33, six copies of Chrysostom.

Ibid. 48, *ἐκείνος* omitted, **N**^{*}, Γ, 56, 58, 243, Scrivener's *d*, *y*, Chrys., some Latins.

XXV. 3, *αἱ γὰρ* (for *αἵτινες*), **N**, B, C, L, 33, Copt. (called Alexandrian by Scholz).

Ibid. 22, *ἐπ' αὐτοῖς* omitted, **N**, B, D, L, 33, 102?,¹ 124, 127, 131, 242, the Latin, Copt., Armen., Æthiop., and some minor versions.

Ibid. 27, *τὰ ἀργύρια*, **N**^{*}, B, the later Syriac.

Ibid. 32, *ἀφορίσει*, **N**^{*}, L, Δ, 1, 209, Scrivener's *c*, Cyril, Theodoret, [Erasmus' first two, and the Aldine editions].

Ibid. *οἱ* omitted, **N**, B, L, 33, 102?, Cyril.

XXVI. 15, *καὶ ἐγὼ*, **N**, D, E^{**}, F, G, H, M, U, V, Γ, Δ, Apost. Constit., Chrys. once. [Griesbach deems this reading probable: so 1, 11, 18, 22, 66, 74, 83, 86, 89, 90, 262, 267, 301, Evst. 24, 63, O, ten of Matthæi's, fourteen of Scrivener's].

Ibid. 44, *πάντα* added after *εἰπὼν*, **N**, B, L, 124, *a*, Copt. [Wetstein adds 42, 71].

Ibid. 53, *λεγιόνων*, **N**^{*}, L, partly in A, C, K, Δ, Π^{*}, 33, 42, 72, 114, Muralt's 2.

Ibid. 58, *ἀπὸ* omitted, **N**, C, F, L, Δ, Π^{*}, 1, 33, Armen. [5, 6, 22, 28, 36, 37, 53, 57, 59, 65, 209, 243, 245, 252^{*}, 253, 259, Scrivener's H once].

¹ Mr. Westcott has made it all but certain that 102 is only a second-hand representation of the great Cod. B.

Ibid. 71, *καὶ omitted* before *οὗτος*, **N**, B, D, Sahid. [surely not the Peshito Syriac].

XXVII. 11, *αὐτῷ omitted*, **N**, L [25, 142*, Evst. 14; Scrivener's s], *a, d* (D being lost here), Sahid., Copt., Armen., Jerusalem Syriac (eleventh century or earlier?), Chrys.

Ibid. 12, second *τῶν omitted*, **N**, B*, L, X, Γ, 1, 69 [10, 18, 59, 66, 74, 83, 86, 89, 90, 433, Wake 34, ten of Scrivener's], Origen twice, Chrys.

Ibid. 29, *ἐνέπαιξαν* (Scholz calls it Alexandrian), **N**, B, D, L, Γ, 33, 53, 56, 58, *d* alone of Latins.

Ibid. 31, *ἐκδύσαντες* (with the following *καὶ omitted*), **N**, 33 (so L, Sahid., and a Coptic copy, partly).

Ibid. 42, *πιστεύσωμεν*, **N**, E, F, H, L, M, Γ, Δ, 33, 69, 124, 131, 157 [11, 45, 53, 56, 58, 59, 60, 70, 76, 123, 220, 224, 225, 235, 433; Evst. 18, 20, O; Wake 12, ten of Scrivener's], perhaps a few versions.

Ibid. 51, *ἀπὸ omitted*, **N**, L, Origen, Cyril.

Ibid. 54, *ἐκατοντάρχης* (see ch. viii. 5, 8), **N**, D, Origen.

Ibid. 56, *Ἰωσήφ* (for *Ἰωσή*), **N***, D*, L, 59 (marg. by a later hand), 69**, 157, Evst. 55, Latin versions, Copt., Æthiop., marg. of later Syriac (6th century), Origen expressly, Euseb. [editions of Aldus and Colinaeus].

Ibid. 61, *Μαριάμ* (for the first *Μαρία*), **N**, B, C, L, Δ, 1, Syriac [Erasmus' first edition], but in xxviii. 1, with **N**, C, L, Δ, Syr. only.

Ibid. 64, *αὐτοῦ omitted*, **N**, B [102?].

XXVIII. 10, *καὶ ἐκεῖ* (thought probable by Griesbach), **N**, A, C*?, E, F, H, K, U, V, Γ, Δ, Π, 6, 22, 69 [2, 34, 39, 72, 74, 83, 89, 116, 131, 234, 262, 299, 300, 301, 435; Wake 34; Evst. 6, 14, 47, 50; ten more of Matthæi's, twelve of Scrivener's].

Ibid. 11, *ἀνήγγειλαν*, **N**, D, Origen, Chrys.

In S. Mark, these variations from the common text seem to grow even more frequent; we must continue our list through the four chapters that remain.

Mark I. 1, *υἱοῦ τοῦ θεοῦ omitted*, **N***, 28, 255, Irenæus expressly, Origen five times, Basil, Cyril of Jerusalem, Jerome twice (once the other way), Victorinus (fourth century), and one or two other writers.

Ibid. 11, *ἐγένετο omitted*, **N***, D [28], *f**, one eighth century copy of the Vulgate (*mt*).

Ibid. 15, *καὶ λέγων omitted*, **N***, *c*, *mt* again, Origen.

Ibid. 16, *ἀλεεῖς*, A, B*, L**, Δ, but ver. 17, *ἀλεεῖς*, **N**, A, B*, C (ver. 16 defective in C), L, Δ: in Matt. iv. 18, 19, **N***, C, read *ἀλεεῖς*, but Tischendorf retains *ἀλεῖς*.

Ibid. 21, *εὐθὺς*, **N**, L, 1, 28, 33, 131, Origen.

Ibid. 25, *λέγων omitted*, **N***, A*, John Damascene (8th cent.).

Ibid. 27, πρὸς omitted, **N**, B [102?], *b*, *e*, *ff*², *q* (et con [ex-e] quirebant).

Ibid. 36, κατεδίωξεν, **N**, B, M, U, 28, 40, Scrivener's *y* [15, 53, 236, 237, 252, 259, 273, 433, Wake 12, two of Stephens' copies cited by Beza], *ff*¹, *g*², Vulg., Copt., the Latin of Δ (δ).

Ibid. 41, αὐτῷ omitted, **N**, 1, 209, *c*, *ff*², Peshito Syriac.

Ibid. 45, εἰς πόλιν φανερώς (order), **N**, C, L, 28, 33, 124, Muralt's 2, 8, Copt.

II. 4, προσενέγκαι (for προσεγγίσαι), **N**, B, L, 33 (-κειν), 63, 72 marg., 253, Evst. 48, *f*, *l*, Vulg., Latin of Δ (δ), Copt., Æthiop., the later Syriac, Arabic, and one Persic version.

Ibid. 12, ἐμπροσθεν (for ἐναντίον), **N**, B, L, marg. of 187.

Ibid. 13, εἰς (for παρὰ), **N**^{*}.

Ibid. 16. First οἱ omitted (reading καὶ γραμματεῖς τῶν φαρισαίων), **N**, L, 33.

Ibid. 26, τοὺς ἱερεῖς, **N**, B, (L, τοῖς ἱερεῖς).

III. 2, ἐν τοῖς σάββασιν, **N**, C, D, H, M, Scrivener's *y*, Copt.

Ibid. θεραπεύει, **N**, Δ, 271.

Ibid. 3, τὴν ξηρὰν χεῖρα ἔχοντι, **N**, C^{*} (Tischendorf, not Wetstein), Δ.

Ibid. 4, ἀγαθὸν ποιῆσαι, **N**, but τι ἀγαθὸν ποιῆσαι, D (not its Latin version, *d*), *e*.

Ibid. 6, ἐποίησαν, **N**, C, Δ, 238, Muralt's 2, Scrivener's *y*, [H, h, v, z], Copt., Theophylact (11th century).

Ibid. 7, ἠκολούθησαν (without αὐτῷ) set after Ἰουδαίας, **N**, C, A, 238, *f*, *ff*¹, *g*^{1,2}, *l*, Vulg.

Ibid. 11, λέγοντες, **N**, D, K, 61, 69, Evst. 48, once, Muralt's 10, Scrivener's H^{*}.

Ibid. 16, καὶ ἐποίησεν τοὺς δώδεκα prefixed to καὶ ἐπέθηκεν, **N**, B, C^{*}, Δ, an Æthiopic manuscript.

Ibid. 19, ἔρχεται, **N**^{*}, B, Γ (Tischendorf, not Tregelles), [276, Wake 12], *b*, *e*, *i*, *ff*², Copt., Victor of Antioch (5th century).

Ibid. 26, ἐμερίσθη καὶ (for μερισθῇ), **N**^{*}, C^{*}? Δ, *f*, *g*², Vulg. (καὶ ἐμερίσθη, **N**^{**}, B, L).

Ibid. 29, ἔσται (for ἔστιν), **N**, D, L, Δ, 33 (not 69), 433, Evst. 48, Scrivener's *e*, *z*; *a*, *c*, *e*, *f*, *ff*², *g*^{1,2}, *l*, *q*, Vulg., Armen., Æthiop.? Cyp.

Ibid. 31, ἔρχεται, **N**, D, G, 1, 118, 209, Muralt's 2, 7, 8; *a*, *b*, *e*, *ff*², *g*¹, *q*, [not Vulg., Colinaeus' edition].

IV. 10, ἡρώτων, **N**, C.

Ibid. 11, τὰ omitted, **N**, D, K, Π, 28, 124 (partly), Scrivener's *w* [c, d, e; 11, 12, 17, 106, 114, 115, 116, 248, 252, 253, 265, 270, 276, Wake 12].

Ibid. ὁμοίως εἰσιν (order), **N**, C, L, Δ, 33, Evst. 49, Muralt's 3, Scrivener's H, Copt.? Æthiop. (ὁμοιοί εἰσιν, 179, Muralt's 7).

Ibid. 18, ἐνὶ (for εἰς), N, C, Δ, Copt.?

Ibid. 28, εἰρεν (for εἰρα) twice, B*, Δ: N, L, the second (N omits the first clause by error).

We should not have wearied the reader with such long details, but for the great and acknowledged merits of the scholar whose judgment in this matter we feel compelled to question. The services of Tischendorf as an explorer and collector of critical materials, are beyond all praise; he has devoted the best years of his life to this deeply interesting and very important pursuit; he has established a sort of prescriptive right that his decisions should be respectfully weighed before they are set aside; while the very remembrance of his undoubted preeminence will render his speculations all the more dangerous, if they be really untrustworthy or mistaken. Of the many changes which he is bringing for the first time into the text of Scripture, a few are supported by authority so respectable, that we may feel surprised that they have not been adopted by some preceding editor; such are Matt. i. 24; v. 39; xii. 29; xv. 31; xvi. 2, 3; xx. 4; xxii. 30; xxiv. 31; xxvi. 15; 58; xxvii. 12; 42; xxviii. 10; Mark i. 36; iv. 11. One or two of a higher type, even though we might not choose to adopt them on the whole, must be allowed to claim special attention (Matt. xiii. 35; Mark i. 1); but the great mass of these extensive alterations may be pronounced to rest on most slender and insufficient evidence, and neither will nor ought to command our acceptance. For the reader will please to bear in mind that, in regard to the testimony cited in the previous list, *whatsoever is not in favour of a change is against it*: if an emendation be supported (as so many of them are) by only two or three manuscripts, versions, or ecclesiastical writers, all others of every class that are extant tell directly the contrary way, often in the numerical proportion of hundreds against one. No doubt it is quite possible in theory, that a true reading of the inspired writings may survive in but two or three documents, or even in but one; though it would perhaps be hard enough to point out an instance in which this is even probably the case; but that such a phenomenon should occur often within the compass of a few chapters, and that too where the variation is upheld by no strong argument arising from internal probability, is so far removed from all ordinary experience, that even Professor Tischendorf himself can hardly wonder at our incredulity.

So wide a change in his views on a subject which must have engaged our critic's best thoughts for many years, would of course be accounted for readily enough on the supposition that facts have recently come to light which have altered the whole aspect of the question. It would then be no fair ground for blame, if, with the admission of fresh evidence, he had learnt to

modify his previous conclusions; if more complete information had led him to adopt opinions which he had hitherto regarded as unsafe or untenable. Hence, it becomes important for us to inquire how far his present results have originated in the study of authorities which were unknown to him and to every one else when he published his New Testament of 1859.

Now, although Tischendorf has paid more attention in his new edition than he ever did before to the cursive manuscripts which others have collated ready to his hand, we observe in the two parts of his New Testament, now before us, only three copies to which he had not access seven years ago, viz. the great Codex Sinaiticus (**N**); the ninth century copy of the Gospels, (**Π**, imperfect in Matt. iii. 12—iv. 17: xix. 12—xx. 3; John viii. 6—39), brought by him from Smyrna, and now at S. Petersburg; and a fragment of the sixth century, which he cites as 'T^c Cod. Porph.' also at S. Petersburg, which we find used only in Matt. xiv. 19—28, 32—35; xv. 2—8. T^c appears to be a very interesting document, so far it goes;¹ but **Π** has no more distinctive value than most other copies of its age and class.² Hence nearly the whole weight of these changes, so far as they spring from fresh information in regard to facts, must be thrown upon the Codex Sinaiticus, the latest and most convenient recension of which stands second in place at the head of our present article. Indeed, the slightest glance at our list of his *lectiones singulares* suffices to show that such is the case; in every one of these passages (and we have given about 140 of them), the variation adopted is sanctioned by **N**; strange as the fact may seem, it is absolutely true without a single exception. Nor is this all:—in the whole catalogue of 592 places wherein Tischendorf's eighth edition differs from his seventh, we can discover only 20 where the readings of **N** are not implicitly followed, and those too in matters of the smallest conceivable moment.³

¹ Tischendorf quotes T^c about 29 times in these 21 verses: once alone (Ἰλδαν, xiv. 34): 8 times with **N**, B, C, D; 3 with **N**, B, C; 4 with **N**, B, D; 8 times with P; 11 times with Cod. 33, (twice alone); once with **N** alone (xiv. 35 *ἐκείνου* omitted), 4 times with **N**, B.

² We find that Cod. **Π** is cited by Tischendorf 575 times in 518 verses, (down to Matt. xvi. 23), never with any of the great uncials (**N**, B, C, D) alone, or with any two or more of them, unless accompanied with many *cursives*; it is alleged for no less than 138 readings uncountenanced by **N**, B, C, D, (A is lost in these chapters). It seems to stand alone in ii. 17, (*ὁπὸ τοῦ ἱεροῦ*), and with only a few in iv. 20; v. 28; 31; 45; vi. 31; viii. 17; ix. 5 *bis*; 29; 36; x. 10; xii. 13; xiv. 7; xv. 7; 28; in 8 of these places with K, its contemporary.

³ The following list we believe to be pretty accurate: Matt. iv. 13, *ναῖον*; 23 (*partly*); vii. 18 (*perhaps partly, but doubtful*); viii. 28; ix. 5 (*spelling*); xi. 14, xvi. 14, and xxvii. 47, 49, *spelling* of Ἠλίας; xvii. 26 (*partly*); xviii. 13 (*partly*); 21; xx. 29 Ἱερουσό; 34 (almost the only real case); xxiv. 49 (*partly*); xxvii. 2, &c. (nine times), Πλάτω; 46 (*spelling*); Mark i. 16 (*spelling*); ii. 5 (*spelling*); iii. 27. Tischendorf of course rejects mere transcriptional blunders of **N** in three or four places.

In some instances, indeed, the Codex Sinaiticus is absolutely or almost alone in supporting Tischendorf, as may easily be seen in our list of his *lectiones singulares*, (e.g. Matt. xx. 18; Mark ii. 13; Matt. v. 28; vi. 22; viii. 12; xvi. 1; 12; xxiv. 30; 48; Mark i. 15; 41; iii. 2; 4); while in many others, **NB** (Matt. i. 5; iii. 16; vi. 7; xi. 8; xiv. 3; xviii. 24; xxii. 21; 39; xxv. 27; xxvii. 64; Mark i. 27); or **NA** (Mark i. 25); or **NC** (Matt. viii. 34; Mark iv. 10); or **ND** (Matt. v. 22; vi. 1; ix. 9; 10; 22; xiii. 7; xvii. 24; xix. 29; xx. 13; 30; xxi. 27; xxiv. 21; 24; 29; 38; xxvii. 54; xxviii. 11; Mark i. 11; iii. 11); or even **NL** (Matt. xviii. 17; xix. 18; xxvii. 11; 31; 51), standing by themselves, or nearly so, are made to counterbalance the united testimony of all other manuscripts, versions, and ecclesiastical writers, of every age, and however numerous.

It is surely incumbent on us to inquire into the grounds of this decided preference of a single manuscript, before we admit its testimony as conclusive against that of all the rest, whensoever it opposes them. The natural partiality of Tischendorf for a document he has so fortunately discovered, and so happily placed within our reach, may palliate or even excuse any overweening estimate of its importance which he may have been persuaded to form, but can hardly bring conviction to his readers, and ought not to satisfy himself. The Codex Sinaiticus has already been made the subject of two separate articles in the *Christian Remembrancer* (*April and June*, 1863), in the latter of which, the claims of Constantine Simonides, who boldly asserted that it was written by his own hand in 1839, are discussed at length, and (as it would appear) satisfactorily disposed of. At any rate the ingenious person who put them forth has, for some time past, so far as we are aware, withdrawn himself and his pretensions from the public gaze, and we feel that it is not for us to do more than wish for him a less conspicuous, but more honourable, career in the paths of modest industry. Tischendorf's description of his favourite manuscript, if it be erroneous, involves an error in the opposite direction. The copy of Scripture which Simonides would make us believe to be less than thirty years old, Tischendorf loudly proclaims on the title-page of this, his third and popular edition of it, to be *omnium antiquissimo*, where he would clearly wish us to take *antiquissimo* in its full Latin sense, *most precious* as well as *oldest* in respect of date. About the special merits of this particular edition we have little to say. It will not, of course, compare in point of sumptuousness with the first and great edition of the whole manuscript in four volumes, printed in uncial characters; for our own use we prefer Tischendorf's second issue of the New Testament, with the remains of Barnabas and Hermas, in common Greek characters, but otherwise resembling the larger

work, line for line, and letter for letter. It differs also from Scrivener's 'Collation of the Codex Sinaiticus,' in being a full reprint of the actual text, and not a catalogue of its divergencies from the common standard: while, at the foot of every page, are three sets of notes, one recording the changes made in Codex Sinaiticus by later pens; a second comparing its text with that of the Codex Vaticanus, so far as the latter can be determined; a third marking the variations of the Sinai copy from the common or Elzevir text. As a representation of the Vatican manuscript, it seems to us less full and convenient than the Berlin volume, '*Novum Testamentum Græce ad fidem Codicis Vaticani recensuit Philippus Buttmann*,' 1862. Whatever distinctive merit, therefore, this edition of Codex Sinaiticus may pretend to, arises from its *Prolegomena*, or Preface, of eighty-two pages, which, while it leaves much unsaid in regard to the internal character and critical value of that venerable copy, has the advantage of being written after the author had read and considered the labours of others on the same interesting subject. We shall keep this Preface open before us while we attempt to discuss the grounds of that paramount supremacy, which Tischendorf virtually and implicitly concedes to Cod. \aleph , in the emendation of the text of the New Testament.

Now we wish not for a moment to disparage the antiquity of this precious manuscript. The fact that Eusebius' canons and system of harmony stand in its margin in red ink, apparently in the hand of the original writer, forbids our assigning to it a higher date than about A.D. 340, but we need not bring it lower. Yet one of the few critics who has enjoyed the privilege of examining both copies, has told us that he was particularly impressed with the marks of greater age patent in the Codex Vaticanus; it *looks* older, and has suffered more from the ravages of time; none of its leaves seem by any means so fresh as do some portions of its rival. This statement was made, it will be observed, by one of the most fair and competent of living judges, not for the purpose of disparaging the age of Cod. \aleph , but of placing Cod. B at least on a level with it in this respect. General remarks like these ought manifestly to be taken for no more than they are worth; the most skilful *facsimiles* are almost useless in such a matter; a question so nice cannot well be decided when these documents are seen even by the same eyes, but after an interval of years; and much as we might desire that the principal copies of the Greek Testament could be brought together for leisurely scrutiny and comparison, such an arrangement has hitherto proved impossible, even in the case of the two which are deposited within fifty miles of each other, Cod. A at the British Museum, Cod. D at Cambridge. The proofs of extreme antiquity which Tischendorf and others have accumulated

so abundantly in favour of Cod. *N*, need not be repeated here; it is sufficient to observe that they all, or nearly all, apply with equal force to Cod. *B*, which is usually regarded as rather the senior of the two, whatever Tischendorf in his venial partiality may please to determine otherwise.

But, after all, the antiquity of a document is one thing, its critical importance is another. A very old copy of Scripture may reasonably be presumed to be purer and more near the author's words than a more recent one, because it will probably have been derived from it by means of fewer transcripts intervening between them; but visible tokens of haste and want of care will materially diminish this presumption, or even cancel it altogether. Now we may truly say that while the most venerable of our Biblical manuscripts are beautiful specimens of mere penmanship, they are not always equally praiseworthy in point of accuracy. Codd. *A* and *D*, which we seem to know the best, are far from models in this respect; Cod. *B*, as it came from the first hand, may appear less faulty, but then it must be remembered that our knowledge of it is hardly minute enough to entitle us to speak with confidence in this particular: no document of its class is more full of transcriptural errors than Cod. *N*. Sometimes whole lines of its prototype are missed through the wandering of the eye; that gross blunder, technically called *Homoteleuton*, whereby a whole clause is omitted because it happens to end in the same words as the clause preceding, occurs no less than 115 times in the New Testament alone; and in regard to other matters, Tregelles pronounces, bluntly enough, but with only too good reason, that 'the state of the text, as proceeding from the first scribe, may be regarded as *very rough*' (*New Testament*, Part ii. p. 2). Of course these oversights, or most of them, are corrected by other hands, but such correctors obviously lived several centuries later than the date of the Codex itself.

Yet while such considerations by no means favour, if they do not absolutely exclude, the extravagant value assigned to this manuscript by its learned discoverer and editor, the more its internal character is investigated, the more it will be seen to stand in the very first rank in the general array of critical authorities. No other conclusion can well be drawn from its numberless points of resemblance, not to one, but to several, of our most esteemed documents, in places where they have hitherto stood alone, countenanced by no testimony whatever. Of this the reader will have observed not a few instances in our catalogue of Tischendorf's *lectiones singulares* (see p. 14), which will the better serve him, because it was drawn up for quite another purpose. Our critic has himself given a crowd of similar examples

in the *Prolegomena* to his several editions of the manuscript. Scrivener has added a considerable number in his *Introduction* to the 'Collation of Codex Sinaiticus,' in which B or D either stand alone with **N** in supporting some characteristic reading, or are aided, if at all, by one or two other witnesses totally different from themselves in age and character. It was just this peculiarity of Cod. **N** which those, who for the moment were half disposed to advocate the strange claim of Simonides, found themselves utterly unable to account for. A clever forger shall devise means to fabricate vellum which may very well pass for ancient; the colour of half-faded ink may be reproduced with no great trouble; a skilful palæographer (which our adventurous Greek is *not*) may imitate with some success the mere forms of uncial characters of the fourth century; but internal proofs of genuineness are happily beyond the reach of fraud; they are in this instance too many, too minute, too recondite to be otherwise than real: the attempt to *construct* a text which should pass for ancient would inevitably baffle, not only such a poor sciolist as Simonides, but the practised acumen of Tischendorf himself. We will try to add a few more instances to those hitherto noticed, in which Cod. **N** is countenanced by just one or two other documents, some sufficiently known, others, it may be, absolutely uncollated but a very few years ago. The reader is by this time familiar with our notation.

John xx. 29, *καὶ added before πεπιστευκας* in **N**, 66, only, but subsequently erased in both. Cod. 66 is a cursive of the thirteenth century, left to Trinity College, Cambridge (O, 8, 3), by Thomas Gale, High Master of S. Paul's School; and this variation, overlooked by Mill, was first noted on its re-collation in 1862.

Matt. iv. 13, *παρὰ θάλασσαν* (*for παραθαλασσίαν*) **N**, P, and the *unpublished* Wake 12, only. Thus in Matt. xxiv. 26 (*οὐν* omitted), **N**, Wake 12, are supported only by the Latins, *e*, *ff*¹, *g*^{1, 2}, *q*, and the Latin version of Origen; while in Matt. xxv. 20 (*first τάλαντα*, omitted) they stand absolutely alone, as also in Mark xiv. 31, *ὁμοίως* (*for ὡσαύτως*), and Luke xii. 53, *καὶ added before μῆτηρ*.

Matt. xxiii. 35 is more important. Here *υἱοῦ βασιλεῖος*, so perplexing to the interpreter, is omitted in **N** (though added by a later hand), and is passed over by Eusebius when he cites the passage. It was not till 1860 that it was known to be wanting in the original writing of 59 (Caius Coll. Cambridge, No. 403), Walton and Mill having overlooked this variation. All other known copies contain the words (hard as they are to be accounted for), except the Lectionaries, 6, 13, of Wetstein, and Scrivener's z.

In our catalogue of *lectiones singulares* (pp. 5—12) we have

noted a goodly number of places in which **N** and **B**, or **N** and **D**, stand, nearly by themselves, against the evidence of all other authorities. The list with regard to each of these couples might be almost indefinitely enlarged, but we seem to have given examples enough of both to indicate the true state of matters.¹ One feature of the case, however, we have failed to account for as clearly as we could wish, and so submit it to the better judgment of others. It is that **N** and **B** not unfrequently differ in some unusual and characteristic reading, where the one is assimilated to the other by some later pen. Thus for *καὶ ἐκδύσαντες*, *κ.τ.λ.* (Matt. xxvii. 28), which Cod. **N** as well as the common text contains, Cod. **B** exhibits the very improbable variation *καὶ ἐνδύσαντες*, while a scribe of about the seventh century alters *κ* in Cod. **N** into *ν*, as in Cod. **B**, and a still later hand restores *κ*.

So again in Luke xxiv. 12, Cod. **N** omits *κείμενα μόνα*, Cod. **B** omits *κείμενα* only; the second of the two later hands just mentioned inserts *μόνα*, but not *κείμενα*, in Cod. **N**.

In Luke xxiii. 34, Cod. **B** omits the whole verse down to *ποιοῦσιν*; a later hand, accordingly, in Cod. **N**, incloses that part of the verse within brackets, which a still later hand again destroys.

In Acts xxvii. 16, Cod. **B** and the Latin Vulgate alone are known to read *Καυδα* for *Κλαύδην*, of the common editions; Cod. **N** originally had *κλαυδα*, but the *λ* has been subsequently erased.²

In Rom. ix. 8, *ὅτι* is added after *τούτέστιν* both in **N** and **B**; by more recent hands; it is in neither of them *primâ manu*, and only in two cursive copies besides.

Such instances, to which not a few might be added if necessary, certainly seem to indicate that these two chief documents of Scripture, resembling each other as they do in so many particulars both of outward form and of internal spirit, were, to some extent, compared with each other about twelve hundred years ago, or three centuries after they were respectively written. Codex Sinaiticus may easily have reposed at S. Catherine's from the foundation of that religious house by the Emperor Justinian (circ. A.D. 530); the history and location of the Vatican manuscript seem wholly unknown, but the great library which it enriches was founded by Pope Nicholas V. A.D. 1448.

Professor Tischendorf's own estimate of the critical merits of Cod. **N** plainly appears in the language wherein he sums up his comparison of its peculiar readings with those of the other great authorities with which it so often agrees: 'Quibus omnibus

¹ Such examples as the following are very frequent: Matt. xii. 4, *ἔφαγον*, **N**, **B**, Scrivener's *o*, only; Mark ii. 22, *βλητέον* omitted, **N**, **B**, 102, i.e. **B**: see p. 9, note.

² See also Mark iii. 26, p. 11 *supra*.

'expositis vix opus erit ut addam, quem Codici Sinaitico in numero præstantissimorum codicum nostrorum deberi locum putem. *Dignus videtur qui omnium principatum teneat.* Quod etsi non ita intellegi velim ac si ubique, exceptis vitiis manifestis, textum sacrum ad normam Codicis Sinaitici edi jubeam, tamen nullus alius est quo tutiore fundamento textus constituendi uti possimus. Ut igitur in re exercenda critica primas huic libro partes deferendas, ita pristinam ex eo textus sacri integritatem non repetendam duco, nisi adhibitis simul diligenter religioseque Vaticano simillimisque summæ antiquitatis testibus reliquis' (Cod. Sin. *Proleg.* p. xxxix. ed. 1862). When Tischendorf first made this statement, on the publication in full of the entire manuscript, though we may have deemed the words we have printed in italics a little too strong, and his whole temper somewhat sanguine and over-confident, we saw in it nothing at which we were inclined to demur, due allowance being made for the exuberant feelings which naturally sprung from the consciousness of having conferred a great and indisputable benefit on sacred literature. We certainly did not anticipate that this happy addition of *one* item, however important, to our already large stock of extant materials, would suffice to effect a revolution in all our notions with regard to the inspired text. We had always supposed that the very multiplicity and variety of the documents which scholars have applied to the recension of the inspired volume gave it in this particular a vast advantage over ancient works of which only one or a few copies now survive; in that future discoveries, however intrinsically valuable and interesting to the learned, would only influence our decision in a select number of passages, wherein the diplomatic evidence might appear at variance with internal probabilities, or the proofs alleged for opposite variants was not unequally divided. It never occurred to us that a single manuscript, neither more correct nor materially older than several others previously known to us, ought to counterbalance the united testimony of all the rest, to the large extent that Tischendorf requires us to believe; and that too, in cases where the reading displaced affords just as good and likely a sense as that substituted in its room. There are, indeed, changes made in this, his last edition, and those neither few nor slight, wherein he returns to the readings of his own third edition, or assents to those previously adopted by Lachmann or by Tregelles, or by both these critics, for the simple reason, that evidence he had once regarded as insufficient is now fortified by the authority of Codex Sinai-

¹ We computed above (p. 3) that he thus returned to his third edition in 163 places; he adopts readings of Lachmann and Tregelles united, in 142 passages,

ticus;¹ and such an application of his favourite copy must be held to be perfectly sound in principle, even though we may not agree with his decision in each separate case. But if the accidental (or we would rather say with Tischendorf, the *providential*) discovery of a solitary manuscript is held sufficient to overturn so much that has long been regarded as settled, what hope can we have of ever forming a text of the Greek Testament on which we may place any reasonable dependence? What shall at any time hinder all our past labour and diligence from being brought to nought by the coming to light of some codex earlier than any yet known; perhaps of one that may have survived the terrors of Diocletian's persecution, the sharpest brunt of which that wary tyrant directed against the inspired records of our faith?

Our deep reverence for Professor Tischendorf, and a lively recollection of his great services, have rendered our present task a somewhat painful one; but if the recension of the sacred text which his eighth edition exhibits so far, be indeed as ill-considered and as unfaithful to the whole mass of evidence as we conceive it to be, the sooner its real character is understood, the better for the good cause we have all at heart, the promotion of sound criticism, and an exact knowledge of Holy Scripture. The well-earned fame of Tischendorf will only tend to make a bad text proceeding from his hands all the more dangerous; especially in England, where we have somehow imbibed the foolish notion that German scholarship, just because it is German, must needs be the very perfection of all that is accurate and consistent, sagacious and profound. For our part, we must profess to look forward with much interest and some curiosity to the long-promised New Testament of Messrs. Westcott and Hort, which we have reason to think is now far advanced through the press. We shall probably find ourselves unable to assent to some of their conclusions; in fact, complete unanimity is hardly to be looked for where the results obtained are derived from the discussion of so many conflicting details; but the deliberate judgment of two such men on an important matter, which has long engaged their earnest attention, will assuredly command a deference and respect to which this last attempt of Tischendorf (we say it with sorrow) can have no rightful claim.

of Lachmann separately in 25, of Tregelles alone in 40, *always* on the evidence of Cod. N, which copy singularly confirms some of the peculiar readings of his own previous editions: *cf.* Matt. xxi. 33, *ἐξέρω*; xxv. 16, *ἀφύσσω*; xxvi. 28, *καὶ οὕτως* omitted (N, B, L, Z, 33, 102 [*i.e.* B], Sahid., Cyril).

ART. VII.—*The Life of Father Ignatius* (the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer). By the Rev. FATHER PIUS, a Sp. Sancto Passionist. Dublin: Duffy. 1866.

IN times of mental activity we are led, whether we will or no, into speculations on the place and weight of conscience in things spiritual. All parties agree in a certain formula, giving supremacy to this power as Heaven's vicegerent. Dr. Newman is as ready as the most thorough-going stickler for private judgment to assert, that 'the claims of conscience are paramount,' but agreement of this general sort helps us very little to a solution of our difficulty. We still ask ourselves how is it that conscience in morals brings about a general consent and unity of opinion, and conscience in religion such extremes of divergence. They are treated as the same power acting in different fields,—can they be actually and practically the same? is the compulsion they exercise of the same nature? If such books as the one before us provoke anew these trite and timeworn reflections,—and every religious school has its biographies which do arouse them,—they must somewhere suggest the answer. No honest man ever changed his religion that he did not believe himself impelled to the step by conscience. But does the observer in such cases see with clearer vision than the actor? Is it conscience, or some more energising impulse acting for it and assuming its image, which rules certain natures with such indomitable force? There certainly does seem in some men a habit of looking out and watching for a peculiar guidance, whose work is to be ever suggesting something new, and making fresh demands; which might easily clash with that patient listening for and consulting the inner voice which we naturally understand by conscientiousness. What claims to be the spiritual conscience strikes one surely as vastly more sprightly and suggestive in its temper than the moral conscience; and its tones those rather of command than of warning. There is something in the mere idiom of the two, that tells something—the 'Thou shalt not' of the one, contrasting with the perpetual 'Thou *shalt*' of the other. We think of the one as a judge holding its seat within us; of the other as a prompter at our elbow, always on the side of movement and change; from mere impetus occasionally carrying it over its rival if we may so express it: the so-called spiritual conscience in full flow of self-assertion and implicit trust in some newly accepted opinion, not seldom making havoc of minor morals. Perhaps those most deeply influenced by this spiritual conscience will be ready to

adopt the distinction that it is a *call*—whereas we name the other a whisper—a summons which leaves no choice but to obey, and over-ruling all other respects. We only submit that those who are always watching for this call, however obedient they are to the summons when they believe themselves to hear it, are not the especial votaries of conscience. They are under another and, as they believe, higher rule; their minds in a different frame. It is, indeed, often loosely taken for granted that no one will make great sacrifices except for conscience sake, and therefore that those most defer to conscience whose sacrifices of this world's good things and the gifts of Providence are the greatest; but that this argument will not hold, we have only to consider that many terrible and lifelong, and yet deliberate sacrifices certainly are made and maintained in actual defiance of conscience under the simple direction of temper, pride, and self-will.

To pursue the subject. It seems to us that the popular saint of every denomination is less conspicuously directed by conscience than by this external director, prompting to new, difficult, supererogatory action. For one thing its results are more picturesque and telling. A man may do his duty for a long time together, and present no striking effects. A saint is not a saint with men in general, unless there is some virtue run into excess; some touch of the extreme, the transcendental, the picturesque, or it may be the grotesque; something that shows the strong workings of will, and devotion to a fixed idea. Now conscience, strictly and properly so called, we may say *never* of itself suggests courses of this nature. The steady conscientious man must lay his account to look humdrum by the side of these romantic personages. A man is not a saint with the multitude if his line of action, his tone of thought, or his virtues, can be understood. They are willing to allow the elect and pre-eminently holy of mankind every distinction but the practical one of weight. But why do we say the 'multitude?' Has not Dr. Newman just now distinctly pronounced the saints as such—not men to be imitated, only to be admired? 'It never surprises me,' he writes, 'to read anything unusual in the devotions of a saint. Such men are on a level very different from our own, and we cannot understand them. . . . I am speaking generally of all Saints, whether I knew them or not; and I say they are beyond us, and that we must use them as patterns, not as copies.' The last distinction strikes us as more neat than intelligible; but if it be so, if we are not to take the saints as copies—that is, if we are not to imitate them—it is because these men chose for themselves a rule which necessarily prescribes extremes. Surely the man, though he be canonized for it, who gives

himself up to extremes, defies prudence and the precautions of reason, and disregards, it may be, some whispers of conscience in an eager pursuit of some extraordinary higher motive of action, if he be not a useful copy, neither can he be a pattern in any practical sense. We cannot take in the distinction. Now every one who uniformly takes his conscience for his guide, is an intelligible example; we may make him our pattern, we may copy him in all matters in which we can establish any parallel between his case and ours. S. Paul, as being conscientious in the received meaning of the word, offers himself as an example to small and lowly as well as great. He knows nothing in himself why, where he does well, others should not follow in his steps; he tells them to do so. We dare here but hint at the great Exemplar, who came to be an ensample for us all.

Into whatever denomination the Hon. George Spencer had settled, it is beyond a doubt that he would have been declared one of its saints; and it does sometimes seem a chance where he would settle. The only thing clear is that our own Church was not a congenial home for his very eccentric energies. His whole soul revolted from moderation, from balance of any kind. And it is this characteristic, rather than certain really noble qualities, which gained him his reputation for sanctity amongst his admirers, reverers, and associates:—we may as well add *himself* also. For his immense vivacity of nature, his ceaseless activity, his readiness to give up those pleasures and alleviations so indispensable to most men, and his freedom both from sensitiveness and *thought* as such, all conducted to establish in him an abiding self complacency; which indeed irritates nobody, which we acquiesce in as an equivalent for the bodily ease and comforts of which he divested himself, but which shows itself—as do all his other qualities—with a very bold distinctness, apt to condense itself into sayings. It was something for a man in these days of curious and often morbid introspection, to announce to his fellow Passionists, ‘I don’t intend to go to Purgatory, and if I do I must know what for!’ It was possible for him in this nineteenth century to pursue his argument—to the awe and self-reproach of his brethren, who lamented so many imperfections that it seemed presumptuous to attempt to escape ‘scot free,’ ‘Well, nothing can send us to purgatory but a wilful, venial sin; and a religious man ought to die before being guilty of the least wilful fault.’

We seem as we read this and a great deal more to understand something of mediæval saints, with every moment of their life marked out by rule; and *thought*, as opposed to prescribed meditation, treated as idleness or worse. But we in our Church must occasionally pause, weigh, and reflect; set argument against argument, and balance text with text. We

may not rush headlong in any direction. Something always pulls us up. We are required perpetually to use our judgment, to consult our conscience, to admit difficulties, to own shortcomings. Nobody can safely relieve us from the task of *thought*. And all this intellectual work is equally opposed to a man's feeling himself a saint, and others thinking him such. No one can follow out a train of ideas or indulge the soul in restless inquiries without stirring up opposition in others, and being sensible in himself of conflicts, vacillations, and error. The popular exponent of sanctity we see must in a manner be superficial, leaving the heavy burden of thinking, owning two sides to a question, and seeing difficulties, to others: acting out his own view with a certain thoroughgoing extravagance which no profound thinker can carry through honestly and maintaining his self-respect. To Father Ignatius suspense and uncertainty were simply abhorrent. He really did not mind to what renunciations certainty led him, and indeed he regarded ordinary self interest as naturally leagued with the side of wrong, but the presence of a doubt must be exorcised at all cost, and every principle once embraced pursued, helter-skelter as it were, to its extreme—as though it was the only truth his mind could embrace. Thus his principle of resignation led him to 'thank God' not only for trials, but for his own gross imprudences and the mischief others incurred by them; and his acceptance of the dogmas of the Church of Rome into an adoption by choice of those practices most opposed to his previous teaching and convictions. He slips with a facility perfectly amazing, and yet with every appearance of sincerity, into a system of *accounts* with Heaven—so much self-denial, so much merit—while his ardent zeal in procuring the prayers of the whole world for his country assumes just the same air of a transaction. He could not accept the Church of Rome's language towards the Blessed Virgin without first forcing it to its logical extreme, then utilizing it, and putting it, as it seems to us, to the most prosaic practice. England was to be converted through a system of 'Hail Marys;' the lukewarm saying it once a day, the zealous three times, till he won for those who carried out his programme most strictly, especial Indulgences from the Pope, and so seemed to turn the tables on the less ardent. This elaborated scheme he carried out with such an entire reliance on the machinery of his adopted Church that we believe he felt more outwitted than scandalized by the old Irishwoman, who accosting him with 'Father, I say 'the three Hail Marys every day for England,' was eagerly entreated by him to use her influence with her neighbours to do the same, and got for his answer, 'Me get people to pray for 'England! I pray myself three times for the sake of the

'Indulgence, but I curse them three hundred times a day for it, lest they might get any good of my prayers.' He was in fact intensely practical. What some people are in things material, he was in matters of faith. What was the use of an article of belief or a pious opinion, if you could not do something with it and work it to the utmost limit it could be made to go? In the same sense he was ambitious. Having, at the age of twenty-eight, while Rector of Brington, made the prayer, 'That I may be led to suffer and to do many and great things for His sake,' he was ready to quarrel with our Church for no other reason than that she did not offer room—none that is that would appear such to his temper—for these aspirations, and was at once open to the advances of any communion which should propose to him a wider field for picturesque self-sacrifice. None, however, could have fallen in so entirely with his nature as that which on the first hint recommended itself to him. The Church of Rome certainly allowed him a larger scope than he would have found elsewhere; and eccentricities which would have embarrassed any sect, and been regarded as excesses needing check and discouragement, procured him in the home of his adoption such a reputation for sanctity that his biographer has clearly hopes of his ultimate canonization: an anticipation which would in no degree have surprised Father Ignatius himself; not from any deep seated pride, far from it, but simply that he would not have been able to see what more he could have done to deserve it. Even on earth he had thought it a very natural thing that his touch should heal; and the hint that 'miracles are recorded to have been performed by his relics,' would have taken him as little by surprise as the most ardent of his admirers. He had indeed a very distinct idea of what humility was. It consisted in such acts as 'praying that he might break down in his sermons,' in scrubbing down the stairs of his convent at the bidding of his superiors, in walking about barefooted in the habit of his order, in enduring the comments of all the little boys, in begging from door to door, and in travelling third-class. We are not disparaging these instances, but as tests they argue a mind not much given to self study, or to theorise on the subtle perversities and contradictions of human nature.

This book does not set forth the Hon. George Spencer as a man of intellect, nor does he ever show himself in this light: probably no memoir can on this point do him full justice. He was one of the men who are intellectually their best in conversation: that is as long as they can keep clear of hobbies. But he had—what is more than intellect—an extraordinary life and vivacity of nature; that quality which enables a man to make the most of every other capacity, and which, moreover, when joined to an amiable temper makes him loveable. There is no

indication of our hero having any enemies. He excited no bitterness, and even when he became so great a bore (which he evidently did) that men avoided close quarters, they loved him at a distance, and could honestly, when he was gone, speak in terms of heartfelt eulogy. He was a man, too, in one sense, of independence of mind: he was not one of a crowd of converts: he was never cowed by another mind; in fact, intellect, as such, had not the smallest weight with him. When he thought he had a work to do, others could no more divert his will than they could the instinct of beast or bird. Indeed, the attempts to do so from highest quarters remind one of interposing a foot in the course of some busy insect;—it neither stops nor turns back, and only recognises the hindrance by running round it at advanced speed. Energy then, life devoted to a cause, constitute him a legitimate subject for biography, though whether English Roman Catholics as a body would care for its wide dissemination amongst Protestants, is another question. Some of them, we suspect, will wince at parts; for the biographer is as averse to compromise as his subject, and there are passages which placed side by side with others from Dr. Newman's last letter to Dr. Pusey, throw a peculiar light on the boasted unity of the Church of Rome. Take for example the following charge of *meanness*:—

'Another peculiar characteristic of his spirit was his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He set more value on a Hail Mary than any conceivable form of prayer. He went so far in this, that he had to be reasoned out of its excess afterwards by one of his companions. He did everything by Hail Marys; he would convert England by Hail Marys; and in the year 1850 he obtained a plenary indulgence for the three Hail Marys for the conversion of England. When any one asked him to pray for them, he promised a Hail Mary. This was very praiseworthy in him, as we know how hard it is even for some to go heart and soul into the Catholic instinct of devotion to the Mother of God. They must have their qualifications, and their terms, and their conditions, as if, forsooth she ought to be obliged to them for acknowledging her privileges at all. The worst of it is, that Catholics often tone down their books of devotion and expressions to suit the morbid tastes of ultra-Protestants, or the fastidiousness of some whitewashed Puseyite. It may be thought prudent to do so; but it is disgraceful, mean, and dishonourable, to say the least of it.'—P. 384.

To dismiss Mr. Spencer's biographer, Father Pius, at once, we may say that his book is a vehement and petulant attack on the Church of England, and that the writer seems, to be either very ill-informed, or very unscrupulous.

George, youngest son of Earl Spencer, was born the 21st of December, 1799; his years, therefore, counted with the years of the present century. It is worthy of mention that in his autobiography he declares himself to have had no idea of an Almighty Being, or the least apprehension of the existence of anything beyond the sensible world around him till his six-year old birthday. Then his sister's Swiss governess, with tender

seriousness, accompanied with gracious expressions, 'enforced ideas of a Creator, and of duty towards Him which no subsequent errors and wanderings ever obliterated.' He suggests that the ignorance in which he had hitherto been kept might be on principle: certainly nothing like neglect can be charged on his parents. Indeed one of the most interesting and valuable points in this book is the picture and pattern it incidentally offers of an English nobleman in every relation of life. Lord and Lady Spencer, as parents and heads of a family and household, are really models; and when trouble came in the form of this youngest, cherished son's change of religion, and all the harassing doubts and personal singularities by which it was heralded, their patience and tenderness, and the efforts made to keep him in what they believed the path of duty and truth, are really touching. And when the step they dreaded was once taken, the whole family are no less remarkable for kindly feeling and good sense, and may afford a lesson to the members of many a dislocated home circle of less exalted rank, who find their peace and domestic unity broken up; and in the desolation that ensues allow the breach to widen, which prudence and temper might at least have bridged over to the benefit of all parties.

This account of his childhood continues:—

"The 18th of May 1808, was the important day when first I left my father's house. With a noble equipage, my father and mother took my brother Frederick and me to the house of the Rev. Richard Godley, whom they had chosen to be our private tutor at Eton. He lived with his family, at a place called the Wharf, about half a mile from the college buildings, which we had to go to for school and chapel across the playing-fields. Oh! how interesting are my recollections whilst I recall the joys and sorrows of Eton days; but I must not expatiate on them, as my own feelings would lead me to do with pleasure. What I have to do now is to record how the circumstances in which I was then placed have contributed to influence my religious principles, and formed some links in the chain of events by which I have arrived at my present state, so different from all that might then have been anticipated. Mr. Godley I consider to have been, what I believe my parents likewise regarded him, a strictly conscientious and deeply religious man; and I must always account it one of the greatest blessings for which, under God, I am indebted to their wisdom and affection, that I was placed in such hands at so critical a time. I do not intend, in all points, to declare my approbation of the system which he pursued with us: but how can I be too grateful for having been under the strict vigilance of one who did, I am convinced, reckon the preservation of my innocence, and the salvation of my soul, his chief concern with me? I remained with Mr. Godley till the Midsummer holidays of 1812. My brother left Eton and went to sea in the year 1811."—P. 6.

He speaks with warm gratitude of the care taken by Mr. Godley that his youthful charges should not be contaminated by free intercourse with the other boys, alluding darkly to the frightful state of morals which at this time prevailed at Eton. The restraint and seclusion in which he was kept was sometimes

irksome, and it was not till his last year with this tutor 'he learnt decidedly to love religion.' His tutor gave him pious books to read, amongst which 'Alleine's Alarm' took great effect on him; and in the holidays he 'found no delight like that of being by himself in prayer.' Something in his state at this age probably decided his parents to remove him to another tutor, where he could be more under what is understood by the influence of a public school. He describes the change as very terrible. He speaks of his want of moral courage contending with the fears of his conscience. For the two years that he remained at Eton, he never said his prayers, and was never happy for long together under the omission. He found no pleasure in the manly games and sports of the place:—

"It is not that I was without some natural talent for such things. I have since had my time of most ardent attachment to cricket, to tennis, shooting, hunting, and all active exercises: but my spirit was bent down at Eton; and among the boys who led the way in all manly pursuits, I was always shy and miserable, which was partly a cause and partly an effect of my being looked down upon by them. My pleasure there was in being with a few boys, like myself, without spirit for these things, retired apart from the sight of others, amusing ourselves with making arbours, catching little fishes in the streams; and many were the hours I wasted in such childish things when I was grown far too old for them."—P. 16.

The main reason for this isolation he was not himself aware of. It was his nature to start things, not to follow any one's lead. He never in any part of his life could act with others on terms of an exact equality, and subject to the rules of rank and file. However, cricket is not the most marked illustration of this, though it gives occasion for a confession much to our point in his history of his first year at Cambridge, and mode of spending the Long Vacation:—

"The occupation of my mind on this subject (cricket) was enough to drive away my ardent attention to religion as well as to study. I may say in favour of this passion for cricket, that it was one of the pursuits which I took to at the recommendation of my mother. I remember generally that when anything in the way of amusement or serious occupation was suggested to me by her, or anything else but my own fancy, nothing more was required to make me have a distaste for it. Otherwise, how many useful accomplishments might I have gained which would now have been available to the great objects I have before me. My dear mother wished me to learn fencing when I was at Eton, and a good deal of time I spent, and a good deal of money must have been paid by my father to Mr. Angelo, the fencing-master who came to Eton. It might have been better for me to have gained perfection in this exercise, by which it is related that St. Francis of Sales acquired in part that elegance of manner and nobleness of carriage through which he gained so many souls to Christ. While other boys made fencing their amusement, I always would have it as a task, and of course gained nothing by it. At a later period, when we were at Naples, and I had a weakness in my eyes which made such an employment suitable, my mother would have had me learn music. She gave me a guitar, and would have paid for my lessons; but I could not take to it, and have thus lost the advantage which, since I have become a Catholic, I should have so much valued of understanding the science of music, seeing that the trifling

knowledge I do possess is of so much use. There is the apology, then, for my cricket mania; that she proposed my taking to it in the summer I speak of. I was surprised to find myself willing to acquiesce in the suggestion. What I did take to I generally followed excessively, and she did not calculate on the violence with which I followed up this."—Pp. 32, 33.

At fifteen he was removed from Eton, and placed under the tuition of Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Blomfield, to whom Earl Spencer had recently presented the living of Dunton; having been led to do so before any personal knowledge, from the high character he heard of him at Cambridge. Of his state of heart on leaving school he writes:—

"Simplicity and purity of mind, alas! are not regained with the readiness with which they are lost: the falling into bad company and consenting to it will utterly ruin all innocence. The removal of occasions may prevent the growth of evil habits and the farther increase of corruption; but this alone will not restore that blessed ignorance of evil which was no longer mine. My residence with Blomfield was, however, the means to me of great good. Here I was confirmed in that love for study and knowledge of which I have already noticed the commencement."—P. 19.

His testimony to Dr. Blomfield's care is what we should expect. Without having religion put before him with the effusion of Mr. Godley, 'a prominent part of instruction was in matters of religion.' Daily prayers were read, the services of the Church were performed with zeal and regularity, and he and his fellow pupil felt that no word of immorality would have been tolerated. At sixteen he was confirmed by Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London, having prepared himself seriously for the ordinance by going through a course of self-examination before receiving the Holy Communion. In the spring of 1817 he is entered Fellow-commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he begins by reading hard, on an average seven hours a day, and though he confesses to have discontinued private prayer, yet—

"I had a sort of principle which guarded me from joining in the profane contempt of God's worship which prevails generally in the College chapels at Cambridge, and for a long time from consenting to the practice of open immoralities, or even pretending to approve them, though almost all the young men whom I knew at Cambridge either notoriously followed or at least sanctioned them."—P. 24.

He began at this time to keep a journal, in which he writes down in boyish fashion his thoughts on people and on himself. This was to him a very natural occupation, and his personal recollections, both written and spoken, formed a very marked part of himself. Thus he subsequently writes at great length the history of a scrape which very much marred the happiness of his Cambridge life, and haunted him for two years. The scene (which it amused the old Passionist to recall) was a race ball at Northampton, and he a youth of seventeen passionately devoted

to dancing; 'and fancying myself' he says, 'a sort of leader of the gaiety in a set which seemed the most fashionable and smart of the evening, I must needs be making up parties for select dances.' This led him unknowingly to exclude a young lady of good family from a quadrille he was organizing for his own clique. The next day her brother, who was an ally at cricket, cut him, and wrote a letter telling him his offence, ending with the words, never forgotten, 'If I did not look upon you as a mere boy, I should call you in a more serious manner to account for your rudeness,' and telling him where he might be found the following day. This letter, without much thought, he showed to his father, who inquiring into the affair, bade him write an apology, and take no notice of the concluding threat. This he did, but then a most agonizing dilemma set in:—

"Neither of which I could endure. On the one hand, I could not bear to look on death, and standing to be shot at was what nothing but a fit of desperation could bring me to. On the other, that awful tyrant, the world, now, as it were, put forth his hand and claimed me for his own. To lose my character for courage, and be branded as a coward, was what I could not anyways endure."—P. 25.

Probably, as a young man, he was one of the class whose manner is much more manly than their mind. There is an amusing boyishness in all the extracts from his journal. How he and his friend made themselves great bucks, 'and sometimes greater bucks than usual;' also his records of balls and young ladies, towards whom his tone is never romantic. In the midst of all this, his reading, which had started so vigorously, made little way. In his first year he had been second in the College examination, Ollivant (Bishop of Llandaff) being only eight marks above him, and on the stimulus of this success he had designed to go in for University honours; on his mother's suggestion he even dreamt of a fellowship. But the society into which a young nobleman too easily falls, and the temptation of an honorary degree, quenched these aspirations. Without falling into the sins of his set he feels himself to have retrograded in spiritual things, and is glad to leave Cambridge and travel with his parents. In his journal here we find words which became his especial watchword, 'I have only to *thank God* that there is no more reason to regret.' These are italicized by his biographer as the commencement of that habit of resignation which was esteemed his conspicuous virtue.

The contrast in state and circumstances of his first visit to the Continent and his many subsequent foreign expeditions is naturally dwelt upon. 'First went my father and mother in their carriage, with four horses. Second, Dr. Wilson and I in a hired *caleche*, with two horses. Third, Drewe and the maids in

'one with three horses; and last the *fourgon*, with three:' and an equal contrast is marked in the spirit in which he first viewed mass performed, the order of Church ceremonies, and 'other mummeries.' Without indeed having ever been *taught* a strong line against the Church of Rome, or having heard much on the subject, his feelings at this time adopted the ordinary tone towards it. In Sicily, for example, he writes, 'This religion is most extraordinary. It strikes me as impious, but I suppose it takes possession of the common people sooner than a sensible one.' Whether it be cause or effect, all people who write journals which enter at all into the inner life, are in the habit of expressing disappointment and describing certain habitual depression. We find this youth wondering he is not happier with so much to make him happy, and owing to a—

"Morbid constitution which makes me raise phantoms of unhappiness where there is none, and clouds the fairest scenes with a veil of melancholy. This must be conquered, somehow or other, or I shall be a creature useless to others and tormenting to myself."—P. 61.

One obvious mode of accounting for this state of spirits was the conflict of conscience with the tone of society into which he was thrown, the false shame which haunted him, and the impossibility he confesses in declaring the repugnance to language and modes of life which he could not help feeling almost in spite of himself:—

"While with my parents, I have before said, I was under good surveillance, and could not think of being detected by them in any evil. How shall I ever be thankful enough for all this! My father's character was such that though many who were often in his company were men whom I have known, when out of it, to delight in most abominable things, I knew of none who ever dared in his sight to do more than covertly allude to them. I was therefore happy in this respect whenever he was near; but, when once more left to myself, I again returned to those fearful deliberations of which I have before spoken—of, as it were, selling myself, for a time at least, to work wickedness without restraint. It may be well conceived how miserably fallen and corrupt must have been my heart when such purposes were entertained within it; and if, partly through some remains of the holy impressions of my childhood, which still operated on my poor degraded heart as a kind of habit not yet quite worn off; partly by a sense of the shame and misery I should have before my family and some more whom I knew in the world, who would be themselves most afflicted if they heard of my fall from the good dispositions which they had known in me; partly from a fear of ridicule, even from the profligate, if, after all, I was to fall; partly by the wonderful providence of God, which (I acknowledge) most wisely and most tenderly, yet strongly interposed at times to baffle the madness of my designs when about to be accomplished—if, I say, thus I have been in a degree preserved, God knows I have no credit due to me; God knows that from my heart I take only shame and confusion of face to myself in the remembrance of my very preservation."—P. 68.

As a relief from this war of good and evil, he began to look forward to his ordination as a state 'in which the world would not expect him to join in its fashionable vices.' In the mean-

while his outward conduct had been such as to give his parents entire satisfaction. Thus his father writes just before his return from abroad (he had extended his own tour with a friend):—

“As to your conduct, my dear George, I need not tell you how important it is for your future happiness and character that you should keep yourself from all evil; especially considering the sacred profession for which you are intended. But, on this subject, I have no wish concerning you but to hear that you continue to be what you have hitherto been.” “Ah!” thought I to myself, “how horrible is the difference between what I am and what this sentence represents me.”—P. 78.

It is a very characteristic trait of this man, always influenced by unlikely means,—and is suggestive too of what may have been the simple-minded Mozart’s honest anticipation of the effect of his awful music in the scene of the profligate’s doom,—that the most remarkable impression of religion Spencer remembered at this period was felt in seeing the opera of ‘Don Giovanni’ at Paris:—

“I was likely to be fixed at home till the time of my ordination, and should assume something of the character of a candidate for holy orders. In short, I felt as if it was almost my last occasion, and I was entertaining, alas! some wicked devices in my mind when I went to this most dangerous and fascinating opera, which is in itself, by the subjects it represents, one of the most calculated to beguile a weak soul to its destruction. But the last scene of it represents Don Giovanni, the hero of the piece, seized in the midst of his licentious career by a troop of devils, and hurried down to hell. As I saw this scene, I was terrified at my own state. I knew that God, who knew what was within me, must look on me as one in the same class with such as Don Giovanni, and for once this holy fear of God’s judgment saved me: and this holy warning I was to find in an opera-house at Paris.”—P. 90.

From twenty-one to his ordination he lives at home and among his relatives. With the preparation of a young nobleman at this period for the life that lay before him, the biographer naturally makes merry. But his amusements were at least harmless, and he contrives to save out of his allowance the sum his brother had lent him to pay college debts, which Lord Althorp very handsomely refused to receive. Sermons begin to weigh on his mind, and he tries to write one, and goes to hear crack preachers; he hires a ‘dirty Jew master,’ with the design to learn Hebrew; he goes to dine with his old tutor, now rector of Bishopsgate (misnamed here Whitechapel), and meets various ‘High Church’ clergymen. Many little home incidents come out, all investing the family circle with the charm of domesticity and dignified respectability and worth,—Whether it is Lord Althorp or Lord Lyttelton reading a sermon from English or French divines to the assembled guests, not only on Sundays, but week days,—and thus doing their part to hinder gaiety degenerating into dissipation;—or the pleasant picture of the Countess and her maids furbishing up the Earl’s state-robcs for the coro-

nation of William the Fourth, and making him try them on before a room full of ladies and gentlemen.

The circumstances of his ordination, on which he subsequently dwelt as an argument against our system, are certainly discreditable, so far as the examining chaplain for the Bishop of Peterborough excusing him from any but a nominal examination with the complimentary phrase :—

“As far as I am concerned, in my character of examiner, it is impossible that I could ever entertain any idea of subjecting a gentleman with whose talents and good qualities I am so well acquainted as I am with yours, to any examination except one as a matter of form, for which a verse in the Greek Testament, and an Article of the Church of England returned into Latin, will be amply sufficient.”—P. 99.

Nor was the ceremony itself led up to, either on his own part or his entertainers, with the solemnity which befits such an occasion. He is ordained some days before attaining his twenty-third year, and his comment in his journal on this day is the somewhat unintelligible as well as irrelevant one, ‘I am twenty-two years old, and not yet engaged to be married.’ It was scarcely in his nature to be impressed by what was expected to impress him; but the singular coldness of his feelings on the day of his ordination is hardly reconcileable with the fact that he looked his new position in the face from the outset. He was ordained to the curacy of Little Brington, in Northamptonshire, and lived at Althorp. His cure consisted of three or four hamlets, containing in all eight hundred souls, and of these he had the sole charge. On the 1st of January, ten days after ordination, he set vigorously to work, and visited the people from breakfast to six in the evening. After the first few days he got interested in the work, and writes in his journal in the usually boyish fashion :—

“Feb. 10. Went to Little Brington, where I paid twenty visits among the poor. Feb. 11. Visited fifteen or twenty houses; this work is very amusing to me now. I hope I shall never get tired of it, or be disgusted by bad success to my lectures.”—P. 107.

Difficulties of course spring up: the Dissenters do not like his lectures; he finds the Sacraments neglected, and enforces baptism, and within the first fortnight baptizes the blacksmith's nine children. The system which his biographer attributes to this special period was, in fact, the rule of his whole life. ‘Something positive he must mark out as a duty to his flock, and then exhort them to it.’ General exhortations were not so much in his plan. His efforts to bring the people to the Holy Communion were indefatigable: he gets a neighbouring clergyman to administer it to the sick, and on the first Easter Sunday of his ministry records 130 communicants. He makes

acquaintance with the clergy about, invites them to Althorp for clerical discussion, writes a sermon every week, catechises the children, visits the schools, and in the course of three or four months seems to have so far run through and exhausted this line of orthodox activity, that when he visits Dr. Blomfield in London, his old tutor finds him given to extempore prayer, and inclining to 'evangelical, if not methodistic spirituality.' If Dr. Blomfield, as is assumed, proposed family reasons as arguments against his going too far, he knew little of his man. It is instantly entered in the journal:—

"I want some setting to rights in point of orthodoxy I find. I only hope that my decision in regard to my conduct may not be influenced by ambition or worldliness on the one hand, nor by spiritual pride on the other."—P. 110.

In this state of feeling he goes to the theatre. In some part of the performances 'a parson' is held up to ridicule. Some thoughtless acquaintance looked towards him; he is vexed and disgusted, vows never to enter a theatre again, and keeps his vow. The next point he takes up is the union of all sects in his parish, which again is in strict analogy with his ultimate efforts, or rather schemes, for the conversion of England. The desire for unity may, of course, be of two sorts. Its basis may be either the necessity that we should agree with all Christendom, or that all Christendom should agree with us. Holding a theory himself, it was necessary to Mr. Spencer in a modified degree, and to Father Ignatius in a supreme degree, that everybody he came near should be of his mind. He had always some reason or excuse for the indulgence of this disposition. Wherever he went he had some peculiar personal interest to draw men to.

A short-lived deference for his old tutor produced some contradictions. He seems, by what we can gather, for a time to have practised 'High Churchism,' with sectarian instruments. Thus we find him praying extempore alternately with an old Methodist woman; but he probably passed his diaconate in a course of such rapid transitions, that the posture of his mind one week would be no guide to that before and after. He felt himself at this time emphatically an inquirer; and an earl's son, with engaging manners, and, as we are given to understand, fine person and address, who showed himself earnest and zealous in the spiritual course in which he had just entered, would find no lack of advisers. However, he really pursued his own course, and his eagerness in reconciling all sects with one communion, soon led him to find difficulties in the opening clauses of the Athanasian Creed, difficulties which, as an abstract question, would never have entered his thoughts.

For a year or two these scruples lay in a manner dormant, while his mind was occupied in testing different schools, and also putting them into practice. He tried asceticism, fasted, and gave away all his money to the poor. He is ordained priest in 1824, feeling the solemnity and the responsibility of the occasion more deeply than the year before. About this time Dr. Blomfield was made Bishop of Chester, and in congratulating his old pupil on his ordination, he offered to make him his chaplain; an office gladly accepted. At this stage the incumbent of Brington resigns, and Lord Spencer gives the living to his son. 'George is transported with delight at the news, and begins to build a new rectory. He takes a curate, but not to give himself more leisure. His lectures grow into sermons; he gives nine week-day services; 'beats up for an attendance on Ash Wednesday,' and gives up secular amusements once for all. The next thing we read is that he is converted, not by a divine of any school, but by an instrument much more congenial to a mind not naturally teachable—an old woman:—

'This good woman proved to be a great trouble to him afterwards; she would harangue him once a week, on his unconverted state, even after the assurance. Her letters came regularly, four large pages, badly and closely written; and when she had done canting on spirituality, she would fill up what remained with the scandals of the unconverted among whom she lived, and complaints at the cold treatment she received from many. She became a kind of apostle among the Dissenters, and it was only when she had been living on Mr. Spencer's charity for a few years that he discovered where the strength of her spirit lay.'—Pp. 127, 128.

He at once adopts the language of his new school and its usual tone. On this point he evidently enjoyed, later in life, to enlarge, and it must be from his own lips that the biographer learnt—

'Mr Spencer's own ways of acting will be a fair sample of this kind of thing. During his visit to Chester in 1825, he lectures the Bishop on several different occasions, and considers himself quite qualified to do so by virtue of the new spirit he has imbibed. One of the conversations he describes thus:—"After dinner we had an animated discussion, in which I took a lead against the field almost. Before going to bed, I had half an hour's private conversation with the Bishop, most interesting on his account. I humbly thank God who has heard my prayers, and made me a lowly instrument in His hands for the good of this already admirable man."'

And again:—

'Mr. Spencer was so taken with his new birth that he tried to have all his friends and acquaintances born again after his own fashion. He made no secret, therefore, of his religious leaning; by letter and word of mouth he tried to bring all to his side.'—P. 134.

Many extracts from correspondents are given—one from "a

bishop," obviously Blomfield, who takes occasion to reprove his spirit:—

"Amidst a great deal that is excellent and of right spirit in your observations, there is a presumption and self-confident tone, which is altogether new in *you*, and in my opinion not very consistent with real humility. In fact, I almost wonder that this symptom, if you have ever recalled to mind your conversations, or read over your letters when written, has not made you doubt the reality of what you call your conversion."—P. 136.

Lady Spencer, evidently disconcerted at the way things were going, and having great faith in good advice, takes him up to London to see Dr. Blomfield, and he records an interview. 'His obedience to directors of all kinds was remarkable,' says his biographer, adding however the qualifying statement, 'that the results were invariably contrary to their expectation. Thus he reads the books given him, but marks a great many passages which are 'decidedly wrong,' and the result is, his writing to Dr. Blomfield 'the "remarkable letter,"' which scarcely left his Lordship a hope of salvation, if he did not at once get assured of 'his election.'

But still the Bishop trusts to his own influence, and he asks him to preach at St. Botolph's Bishopsgate:—

'His (Mr. Spencer's) own commentaries on it are thus: "I had the wonderful glory of preaching a full and free Gospel discourse in the afternoon to a London congregation, and God gave me perfect composure and boldness; and although he liked not the doctrine, the Bishop was perfectly kind to me afterwards." The Rev. Mr. Harvey, Rector of Hornsey, says, in a letter he had the kindness to write to one of our fathers: "My first acquaintance with Mr. Spencer was about 1824 or 1825, when I was curate of St. Botolph's Bishopsgate, of which Archdeacon Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, was rector. Mr. Spencer had been a pupil of the Bishop's, and was always regarded by him with great interest. He generally came to him to stay for a few days in the spring, and used then to come and see me, and accompany me in my pastoral visits. He was a person of a most tender and loving spirit, very distrustful of himself, and very anxious to arrive at truth. [On one occasion I remember his preaching on a Sunday afternoon at St. Botolph's, when Dr. Blomfield, then Bishop of Chester, read prayers. To the surprise of every one he took the opportunity of explaining his particular views of religion, which were then decidedly evangelical, intimating to the congregation that they were not accustomed generally to have the Gospel fully and faithfully preached. The Bishop of course was pained, but merely said, 'George, how could you preach such a sermon as that? In future I must look over your sermon before you go into the pulpit.'"]"—P. 144.

His family were not a little concerned at the course he was taking, and—to the great surprise of the biographer, who assumes that in his communion it is impossible for the lay members of a family to interfere with the clerical in matters spiritual—enter into discussion with him. However, the real remedy they propose, is matrimony. He has a new rectory; it is urged upon him to give it a mistress. He is not altogether loth. Every-

body seems to have known who, if he married at all, would be his choice : and the young people are brought together, and he preaches before her, and converses with her subsequently on the sermon, very much to his satisfaction. It seemed all but settled ; indeed, the lady's views on the subject were ascertained :—

‘ But this argument met the fate of all that had been spent on him for the last three years. It seemed all settled as far as he was concerned ; for there was no doubt on the other side. He got into his carriage to drive up to Althorp, and ask his father's consent. When near the door, he called to the driver to stop, and turn to the rectory. He had just formed the resolution *never to marry*. It was not that he did not like the intended partner, it was an affair of long standing ; but he remembered the words of S. Paul : “ He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord.”’—P. 152.

This affair was matter for talk in ‘recreation’ in his Passionist days. The novices, not disinclined for a bit of romance, amid the extraordinary puerilities which seem to constitute the amusement of the hour devoted to relaxation, ask him what became of the lady—his ‘flame,’ as he called her—he was so near marrying, and he replied she had long been the wife of an excellent man ; so that though she was victimized in this affair, she was eventually the gainer ; amongst other grounds, because George was an incorrigibly bad manager of his finances. Indeed, he had conscientious scruples against keeping any money by him. He constantly emptied his pockets, and gave his clothes to beggars by the wayside. They used to come for miles to his door, impostors amongst others, and for these he especially thanked God as a lesson in humility, and when there was no more to give, he complains of his straitened circumstances in his journal. On this point, however, his father was indulgent. ‘It was soon found that a very large income would not suffice for such liberality,’ so an arrangement was come to, and a liberal allowance made. He too retrenched in good earnest in his own expenses, left off wine and puddings, and reduced his quantity of clean linen. He was, in fact, much sincerer than most squanderers, though we cannot think squandering in any cause a feature of true saintship.

In the meanwhile, his efforts to bring the dissenting ministers of his neighbourhood to terms of agreement, renewed his quarrel with the opening clauses of the Athanasian Creed. The lavish temper which under all changes of circumstances expects to-morrow to be as to-day, at least removes one impediment to conscience, and he has not held his living three years before he resolves to resign it on this question. He takes his resolution in his usual hurry. After talking continuously with a friend for two days, he writes :—

"We talked on this and other topics until 11 or 12, when he went away. I went out in Great Brington till 2; dined, then ran to Althorp . . . came back, and wrote long letters to my father and the Bishop of Chester about my intended declaration, and probable resignation of my living. I here solemnly affirm that before last week I had no sort of idea of taking this step. I am now writing on Friday, fully determined upon it. The circumstances which led me to this decision are:—1st. My many conversations of late, and correspondence, with dissenting ministers, by whose words I have been led to doubt the perfectness of our Establishment. 2dly. My discussions and reflections about retrenchments, leading me to consider the probability of more preferment, and how I could accept. 3dly. The quantity of Church preferment which has been of late changing hands, by which I have been led to think how I should answer an offer myself. And, 4thly. My thoughts about signing Bailly's boy's testimonial, which has led me to reckon more highly on the value of my signature."—P. 155, 156.

His letter to Dr. Blomfield brings back an angry remonstrance, couched in terms highly characteristic of the sensible writer—

"The letter which I have just received from you astonishes and confounds me; not that I ought to be surprised at anything strange which you may do, after what I have lately witnessed and heard; but I must say, in plain terms, that your letter is the letter of an insane person. You profess to be willing to ask advice and hear reasoning, and yet you take the most decided steps to wound the feelings of your friends and injure the cause of the Church, without giving those whom you pretend to consult an opportunity of satisfying your doubts. You suffer your father to be with you two days without giving him a hint that you were meditating a step incomparably the most important of your life, and most involving his happiness; and then, in the midst of his security, write him a letter, not to tell him that you are doubtful on certain points and wish to be advised, but that your mind is made up and you are determined to act."—P. 156.

Lord Spencer has still faith in wise counsel, and calls in a fresh opinion. His letter is so touching in its anxiety and earnestness, that we will not curtail it:—

"Your mother writes me word that Mr. Allen, of Battersea, will come and dine with her to-morrow, and remain here nearly the whole week. I am very happy at this, because, if you are sincere (and I do not now mean to question your sincerity) in wishing for information, instruction, and advice, I know of no man—either high or low, clerical or secular—more able to afford them to you, more correct in his doctrines and character, or more affectionately disposed to be of all the service he can to every one connected with us, and to you in particular. But, my dear George, in order to enable yourself to derive all the benefit that may unquestionably be derived from serious and confidential communications on a most important subject, with such a man, you must be more explicit, more open, and more confidential with him than, I am grieved to think, you have yet been, either with your excellent friend the Bishop of Chester, or even with me, though I allow that in the conversations we have had together *in this visit* to you here, I saw rather more disposition to frankness on your part than I had before experienced.

"I should not thus argue with you, my dear George, if I did not from my heart, as God is my judge, firmly believe that your welfare, both temporal and eternal, as well as the health both of your body and mind, depended upon your taking every possible means to follow a better course of thinking, and of study, and of occupation, than you have hitherto done since you have entered the profession for which, as I fondly hoped, and you seemed fitted by inclination,

you would have been in due time, if well directed and well advised, formed to become as much an ornament to it as your brothers are, God Almighty be thanked for it, to those they have entered into.

"I still venture to hope, though not without trembling, but I do hope and will encourage myself in the humble hope which shall be daily expressed to the Almighty in my prayers, that I may be admitted, before I go hence, to witness better things of you; and I even extend my wish that when I return hither on Friday, I may have the satisfaction of learning that your interviews with Mr. Allen, who I have no doubt will be well prepared to hear and to discuss all you have to say, have had a salutary effect; and that our private domestic circle here may be relieved from the gloom which, for some time past, you must have perceived to overhang it when you made part of it, and afford us those blessings of home so comfortable and almost necessary to our advancing age. I write all this, because, perhaps if I had had the opportunity, my spirits, which are always very sensitive, might prevent me from speaking it. God bless you, my dear George.

"Your ever affectionate father,

"SPENCER."

—Pp. 158-160.

The conference with Mr. Allen—subsequently Bishop of Ely—only confirms his resolution, and he writes to Dr. Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough, to resign his living, or have his doubts settled. The Bishop returns a persuasive answer, and explains to him the difference between doubt and conviction. In the mean while family affairs turn away his attention for a short time from its exclusive bent. His brother Frederick distinguishes himself at the Battle of Navarino, and to the end of his life family feeling clung to him. He spends Christmas of 1827 at Althorp,—where, however, he records that his mother did not exchange a cordial sentence with him,—and consents to leave the resignation of his living a little longer in abeyance. Matrimony is again suggested to him, but he is not convinced, and holds to his former determination once more. We find him occupied as usual by money difficulties, which his father makes straight, placing him again in independence.

He begins now to tire a little of what he calls *cant*. As his biographer expresses it:—

'After this, his outlandish gospelling comments upon trifles and iotas begin to disappear. He becomes more rational, gets into the ways of the world, reads newspapers, and is a very sensible kind of man altogether. He notes in his Journal, here and there, that he carries his own bundle, and works a part of the day at manual labour in his garden. He also remarks that, the coldest day he ever remembered, he went out without gloves or great-coat, and was unable from numbness to write his sermon when he came home. He goes on the coach next day in the same trim, and says he wants "to give an example to the poor," and that "God preserved him from catching cold." Very likely he had given the great-coat to the same poor man the day before. After a few complaints of quarrels among the clergy, and the manner in which he has been treated by his family for the last three years on account of his religious scruples, he concludes the year 1828 with the following reflection:—"I now look back to this time a year ago, and observe what I felt and wrote then, that God only knows where I should be at present. Wondrously am I now placed still where I was

and in all respects more firmly settled. Yet only confirmed in my disagreement with the powers of the Church; but they have not been willing to attend to me, and so when my thoughts become known, they will be more sound and influential. What I now pray is, that I may be led to a state of heart above the world, and may live the rest of my time always longing for the presence of Christ, which I shall one day see. While I abide in the flesh, may it be to no purpose but the good of God's flock, and may I be led to suffer and to do many and great things for His sake."—P. 169.

Here he has almost consciously arrived at a new stage in his career, and is waiting to see what will happen. He begins a correspondence with Irving, and, struck by what he says of the second coming of Christ, 'begins to prepare himself for it;' but nothing further comes of this. At the end of 1829, we are told, he withdrew his name from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, an act which decided Bishop Blomfield to remove him from his chaplaincy, until his family made him apologise, and he was restored again to favour.

But throughout these two years of doubt another influence had been at work. The chapter which owns this is headed 'The Maid of Lille.' One evening in November, 1827, just before his scruples on the Athanasian Creed were at their height, he received a letter, purporting to be from a gentleman of Lille, who 'was grievously troubled about the arguments for Popery.' Ever anxious to counsel the doubtful, he despatched a long letter by that evening's post. Whether his proposed resignation of his preferment which followed this first letter had anything to do with it, is not known. He becomes at once interested in Roman Catholics; and, after another letter from Lille, happening to meet 'the celebrated Dr. Fletcher' at Lady Throckmorton's, he invites him to dinner at Brington. This took place March, 1828. As the letters from Lille came, confidence in his own line was shaken, till he wrote to his correspondent, owning—

"That a great change had been produced in myself. I no longer desired to persuade him to keep in the communion of the Protestant Church, but rather determined and promised to follow up the same inquiries with him, if he would make his name known to me, and only pause awhile before he joined the Catholics."—Pp. 175, 176.

After this proposal he hears no more till his conversion is effected, when he discovers that his correspondent has been a lady, just a little in advance of himself in conviction. While he cannot quite approve of the stratagem she employed, he applauds the motive which led one a stranger to his person to make such efforts for his benefit, and records that she died a year before his conversion, when about to take the veil. Whoever devised this method of getting at Mr. Spencer—and the biographer inclines with a chuckle to the notion that some Jesuit was at the lady's elbow, and supplied her with argument—he must have formed a

truer estimate of his character, and of the means likely to influence him, than his more intimate friends ever attained to. The mystery, the appearance of a call, would tell upon him more than any amount of logic or sound reason.

Other circumstances show the leaning that had gone along with his manifestations in another direction. He had heard of the conversion of Mr. Ambrose Lisle Philipps, then a youth of seventeen, and felt a great desire to meet him; as he puts it, 'that I might observe the mode of reasoning by which he had been persuaded into what I still thought so great an error.' They met the end of 1829, at the house of Mr. Foley, 'a Catholic missionary,' and the man of all but thirty could make no stand in controversy against the boy. He was charmed and impressed, and experienced much uneasiness from the disturbance of previous conviction, while his young friend showed a warm interest in his case, and recommended him to the prayers of some religious communities. Mr. Spencer was a man to be very much influenced by the knowledge that many people were praying for him, with a view to his taking a particular step. He would incline to expect their leaning and wishes to have weight independent of abstract tone and false opinion. The best of men are so fallible, that their sincerest prayers may be effectually answered only by a seeming reversal and contradiction of their intention; but a good many persons seem to give the will and opinion of the petitioner a wider scope, and of these we imagine him to have been one. In reply to an invitation to Garrendon, Mr. Spencer writes a letter, 'still extant, and lent by Mr. Philipps to the Passionists for this "Life."' In it Mr. Spencer owns himself to be in doubt, but the doubt gives him no uneasiness, as he puts himself for guidance 'into God's hands.' We see that his doubts are over, so far as that he knows the change to be near. 'You will find me,' he says, 'as open to instruction and conviction as you seemed to think me at Mr. Foley's;' and begs him 'to resolve to meet me, 'as I come to you determined that we will, with the blessing of 'God, come to one mind.' We may, and must ever, mistrust repeated anxious asseverations from persons in this state of mind of leaving themselves implicitly to Divine guidance. There are states of mind, whether connected with religion or concerns merely secular, where people affect to let themselves *drift*, and be guided by circumstances or fate; to renounce their own judgment in fact, and to give some other power the reins. But we constantly see that the will was never more really dominant than in this state. The will has deliberately steered the craft into the stream; and when the current is reached, and not till then, deserted the helm, and laid down the oars. When Mr. Spencer,

seeing Ambrose Phillipps's perfectly settled state of mind, asks him to agree in a resolution that the two shall not part till they have arrived at the same state of mind, he must, or at least *might* have known, as well as any bystander, what the end would be. But the mind has certain courtesies to observe towards itself—a kind of glamour or make-believe due to self-love or self-respect. The conference took place, there was a gathering of both sides, and Ambrose Phillipps held the field against all comers, till Spencer felt ashamed of arguing any longer, and had little doubt now of what the result would be. But still he was taken by surprise when it came. On leaving home, he had settled to return on Saturday for the duties of Sunday. He and his youthful instructor quitted Garrendon together, and spent Friday night at the house of Father Caestryck, in Leicester, whose conversation overcame all remains of opposition. 'I was overcome; there is no doubt of the truth. One more Sunday I will preach to my congregation, and then put myself into Mr. Foley's hands.' His friend, with joyful ardour, embraced this declaration. But suddenly he reflected with justice that he had no right to appear in a pulpit of the Church which he was convinced was heretical, and from which, no doubt, he would have pronounced her such in the face of all his parishioners; so he decides to be received in the communion of the Church of Rome the next day. As he reports it, the step is precipitated by the reflection that the shock might be serious to his father, and endanger his very life:—

"We lost no time in despatching a messenger to my father, to inform him of this unexpected event. As I was forming my last resolution, the thought of him came across me; will it not be said that I endanger his very life by so sudden and severe a shock? The words of our Lord rose before me, and answered all my doubts: 'He that hateth not father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and houses and lands, and his own life too, cannot be my disciple.' To the Lord then I trusted for the support and comfort of my dear father under the trial which, in obedience to His call, I was about to inflict upon him. I had no further anxiety to disturb me."—Pp. 194, 195.

His idea was to be ordained as soon as possible, and to come back to his own parish to preach, like S. Paul, against his former teaching; but the intention was checked by the wiser heads under whose authority he now found himself. He remains a fortnight with the old priest, who had received him, an emigré who cared very little for polemics and who answered every difficulty with one formula, 'The Church says so.' As it is observed, the period for reasoning and discussion was passed, and the neophyte was to be taught to exercise the faith he had adopted. In the mean while the missive had not killed Lord Spencer. A certain suppressed surprise indeed is apparent that the news was taken so easily. It has to be accounted for:—

'His family were partially prepared for it, for fluctuating between so many religious opinions as he had been for so long, and earnest, too, in pushing arguments to their furthest length, it was often half suspected that he would go to Popery at last. There he was now, a child of the Catholic Church, shrived and baptized according to her ritual. His die was cast. He was fixed for ever. His wandering was at an end. With the exception of his housekeeper, who laid her down to die for sheer affliction at the news, we are not aware that many others were much moved by what they considered his affection. Doubtless, his father and the immediate family circle felt it deeply; his Protestant vagaries had caused them sleepless nights and silent afternoons, and the Church of which he became a member was not likely to seem less absurd to them than it once seemed to himself. But then he was incorrigible; there was no use talking to him; he would have his own way, and there was what it led to.—P. 200.

Once more his father is considerate and liberal too in making provision for his son's future maintenance. George was received on friendly terms by every branch of his family; 'all respected his sincerity.' It was agreed on all hands that his next step should be a visit to Rome. He did not like this: 'it was the first test of his obedience; he thought his bishop was weak enough to yield to the wishes of his family.' His father did not wish him to go to Brington, while he himself was most anxious to use the influence he possessed over his dependents, in order to their conversion. But this wish to preach Catholicity at Brington was pronounced not according to prudence, and he started for Rome the 12th of March, 1830. The biographer is sarcastic on the devout Northamptonshire tea-parties, which made Mr. Spencer their subject while he was studying his moral, or his dogma, by the little lamp at the English College. What was one of the subjects of these coteries, we are given to understand in the following letter to his late housekeeper at Brington. We insert it at length, as a specimen once for all of the exceeding diffuseness of his style, and as characteristic of the extravagance of his views in the duty of resignation:—

"... I see that it has pleased God that you should suffer under calumny; thank God, most undeserved. It is evident that this slander affects my character as much as yours, and there is hardly a state of life to be conceived where such imputations are more injurious than a priest's; yet if all men should believe it, and I should live and die under this evil report, God forbid I should willingly repine. It would be no trial to suffer calumny, if it was not at first a painful thing; and therefore I do not wonder, nor find fault with you, at your being greatly afflicted when you were so insulted and abused as you describe; but, my dear girl, you should not have *allowed* this to weigh upon your mind. You have more reason to grieve for this proof of how weak your faith and love to God is, than for the slander. I think it was a mistake that you did not tell me of this at Northampton. I trust I should then and shall always rejoice when I am counted worthy to suffer reproach for the sake of Christ; and I thank God that such is this reproach. I deserve reproach enough, it is true; and both you and I, if we look through our past lives, shall see that we deserve this and much more for our sins. Let us then learn to accept the bitter words of unfeeling men, as David did the curses of Semei, as

ordered by God for our chastening, that we may be purified by them, and He will then turn their calumnies into greater honour one day or other. Though you had better have told me, as I might have helped you to overcome your annoyances, yet it may have been better for you to suffer it thus long, that you may learn how much you do care for character, and may henceforth give that up as well as everything besides that you love on earth. If you are so afflicted at a false reproach against you, what would your feelings have been if the Lord had seen fit to prove you, by suffering you indeed to fall; and where is your strength or mine, that we should be innocent in anything for a day, except through His grace? Just think over the matter with yourself, and let this word of advice be sufficient, and let me have the happiness of knowing that you are again what I remember you, patient, and meek, and cheerful, and allowing nothing to concern you but to please God more and more, and work out your salvation. I see by your letter, which I look at again, that you certainly would have told me of this at Northampton, had you judged for yourself, and perhaps it was right that you should act in it as you were advised. Therefore, do not take what I say now as if I had anything but the sincerest love and respect for you; I only speak to warn you of your spiritual wants, in which I partake with you. A woman's feelings are more tender, of course, under such cruel insults. When my feelings are hurt I find the same proof that I do not love God as I ought to do, and surely we never can have too much of that love. How infinitely blessed are you that you are singled out from the herd of those who prosper in the world, and have all men speaking well of them, and are permitted to walk in the way by which alone we can attain to the kingdom set before us. Remember the most blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, of all creatures the most beloved and most worthy to be loved of God, who was saluted by an angel as full of grace, and is now in heaven, Queen of Angels, and Prophets, and Apostles, and Martyrs. How was her infinite honour of being mother of God made the occasion of most cruel suspicions against her heavenly purity. If she was content to bear this with perfect meekness and humility for God's sake, surely you may say with her, "be it done unto me according to thy word," whether He shall order you to bear this or any other trouble. If occasion is put before you to prove yourself undeserving of such imputations, do not neglect to use it, for God's honour, which suffers by our being supposed guilty, and for the good of your slanderers, who may be brought to repentance by a due reproof; but take no pains about it, except in prayer to God, and in examining throughout all your past ways, what may be the cause of the affliction as ordered by Him. I am sure I can hardly find anything to accuse you of. I used to delight in your conversation, and you did in mine; but, thank God, great as my sins have been, I never, I believe, said a word to wound your delicacy, and you never transgressed the bounds of respect which a servant ought to show towards a master. But those who, for their own sorrow, will not learn what the joys of spiritual friendship are, cannot understand any intimacy but that which is sensual and gross. As, therefore, I left home so suddenly, and they could not again understand the possibility that my faith should be so suddenly established, and that, for the sake of it, I was willing to give up my home, and as you showed such emotion at learning that I was to leave you, these people had no way to account for the whole matter but imputing to us shameful guilt."—Pp. 207–209.

After some hesitation we decide not to withhold an irreverent suspicion, which must force itself, we think, on certain experiences, yet one so far removed from the biographer's sense of the greatness of his subject, that we cannot express our surmise without a preliminary apology. But when an honest man, who,

moreover, is commended for his contempt for over-refinement and repugnance to blue-stockings, delights in the conversation of his cook, and this delight is reciprocated, is not his next step very often to marry her? Are resolutions or abstract preferences for a single life necessarily a safeguard against intimate companionship with a woman who accepts with implicit reverence all her master's opinions—opinions questioned elsewhere—and trusts him because she believes him an impersonation of goodness and wisdom? Is not the risk of this intimate companionship increased when the mind has lost its general interests, and is absorbed on one theme, in which no one can be got to agree satisfactorily but his housekeeper?

We cannot but connect the tone of this letter with the family resignation to his conversion, coupled, as this was, by a prompt removal from present associations. In this point of view his sudden friendship with Ambrose Phillipps may have been looked on favourably, whatever consequences might follow. The end of the affair with regard to the poor housekeeper is scarcely so strange to us as to the Rev. Father Pius, who notes it as a remarkable circumstance, that she, who felt his conversion the most keenly, should have been the first—indeed, the only one of his immediate belongings—who followed his example, and that very shortly. She subsequently received a pension—first from himself, and ultimately from his family, when it became an acknowledged fact on all sides, himself included, that he must not have the control of money:—

'A few days after his conversion he went to see the Dominican Fathers at Hinckley, and said, in conversation, "I suppose it is not lawful for me to receive the fruits of my benefice, now that I have ceased to be a minister of the Establishment." One of them said, "Certainly not." Whereupon he asked for a sheet of paper, wrote a letter to the Protestant bishop in a few minutes, resigning his cure, and simply said, as he impressed the seal, "There goes 3,000*l.* a year." He was then wholly dependent on his father's bounty, and if unworthy motives had had any force with Earl Spencer, his son might have found himself penniless. From the allowance granted him he received monthly whilst in Rome much more than was sufficient to pay his way in the college. It was remarked, however, that the day after he got his money he had not a farthing in his possession, and on inquiry it was found that what remained from the college pension he distributed regularly among the poor. Dr. Wiseman turned the channel of his charity to a more profitable object, knowing how much he would be imposed on by the Roman beggars, and several monuments still look fresh in the chapel of the English College, which were repaired by what remained over and above what was absolutely necessary of his income. It seems as if he never could bear to be the possessor of money; he would scruple having it about him. He was known, even when a minister, to draw money out of the bank in Northampton, and give the last sixpence of it to the poor before he got to Brington.'—P. 210.

We do not know with whom the mistake lies, but the 3,000*l.* a year here spoken of sinks in the *Clergy List* to 43*l.* Poverty

of the sterner sort it was scarcely in the nature of things that Father Ignatius should feel at any part of his life. It was rather a perpetual voluntary renunciation, than real want of anything he had need of. His father made him an allowance so long as he lived, and in his will bequeathed him, besides the sum of 3,600*l.*, 300*l.* a year certainly, and another 300*l.* at the discretion of his brothers. All this he placed, it is true, in other hands as fast as it came to him—and, indeed, as a Passionist, he could not hold property. But all the same his acts of humility are voluntary. When he is remonstrated with by a reverential layman who, with a grand equipage, meets him at the station, and asked why he travels third-class, and he readily answers 'Because there is not a fourth'—there is really no question whatever about the expense. We only note this to show that self-imposed and actual poverty cannot be identical, either in the impressions on others or in their effect on character. They cannot bring the same sort of trials.

It has been noted as a mark of grace, that the instant of his conversion he laid down all notion of being a minister of God. It is simply a characteristic of a state of exaltation, which means an overwhelming apprehension of the present. This was a man who could leave his former self behind him with very little regret. No part of his past life was secret or sacred. He could throw over every previous phase of himself, all old interests and belongings, and discuss them with present intimates as a joke. His perfect good nature knew no reserves, and its flow was unchecked by deeper tenderness. It was a question whether, when ordained, he should embrace the religious or secular state, till Dr. Walsh decided that a secular priest could be more useful in England. He therefore waived his preference for the present, and was ordained priest in Rome, May, 1832, two years after his conversion, and was appointed to begin the new mission at West Bromwich. Dr. Wiseman coming to England at the same time, Lord Spencer invited both to spend a day at Althorp, and was 'charmed with Dr. Wiseman.'

The convert threw himself into his new field of labour with extraordinary energy, and a prodigious affluence of schemes:—

'Father Spencer was full of zeal. It was, in fact, his zeal that brought him into the Church. Now that he found himself commissioned to propagate God's kingdom, his zeal arose to that of the saints, and began to burst forth and devise means by which that kingdom could be speedily and perfectly spread. He devised plans for the sanctification of the clergy by introducing a kind of religious life amongst them; he formed plans for the perfection of the laity, after an old and abandoned model, which will be described; he had conceived plans of founding a religious institute, of which a devout soul he knew was to be first rev. mother; he had plans of preaching, away at some place or places which he does not tell us about; he had plans for finding out the secret by

which the Jesuits became such successful missionaries; he had plans of going to Cambridge for an installation, and bearding the lion of heresy and error in his very den;—and all these he proposed from time to time to his director and diocesan superior, but all met the one fate of being drowned by the cold water thrown upon them. He complains a little, in a letter he wrote at this time, of “the slowness of Catholic prelates with regard to schemes;” but after being told to lay them aside, he resigns himself with perfect submission.—P. 228.

This ‘perfect submission’ was scarcely the obedience people care for most. There was no getting at his inner self, or really convincing him. If he gave up one preposterous idea, it was not to cease scheming for a moment, but to devise some other akin to it. However, in a moment of disappointment, he enters a prayer to the Virgin in his journal, that she may aid him to give up forming plans, ‘whether he forgets his resolution or not.’ It was not easy to make him see the new relation in which he stood to his family. His father dying in 1834, his brother, the new Earl, made it a condition of his visiting Althorp, that he should only associate with his equals, and not seek out the poor with a view to converting them. This perfectly obvious and reasonable stipulation was felt a grievance by him, and his superior was equally unreasonable, who, knowing his man, argued that Lord Spencer ought to have left it to his *discretion*, and forbade him to visit his old home under any restrictions. At the same time his sister, Lady Lyttelton, made it a request that he would not introduce to her the subject of religion, ‘which he feels very hard.’ He presently throws himself into newspaper controversy in addition to his other labours, and writes in the style which might be expected from him; all the time leading a life of such hardships and curious self-denial as secure him the character of saintship. A lady who became acquainted with him has so little doubt on this point, from the sanctity of his daily life, the austerities he practised, his devotion to his work, his neglect of health (continuing his instructions to her on one occasion through the actual breaking of a blood-vessel),—that she records two miracles:—

“At one house where he visited, a child was suffering from a bad mouth, so that it was quite distressing to look at it. Father Spencer laid his finger on the child’s tongue, and said, ‘It will be well;’ in a half an hour afterwards it was quite well. Once my grandmother was at the point of death; he came and blessed her, and in a day or two she was quite well.” Miraculous cures are wrought very frequently by priests’ blessings. “Whatever thou blestest shall be blessed,” is not pronounced in vain at their ordination; and “we must,” as Father Ignatius would say pointedly to those who reflected little on them, “remember that our Lord’s words do deserve some little attention.” Faith can remove mountains, and it is only proper and just that faith could do something less. Since the faith of the person “made whole” is often as powerful as the servant of God, each side escapes the vanity of having wrought wonders, by attributing the effect to the other. “He generally went to the

kitchen himself, or other places, to get what he wanted, and would often do without a thing, rather than trouble his housekeeper or a servant, if he knew them to be engaged. He wished to be not only his own servant, but the servant of everybody as far as he could. He used to beg of my father and me to pray that he might become poorer than the poorest man we ever knew. He even once asked my father to pray that he might become so poor as to be compelled to *lie down and die in a ditch*. I never saw him out of heart or in the least discouraged, however difficult a case he might come across: he would generally say, "We must go on, rejoice and thank God; it will all come right in the end." One of his former high-up friends and he were walking by a lunatic asylum once, and his friend remarked that he should soon be fit for admission there. This he used to relate with as much glee as if he had received a first-rate compliment, perhaps greater. When he visited our house in the country once, he struck his head against a beam somewhere, and I was astonished at hearing him exclaim, "Served me right."—Pp. 242, 243.

His prayer that he may die in a ditch, or, as he amplified it to others, 'How beautiful it would be to die in a ditch unseen and unknown,' is made a great point of by Father Pius. It was not a chance one, but seemingly frequently repeated, and was considered to be answered in the mode of his death, which was sudden, he being found dead on the pathway of a friend's park.

In 1838 he enters upon what is regarded as the work of his life—getting up associations for prayers for the conversion of England. It began, indeed, with his friend Ambrose Phillippis, who had taken him to Paris to recruit health shaken by austerities. This brings him a letter of encouragement from Cardinal Wiseman, who writes at length in a tone which marks a full understanding of the character before him. But if he thought Father Spencer simple, Father Spencer thought the Cardinal too much addicted to human learning, of which he was acquiring a growing contempt. His biographer argues from his college successes, that he was not despising acquirements which he did not possess: but, in fact, his power did lie in a very different direction, and he never esteemed any gifts out of his own line. He had never the smallest feeling of incapacity, and would undertake anything that his superiors did not forbid his attempting, or carrying on; but he had reason to mistrust his own powers of persuasion, for while 'it was remarked that very few ever went to speak with him in earnest about their souls with any kind of docility, whom he did not succeed in bringing to the Church,' Father Pius thinks it curious that—

'Father Ignatius never gained much from correspondence, sought on his part, with leading men in the great religious movements of the period. But whenever others sought his advice, they generally became Catholics.'—P. 267.

That is, nobody was ever persuaded by him who had not previously persuaded himself. Nothing, indeed, can be less forcible than his letters, which probably throw light on his sermons,

which his biographer can hardly defend from the charge of dulness otherwise than by pleading their earnestness. His conversation was probably better, from the fund of anecdote and illustration. The flow then would be more cheerful and varied. He had, to be sure, a store of Joe Millers which the biographer, probably in mistake, records as his personal experience; and we cannot doubt that, telling a story once, he would tell it a great many times; but we gather that he narrated with sprightliness and some humour. The mode and peculiar austerities of his daily life were, we suspect, greatly opposed to intellectual effort. Before he entered the religious order, much more after, his restless search after small sacrifices, his shoe-cleaning, stocking-mending, shirt-washing, and other curiosities of this nature, were either not compatible in the long run with the labour of mind, or they diverted the channel of thought. They would encourage, too, what are called fixed ideas, till it seems as if he could not change the current of thought if he would.

From West Bromwich he was removed to Oscott. We gather that his success was rated higher and his labours more appreciated by the students than his superiors, who would probably have preferred ordinary strictness of rule to his quaint method of enforcing self-sacrifice. He was in the habit of following the boys to their rooms, and talking them to sleep, on the duties of the life that lay before them. The following story is given as an example of his manner:—

‘Another time one of the students, a young man about seventeen, who is now a zealous priest in the English Mission, happened to be out shooting somewhere. He took a shot at a blackbird, and some poor old woman was within range, and received a shot just over the eye. She cried out that she was shot, and one may imagine the embarrassment of the young student. She recovered, however; but in a year or two after the occurrence, a quack doctor applied some remedies to a new swelling in the eye, and swelling and remedies resulted in her death. There was an inquest held in Birmingham, to which the student was summoned. Whilst awaiting the day, the poor fellow was in very low spirits, as might be expected. Father Spencer went to his room to console him, and said that he had no reason to be cast down, that it was quite accidental, and permitted by God as a trial, with a great deal more. It was of little use, the poor student said, “but they might transport me.” “Beautiful, beautiful,” exclaimed the good Father; “fine field for the exercise of apostolic zeal among the poor convicts.” “But then they might even hang me,” rejoined the student. “Glorious sacrifice,” said Father Spencer; “you can offer your life, though innocent in this case, in satisfaction for your other sins.” Well, the student, though he thought the sentiments very high for his grade of spirituality, did not fail to profit by them, and tells the story to this day with a great deal of interest. Thus did Father Spencer work among the students, a model in all virtues, and so sweet and holy in his manner that his words went to the very heart with effect.’—Pp. 271, 272.

He was at the same time working to bring round others to a closer conformity to his own mode of life; ‘his great notion was

perfection for all.' He therefore desired greater strictness for the community, put his thoughts on paper, sent them to Rome, and the answer was unfavourable. His censor being Cardinal Wiseman, this was a blow, 'but he submitted at once.' Next he preaches at Manchester, and proposes a discussion between Catholics and Protestants, in which both sides should agree to be convinced by the truth. Here he is once more snubbed, and called to order, and a word from the bishop makes him retract.

In 1844 his health again breaks down, his nerves are unstrung,¹ and the action of the heart seriously deranged, and he sets out on another tour on the Continent, with his faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Phillipps, under strict orders from his superiors to attend to the doctor's directions in all matters of diet and general self-management. His energies however are not to be controlled, and he turns foreign travel into a 'crusade' for England's conversion. Every entry in his journal is a visit to some order, or some individual, to engage their prayers, and everywhere he is well received, and cheered by promises. His nearest approach to general interests is occasional visits to relics—any of the ordinary pursuits of travellers he would have thought a profane interruption to his great work. He goes to see the Estatica, and is profoundly impressed; of course, a doubt never enters his mind. He talks to her 'about England.' Next he sees the Addolorata, who also showed great feeling about our conversion:—

'Now for her appearance: her face was almost all covered with clotted blood, which flowed, I suppose, yesterday morning, for so it does every Friday, from the punctures as of thorns on her brow. These were not, as I expected, irregularly placed as by a crown of thorns made at hazard, but they formed a line close together on the forehead, and do not go round the head to the back part. . . . The sight of her is not at first so striking and pleasing as of la M^ori, but the remembrance is more impressive. It seems a state more meritorious, more humble. It is more poor, and patient.—P. 325.

He returns to Oscott for another year or more, and at the close of 1846, writes to his friend Mr. Phillipps to tell him that he is going to become a Passionist; with the history of his resolution, and some pecuniary details, explaining that, 'thank God,' he is to be received *in formâ pauperis*, having long put all

¹ We borrow from the *Union Review* for March, 1866, p. 234, a curious but explicit statement, which we have no means of verifying. 'Father Pius, who to judge from his present literary effort, has a very inappropriate name in religion, has forgotten to tell us that long after Mr. Spencer had been reordained Priest in the Roman Church, and when he was an official at Oscott, the arguments of Mr. W. Palmer, of Worcester College, in favour of Anglicanism, appeared to him so conclusive, that he had actually packed up his goods and chattels to return to the Church of England—an "event" in his life. to say the least.' It may, perhaps, be obscurely hinted at, when Father Pius says (p. 267) 'he keeps up correspondence by letter. . . with one or two Tractarians, Mr. Palmer, the author of the "Church of Christ," [which is not the title of the book] among his number.'

the money at his disposal out of his own power; and that the optional sum allowed him by his late brother, the present Earl (Frederick) objected to give to 'the support of Catholicism.' Not only was this scruple a reasonable one, but by keeping the money in his own hands, the Earl was enabled to apply it more satisfactorily to the purpose for which it was designed. Thus he provides for his brother's pensioners, and when Father Ignatius, in his noviciate, catches a severe fever in his ministrations on the sick, his family come forward with liberal repayment of all the expenses incurred, and invitations to himself to recruit among them. Nor was he ever lost sight of. While, on his side—though it was an axiom with him that 'a Religious should be dead to nature,'—family feeling and affection, not without a strong infusion of pride of birth, was to the end an influence only second in him to religious enthusiasm.

The reason, of course, why the Church of Rome is especially adapted to tempers of this sort is, that its resources for restless natures are practically inexhaustible. Father Spencer had evidently been tiring of his work as secular priest, and experiencing disappointments. 'I was doing little at Oscott,' he writes to Ambrose Phillipps. Now he finds a new field opening to him, and an opportunity for exercising his powers of picturesque self-denial to the uttermost; while his superiors took care, and his own instincts as well, that the supreme trial of monotony should not be added to them. We may perhaps, too, class as a relaxation his habit of quoting himself, and putting forward his own example, which was taken exception to by some as not compatible with great humility, but defended on the score of simplicity by the biographer, who adduces on this head a passage on simplicity from Father Faber. From henceforth, after the year of his noviciate, he is perpetually on the move; his mind always at work on particular schemes, and encouraged by his habit and vows in a more full and eccentric development of all that was peculiar and characteristic in him. His austerities told upon his health, making him prematurely old, though, indeed, his was the temperament that under any system ages its owner fast. As time advances, he reminds us of a worn-out watch, whose movements are precipitated by wear and tear into greater rapidity of action, till at some chance moment they stop once and for ever. An instant's pause becomes intolerable to him; he grudges himself rest, till he nods as he walks, sits, eats, hears confession, and meditates—even with arms extended to keep himself awake. He makes a vow never to be a moment idle; his talk is a continuation of his sermon; and if there is nothing else to do, he writes letters by scores at a time—once, indeed, seventy-eight letters in two days! And he lived amongst people

who revered all this as marks of an especial holiness, keeping an account, as it were, and setting them down to the score of his merits. While we say this we are alive to a real charm. His zeal is ennobled by a true charity, and there is a genuineness which does not always strike us in characters set before us for this sort of homage. He was a humourist, indeed, as well as a saint, and the stories of him all partake of this joint character. Thus, in one of his Irish begging expeditions, in full Passionist habit of gown and sandals—

‘He knocked at a door, and was admitted by a very sumptuously-attired footman. Father Ignatius told the servant the object of his visit, his religious name, and asked if he could see the lady or gentleman of the house. The servant strode off to see, and in a few seconds returned to say that the gentleman was out, and the lady was engaged and could not see him, neither could she afford to help him. He then remarked that perhaps she was not aware that he was the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The servant looked at him, bowed politely and retired. In a minute or two Father Ignatius hears a rustling of silks and a tripping of quick steps on the stairs. In came my lady, and what with blushings and bowings, and excuses and apologies, she scarcely knew where she was until she found herself and him *tête-à-tête*. She really did not know it was he, and there were so many impostors. “But what will you take, my dear sir?” and before he could say yea or nay she rung for his friend the footman. Father Ignatius coolly said, that he did not then stand in need of anything to eat, and that he never took wine; but that he did stand in need of money for a good purpose, and if she could give him anything in that way he should be very glad to accept it. She handed him a five-pound note at once, expressing many regrets that something or other prevented its being more. Father Ignatius took the note, folded it carefully, made sure of its being lodged safely in his pocket, and then made thanksgiving in something like the following words: “Now, I am sorry to tell you that the alms you have given me will do you very little good. If I had not been born of a noble family, you would have turned me away with coldness and contempt. I take the money, because it will be as useful to me as if it were given with a good motive; but I would advise you, for the future, if you have any regard for your soul, to let the love of God, and not human respect, prompt your almsgiving.” So saying, he took his hat, and bid his benefactress a good morning.’—Pp. 372, 373.

On another occasion, being in Rome on the eve of a begging tour in Germany, he receives a warning before his parting interview with the Pope:—

‘Our General forbade him to beg of his Holiness, and Father Ignatius had made up his mind before to do so. After the prohibition he began to doubt whether it was binding, as the Pope was a higher superior than the General. He consulted an astute Roman theologian on his doubt, and the answer given was, “Lay the doubt itself before the Pope.”

‘Father Ignatius had an audience in store for him for a different matter, and when it was over, he said, in the greatest simplicity, “Holy Father, I have a scruple on my mind, which I would wish to speak about, if I might be permitted.” “Well, and what is it?” He here told the Pope just as he was advised. The Pope smiled, handed him ten *gregorine* (about 25*l.*), and told him not to mind the scruple.’—P. 427.

His scheme for procuring by a sort of *coup d'état* the conver-

sion of England is another instance in point. It occurred to him that if one Catholic nation were altogether holy, and every man, woman, and child in it a saint, that the united national prayer must be granted, and he decided to use Ireland for this purpose. He would begin a crusade for the sanctification of Ireland with the ultimate purpose of directing its efforts to the conversion of his own country. He felt quite equal to convert the world. 'I shall never rest,' he said, 'as long as there is a single soul in the world who does not serve God perfectly.' All that he wanted was effective machinery: nothing, he seems to say to the Irish, is easier; it is only substituting for the three Irish vices—'cursing, company-keeping, and intemperance; 'meditation, and a frequent approach to the Sacraments,' and my object is gained—the thing is done. He had elsewhere written on the joy the priest feels in receiving confessions:—'A creature 'kneels before him steeped in vice and sin,' and after 'good confession rises from his knees restored to God's grace and friendship;' confession therefore being so powerful a means, he was prepared to hear the confession of the whole Irish nation. The temperance pledge was, we gather elsewhere, a wholesale remedy with him, but his faith in this sectarian antidote is rather kept in the background by Father Pius. The Irish, naturally enough, resented all this. They would not be good to advance the greatness of England, which already stood higher than they cared to see it. They did not choose to be used as an instrument, and even some English converts told him plainly that it was high time for England's power to be crushed. But he set to work in spite of these discouragements. He had discovered that 'little missions' would be 'just the thing,' and certainly was willing to be spent in them; but he liked it to be in his own way:—

'This kind of work had its difficulties. The whole course of subjects proper to a mission could not be got through, neither could all the penitents be heard. Father Ignatius met these objections. "The eternal truths," as such, he did not introduce. He confined himself to seven lectures, in which the crying evils, with their antidotes, were introduced. As far as the confessions were concerned, he followed the rule of moral theologians that a confessor is responsible only for the penitent kneeling before him, and not for those whose confession he has not begun. He heard all he could.

'His routine of daily work on these little missions was to get up at five, and hear confessions all day until midnight, except whilst saying mass and office, giving his lecture and taking his meals. He took no recreation whatever, and if he chatted any time after dinner with the priest, the conversation might be considered a continuation of his sermon. At a very moderate calculation he must have spent at least twelve hours a day in the confessional. Some of these apostolic visits he prolonged to a week when circumstances required. He gave 245 of these missions from June, 1858, to September, 1864; he was on his way to the 246th when he died. A rough calculation will show us that he must have spent about twenty-two weeks every year in this employment. Let us

just think of forty journeys, in cold and heat, from parish to parish, sometimes on foot, sometimes in conveyances which chance put in his way. Let us follow him when he has strapped his bags upon his shoulder, after his mass, walking off nine or ten miles, in order to be in time to begin in another parish that evening. Let us see the poor man trying to prevent his feeling pain from his sore feet by walking a little faster, struggling, with umbrella broken, against rain and wind, dust, a bad road, and a way unknown to add to his difficulties. He arrives, he lays down his burden, puts on his habit, takes some dinner, finishes his office, preaches his first discourse, and sits in the confessional until half-past eleven o'clock. Let us try to realize what this work must have been, and we shall have an idea of the last six years of Father Ignatius Spencer's life.—Pp. 465, 466.

In the same cause he travelled abroad, had interviews with kings and emperors, and lived in an excitement of hope, produced by the sense of his own endeavours; through which, however, all the while a vein of deep-seated discouragement and disappointment makes itself perceived. In a chapter on his trials and crosses, it is said (something of the same is recorded of Dr. Wiseman in the account of his last days), 'he had an abiding notion of his being alone and abandoned, which followed him like a shadow even to his grave. His projects seldom met the approval of superiors, and when his plans were tolerated, he could find nobody to take them up warmly. Father Ignatius found this want of correspondence to his suggestions in many persons; and he complains, in a letter to a friend, of the way in which, in a company of English Catholics, the mention from him of the idea of the conversion of England immediately silences the most animated company,' and, moreover, he found very little even apparent fruit of his labours; so that he owns himself 'to be frequently assailed with black doubts about the prudence of all his proceedings.' A doubt with him would always be black, so he succeeds in passing it by, 'and going on with brighter prospects than ever.' We have reason to be obliged by his tone, as compared with that of others, for—

'One celebrated convert went so far as to prohibit his speaking of the conversion of England to any of the members of a community of which he was Superior. Another used to tell him that "England was already damned," and that it was no use praying for it.'—P. 486.

His own tone was so different, that on one occasion he even remonstrated with the Pope himself for calling England heretical, and renewed his early idea of getting all denominations to pray for unity in the truth whenever God wills it to be. To this his own side raised many objections, and called him to order. He was suspected of looking favourably on an association for the same purpose, known as the A. P. U. C.; and so far appeared to members of this body of the same mind with themselves, that,

after listening to his arguments for some time, they profess themselves convinced. The sequel¹ is instructive:—

‘They agreed, moreover, to kneel down then and pray together for unity, and asked Father Ignatius to join them. He refused at once. They pressed him on every side, and said, among other things, that he ought to set them this example. He jumped up with indignation, and said, in a manner quite unusual to him, “I’d rather be torn in pieces by forty thousand mad dogs than say a prayer with you.” He hereupon left the room, and became more cautious for the future as to how and when he asked them to pray for unity. The reason of this abrupt proceeding was the law that forbids all Catholics to communicate with heretics in divine things. Joint prayer, of course, is against this law.’—P. 391.

No wonder, under all these snubs and embarrassments, that Father Ignatius appreciated the welcome he always found amongst the younger members of his own brotherhood on his return from his circuits. He was a superior of the order, though found a too incurably bad manager for high office; but all the ‘young religious sought conferences with him, and his conversational ‘power and fund of anecdote made these delightful.’ It was their general opinion, assembled at recreation, that ‘if ever there was a saint he’s one,’ though their previous ideas of a saint led them to form another ideal. Some were surprised to see him laugh, others were for the moment disconcerted to see him eat a hearty breakfast. This book gives us an insight into the severities and the relaxations of a strict order, as the Passionists boast to be. The austerities are sufficiently alarming to the outside world; the relaxations are probably of the sort congenial to them, and seem to throw a light upon the intellectual state induced. There is probably a natural connexion between extreme asceticism and what we must be excused in calling puerilities, though they best relieve the previous strain. Everybody, however, would find the good Father’s recollections amusing:—

¹ In justice to Mr. Spencer, we are bound to remark that this very strange story must not be received implicitly. Mr. F. G. Lee, Secretary of A. P. U. C., has published a letter in which he states that ‘four years ago I received a letter from Father Ignatius, stating that he was going to the Continent and to Rome, and requesting me to send him several copies of all our papers of the A. P. U. C. . . . and when I last saw him at Glasgow in 1864, he again requested me to provide him with more papers of the A. P. U. C., showing me letters of people who, having read them, had expressed a warm interest in this great work.’ Mr. Lee adds, that ‘he can hardly think it probable that the statements of Father Pius are accurate, in which it is maintained that Father Ignatius burnt the papers which had been sent to him, nor can he think it possible that “a sensible clergyman . . . would have said of united prayer for union, which for many years he had himself been earnestly and openly recommending, ‘I’d rather be torn in pieces by forty thousand mad dogs, &c. &c.’” ‘This,’ adds Mr. Lee, ‘is a very striking and sensational anecdote, but does not dovetail in with well-known facts.’ Mr. Lee, we must observe however, grounds part of his distrust of Father Pius’s statement on the assumption, in which we cannot follow him, that poor Mr. Spencer was ‘a sensible clergyman.’

'In recreation he was a treasure. We gathered round him by a kind of instinct, and so entertaining was he that one felt it a mortification to be called away from the recreation-room while Father Ignatius was in it. He used to recount, with peculiar grace and fascinating wit, scenes he went through in his life. There is scarcely an incident in this volume that we have not heard him relate. He was most ingenious. Ask him what question you pleased, he would answer it, if he *knew* it. In relating an anecdote he often spoke in five or six different tones of voice; he imitated the manner and action of those he knew to such perfection, that laughter had to pass into admiration. He seldom laughed outright, and even when he did, he would very soon stop. If he came across a number of *Punch*, he ran over some of the sketches at once, and then he would be observed to stop, laugh, and lay it down directly, as if to deny himself further enjoyment. It is needless to say there was nothing rollicking or off-handed in his wit—never; it was subdued, sweet, delicate, and lively. He would introduce very often amusing puzzles, such as passing the poker around, or the game of "He can do little who cannot do that, that, that." Then to see his glee when some one thought he had found out the secret by his keenness of observation, and was far from it; and how he laughed at the *denouement* of the mystery, when all was over, was really delightful. He often made us try "Theophilus Thistlethwick," and "Peter Piper," and used to enjoy the blunders immensely. In fact, a recreation, presided over by Father Ignatius, was the most innocent and gadsome one could imagine.'—Pp. 474, 475.

Of his patience in illness, imperturbable temper under provocations, and inexhaustible energy in works of charity, Father Pius is eloquent of praises. Nothing was an excuse for relaxing any of the rules of the order. Punctuality in these was one of his virtues; he made it such a point to be first in the midnight office, that one of the brothers being determined, on one occasion, to be before him, saw him so crest-fallen, that the experiment was not tried again. Our readers will remember the brief period in which religious orders wore their distinctive dress. For a little while the Oratorians surprised a cynical public, and victimized themselves by a remarkable costume. Father Ignatius seeing this, would not be behind, and was indeed ambitious to appear in sandals and barefooted in the streets of London. In 1850, we find him writing to his sister, Lady Lyttelton, whom he had more than once visited at her apartments in the Palace, to propose a call in full costume. She replies, making arrangements, adding—

'I am much obliged to you for telling me of the intended change in your dress. I should never have guessed its probability, having erroneously believed it simply illegal; but I find that was a mistake. You will, I hope, not wonder or blame me, if I beg you to visit me at my own little home, No. 38, St. James's Place, and not at the Palace, when you are looking so remarkable. I don't want to figure in a paragraph, and so novel a sight in the Palace might lead to some such catastrophe. A day's notice of your visit will always enable me to meet you, and Caroline and Kitty, and probably others of those that remain to me of my ancient belongings, may thereby sometimes get a glimpse of you, though we should be always able to have our *coze* in a separate room.'—P. 394.

In the same guise he repairs to Downing Street, and has interviews with Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Palmerston, who are all very civil to him. In all this, however, we see how his rank supported him. We are not despising the effort under a supposed call of duty, but such calls press most on the middle class. All the people of Downing Street, from the man that opened the door to the Prime Minister who courteously listened to him, must have been so accustomed to every variety of costume in their own persons, or that of others, that surprise or curiosity in such matters would be blunted sensation, and the good Father had been so used in early life to the transformations of garb which are the tax or privilege of high rank, that he might well be a stranger to that exquisite sensitiveness in the matter of legs, which is a mark of the middle class. It is Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden who shrink from unveiling the outline of this member at the Speaker's dinner, and it was upon converts who had lived all their lives far from courts, that this act of profession pressed the most heavily, as any one might perceive who had opportunity for observation, till an indulgent Legislature made the self-sacrifice illegal. But even Father Ignatius had his bugbear; there was one person that even he was afraid of, and it is satisfactory to think that the fear of 'John Thomas,' which has been regarded as the distinctive mark of the snob, is simply a mark of human nature as such. Long after Lord Derby's bill had passed, and when his nephew had succeeded to the earldom, Father Ignatius—

'In 1862 visited Althorp again. We saw him looking for a lock for one of his bags before he left Highgate for this visit, and some one asked him why he was so particular just then. "Oh," he said, "don't you know the servant in the big house will open it, in order to put my shaving tackle, brush, and so forth in their proper places, and I should not like him to have a general stare at my habit, beads, and sandals."—P. 478.

The rest of the visit is pleasant to read of. We learn in these days to value family feeling, and that strong sense of the ties of blood which surely were designed to outlive in the heart every trial that difference of opinion can subject them to; though still we see the facilities offered by rank and acknowledged position.

'There was, however, a more general stare at them than he expected. During the visit, the volunteer corps were entertained by Lord Spencer. Father Ignatius was invited to the grand dinner; he sat next the Earl, and nothing would do for the latter but that his uncle should make a speech. Father Ignatius stood up in *his* regimentals, habit, sandals, &c. and made, it seems, a very patriotic one.

'This visit to Althorp Father Ignatius loved to recall to mind. It was a kind of thing that he could not enjoy at the time, so far did it go beyond his expectations. He went merely for a friendly visit, and found a great many old friends invited to increase his pleasure. When the ladies and gentlemen went

off to dress for dinner, it is said that Father Ignatius told Lady Spencer that he supposed his full dress would not be quite in place at the table; he was told it would, and that all would be much delighted to see a specimen of the fashions he had learnt since his days of whist and repartee in the same hall. At the appointed time he presented himself in the dining-room in full Passionist costume. Lord Spencer was quite proud of his uncle, and the speech, and the cheer with which it was greeted at the Volunteers' dinner, only enhanced the mutual joy of uncle and nephew.—Pp. 478, 479.

We must, however, draw to a close. At sixty-two, Father Ignatius probably looked an old man, and was treated by his nephew as such. Two years later, while still counting on twenty years' more work for the conversion of England, he would sometimes flag and betray a sense of change and foreboding. His biographer could not hear without tears his self-reproaches at his inability to 'brighten up.' It was on one of his little missions in Scotland that the call came. Father O'Keefe, of Airdie, near Glasgow, writes—

'On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights he had supper at about half-past ten o'clock, and then returned to the confessional until about a quarter-past eleven. On Friday night he told me to defer supper till eleven; yet, late though it was, he returned after supper to the confessional, and remained there until a quarter-past twelve. When he came in, I said: "I am afraid, Father Ignatius, you are over-exerting yourself, and that you must feel tired and fatigued." He said, with a smile: "No, no; I am not fatigued. There is no use in saying I am tired, for, you know, I must be at the same work to-night in Leith." He retired to his room at half-past twelve o'clock, and was in the confessional again at six o'clock in the morning. He said mass at seven; breakfasted at half-past eight; and as I have already said, left this at a quarter-past nine for the train. On seeing him, after breakfast, in his secular dress, I remarked that he looked much better and younger than in his religious habit. The remark caused him to laugh very heartily. It was the only time I saw him laugh. He said: "I wish to tell you what Father Thomas Doyle said when he saw me in my secular dress: 'Father Ignatius, you look like a broken-down old gentleman.' And he enjoyed the remark very much."

'The remainder of his life is easily told. He arrived at Carstairs Junction at 10.35 a.m.; came out of the train, and gave his luggage in charge of the station-master. He then went towards Carstairs House, the residence of Mr. Monteith. There is a long avenue through the demesne for about half a mile from the station, crossed then at right angles by another, which leads to the grand entrance; this avenue Father Ignatius went by. He had just passed the "rectangle," and was coming straight to the grand entrance, when he turned off on a bye path. He perceived that he had lost his way, and asked a child which was the right one. He never spoke to mortal again.

'On a little corner in the avenue, just within sight of the house, and about a hundred paces from the door, he fell suddenly, and yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Creator.'—Pp. 502, 503.

A fortnight or so before he had written a letter, out of which Father Pius extracts a conviction that he had a clear foreknowledge of his death. We give it to illustrate the readiness with which such inferences are drawn by those who seek for them out of material from which unbiassed common sense can make nothing—

“ I proceed to say that I have two more moves fixed : for Sunday the 18th, to Port Glasgow ; Thursday, the 22nd, to Catholic Church, East Shaw Street, Greenock. *During the week following I shall suspend missionary work, and make my visit to Mr. Monteith, and re-commence on Sunday morning, October 2d. I have got two places to go to in Scotland—Leith and Portobello—and I wish to get one more to go to first.*”

‘ This sentence we put in italics, as it seems to signify a clear foreknowledge of his death. This one other place he did get, and it was Coatbridge, his last mission. His letters, after this, are more confused about his future ; it would seem his clear vision failed him.’—P. 500.

In conclusion, it is added—

‘ Favours are said to have been obtained from heaven, through his intercession, since his death ; and it is even recorded that miracles have been performed by his relics. These facts have not been, as yet, sufficiently authenticated for publication ; and, therefore, it is judged better not to insert them. We confidently hope that a few years will see him enrolled in the catalogue of saints, as the first English Confessor since the Reformation.’—P. 523.

A cross is erected in Mr. Monteith’s grounds, on the spot where he fell.

It is not mentioned till the end of the book that Father Ignatius took the pledge from Father Mathew, and subsequently administered it annually to (in all) sixty thousand persons.

From those of his own communion to whom Father Pius might attribute Protestant ‘viewiness,’ this work is not unlikely to meet with a cool, questioning reception. It is too *curious* for them to feel quite comfortable in seeing it in Angl’can hands. There is none of the spirit here which prompted Cardinal Wiseman’s advice, lately quoted—‘ We must explain to the uttermost.’ Father Pius is disposed to call this course ‘mean’ when adopted, not by Cardinals, but ‘viewy’ converts, or such as are indisposed to startle the Protestant mind more than they can help. But whatever the reader may be disposed to think of the system of which Father Ignatius is the exponent, he will hardly have done otherwise than find the story of his doings amusing, and his character, in its quaint and often extravagant way, original and engaging. So little formed by nature for a theologian—of temperament so morbidly and restlessly active, and self-confident, and thus constituted so ready to sacrifice station, wealth, ease, and the barest comfort for what he brought himself to believe the noblest, highest life—no one can feel towards him otherwise than indulgently ; this indulgence often rising into warm admiration for the young nobleman who renounced so much that the world has best to give, at the call of what he interpreted into duty, exchanging it for the poverty and austerities of a severe asceticism, and keeping a warm heart, a cheerful temper, and a patriotic spirit, through all.

ART. VIII.—1. *Libri Precum Publicarum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, Versio Latina*, a GULIELMO BRIGHT, A.M. et PETRO GOLDSMITH MEDD, A.M., Presbyteris, Collegii Universitatis in Acad. Oxon. Sociis, facta. Apud Rivington, Londini, Oxonii, Cantabrigiæ. 1865.

2. *Sacra Academica*; a Collection of Latin Prayers, now or lately used in certain Colleges and Schools in England. London: Rivingtons. 1865.

WHETHER it be, as some will have it, that Faith is failing, or, as others, that Hope is waxing brighter, and Charity widening and warming to its work, we are not careful to pronounce. But we are sure that men's minds, the minds of earnest and thoughtful men, and men practical as well as meditative, are at this present yearning for and growing towards each other, with the longing to be better acquainted, to know even as they may be known. And what is there to hinder men, although of different communions, so to call them, from knowing and esteeming each other? Not religion, surely, nor Christian prudence, which is the very perfection of all religion, as combining the highest charity with the deepest faith. What, then, is the possible obstacle to this mutual recognition, to the acquirement of this just estimate of worth, and, it may be, of defect? Simply ignorance. Not to know and not to be known are the best means possible to make men hostile, and to keep them so. The same would hold good in civil life, and in society generally. To ignore one's neighbours is merely to stand at passive variance with mankind. Were this the rule acted upon in common country life, in what a pleasant state would the bucolic and georgic population of our counties find themselves! The old English gentleman, in his half-timbered house under the hills, surrounded by his covers and kennels—the titled commoner, in his Jacobean manor on the green and sunny upland of his park, with his gallery of worthies and household relics, the cabinet in which his soul delights—the more professional squire, in his sober, pedimented mansion of Queen Anne's day, with his books about him in the library, where very many, if not most of them, have served their apprenticeship from the day they were bound to the present;—all these, with their varying tastes, fancies, and pursuits, would have never come to value each other's worth, to enjoy each other's society, and to enter together into the common engagements of life, of bench and board, of duty and hospitality, had they from the first held aloof from all outside their gates,

whom they held to be of different tastes, of habits varying from their own. If then, to employ the worn-out, but still significant word-play, if the squirearchy be so little exclusive, one part towards another, why should the hierarchy? If the dwellers in the country places of England be so catholic in their sentiments, and genial in their spirit of intercourse, not to say friendship, what ought not to be expected of those who, having no continuing mansion here, are seeking, in a better country, house and home, kinsfolk and acquaintance, and to know even as they are known?

And it is because this Latin Prayer-book of Messrs. Bright and Medd is the rightful offspring of this just spirit, and representative of this good feeling, that we hail its appearance heartily as we do. Without any mawkish prayer for forbearance on the part of strangers, without deprecation of censure from the enemies of the Church of England, without any pitiful show of excuse-making, without any vain appeals *ad misericordiam*, without exaggeration or ostentation, and certainly without suppression or concealment, and with no attempt at conversion, at compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, the book simply and modestly presents itself as a witness to what the Church of England has been for the last 300 years, what she continues now, and will continue, if meddlers will but leave her alone.

In thus using the still common tongue of learned and ecclesiastical Europe, she reads out, in the ears of all, her common prayers; and as her prayers are poured to God and not to man, they may be fairly supposed to be the utterances of her very and inmost heart.

And it is because this book is, in its own right line, the natural yet legitimate offspring of this generous good feeling, that it becomes, in so especial a degree, the rightful representative of the catholic spirit, as well of charity as of truth.

When what was called by those who affected to slight it the 'Liturgical turn' had its origin among us, the state of the times and the tone of public feeling were just such as to cause a stir in the hearts of honest churchmen. The 'Temporale' usually precedes the 'Sanctorale,' sometimes, as in the case of the Burnt-island Sarum missal, with little seeming likelihood of ever being succeeded by it. But with us, some thirty years ago and more, the more common consequence had followed. The times were such as if not to make, yet to mould, the men, and form them for their work and place. As temporal movements changed spirituals at the Reformation era, so the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, the coming reform question, —all political in their bearing on us—added to the generally hazy and turbulent state of things about us, drove men's minds to look abroad, and think beyond themselves. At home they felt them-

selves flat, and their minds at fault. To new fields, then, and pastures new, would they betake themselves. At home the corn had been all ground and eaten. The chaff of church talk was all, pretty well, that was left. Our own pages, at or just before the time, are a fair and living, though dead-alive proof of that. And, *non Di non homines*, neither man nor beast can for ever live on chaff. Hence the healthy cornfields of that old and new land which Bishop Lloyd was one of the first to recover sight of, and to recommence working, came to be again brought within the pale of the English Church, and to supply the staple of her children's fare. On looking up from the pages of the Book of Common Prayer to the goodly volumes of Salisbury and York, a new prospect opened to the thoughtful churchman's eye, and brightening on him and on all his happy followers, beckoned them on towards itself. Beyond the lovely spire of Salisbury, over the long rough ridge roof of old Sarum, past even the ancient walls of Osmund, the good Bishop taught his men to look out into a wider country of more ancient churches still, and to realize the fact that from under the thrones of apostolic Christendom first flowed the streams that freshened the closes, and hallowed, while they filled, the fountains of England. How worthily others followed up that inspired movement of the learned and right reverend prelate, to whom Oxford owes more than she ever owed to any previous Bishop, is known to most of us. Few of the readers of this journal need their remembrance jogged on this topic. The early, and admirable because early, work of Mr. William Palmer, of Worcester, has done we know not how great a measure of good service in publishing, stereotyping, and perpetuating Bishop Lloyd's discoveries. At this time of day it seems strange to speak of them as discoveries. Yet, practically speaking, discoveries they were, and discoveries to which we owe, not merely in service, but in faith, not in rite only, but in doctrine and in dogma, our present life and strength, our health and wealth of church provision and stamina. Look up through the elder commentaries on the Common Prayer-book, even through unjustly despised and comparatively modern, Shepherd, through Wheatley, Sharp, and Waldo, up to Dean Comber, who blunders missal with breviary, and *vice versâ*, to say nothing of Sparrow and Nicholls on the one part, and Mant for example on the other; and then glance at Plumer, and Plummer, and Proctor, and Freeman, and their other most worthy compeers, and say whether we owe much or little to Lloyd and Palmer, the pioneers of English Catholic feeling in the present day, through the *silva foliorum* of church-rite. And a feeling, too, it was which proved especially good and valuable on this account, that it manifested a strong sympathy for other churches, while it owned to an ancestral pride in its

own. It gave the key. It struck a chord, and this book of Messieurs Bright and Medd is its latest echo.

While, however, we speak thus of Bishop Lloyd and Mr. Palmer, our Columbi, our father and son, in the liturgical discovery of late days, we ought not, perhaps, to leave out of sight, as we certainly cannot leave out of mind, the handiwork of those who followed in the great admiral's wake. The digest of the Roman Daily Service, and the commemoration of Bishop Ken in the 'Tracts for the Times,' Dr., then Mr., Newman's beautiful fragmentary version of the Breviary, the early hour book of Mr. Robert Williams, the Prime and Compline, without date, privately used by Mr. Oakeley in old time, the long list of Day-hours and House Service books which have followed down to the admirable Primer of Mr. Gerard Moultrie, at the present day, all testify to the newly awakened zeal and knowledge in things liturgical, which at that and for so long a time filled and fired the English Church.

Nor, perhaps, though not so strictly liturgical (we continue for convenience sake to use this word in its popular sense, as Guéranger uses it), though not so absolute a portion of Church service,—for some Churches, like Vienne, have till of late years almost altogether done without them,—ought we to omit all mention of the hymns, which, either in the originals or in new-made versions, were during that period brought before the English public, and, opening first their eyes and hearts, have since unlocked their lips, and turned their throats to song. Bishop Mant, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Isaac Williams with the Paris Hymns, Mr. Beresford Hope's unrhymed Hymns of the church, Mr. Copeland's Weeks and Seasons, the 'Hymnarium Sarisburiense,' Mr. Caswall, Mr. J. D. Chambers' 'Ancient Hymns,' the rest of the English versions of about that date—and the compass of time is wide—these all are but a sample of the residue among which are found the pre-eminent translations of Dr. Neale, and which in English served to carry out a knowledge of the service-books from which the grand originals were taken, as birds carry seeds far-a-field. Then grew up the reprints of those originals themselves, Rome (with Sarum, York, and Hereford interspersed) and Paris by Dr. Newman, Sarum by Mr. Charles Marriott, a large portion of all the English uses by Mr. Norman, Archbishop Trench's ambitious book, Dr. Neale's most valuable volumes, and the assistance and information given by the last to Dr. Daniel for his 'Thesaurus Hymnologicus,' all which testify to the increased and increasing interest of Englishmen in and for the service of their compatriot, as well as foreign, fellow Christians. These and the reprints of Sarum and Aberdeen, in part or in whole, by Mr. Seager and others, and the Monumenta and Ancient Liturgies of

Mr. Maskell, testify with one accord to this one truth—namely, that men had awakened, and were waking others, from their torpor, and were taking a strong heart interest in things that concerned themselves they knew not how closely. They had really begun in earnest to look, not only on their own things, but also on the things of others; little thinking, perhaps, at the time, how intimately they were connected with their brethren in the faith, how tightly their own living principles were bound up in the bundle of life with those of others.

We have said thus much, and it is but a shred of what might be written of the great liturgical movement of the last thirty years; because, without having it on record, men might, we think, take a very imperfect measurement, and form a very inadequate conception, of the contents and value of this new Latin Prayer-book, its purpose, rise, progress, and completion.

When Churchmen had satisfied themselves of the excellence and beauty of other services, they naturally enough became desirous that others might see what they believed to be the worth and goodness of their own. The more so, indeed, on account of the close relationship existing between them; and that notwithstanding the mournful fact that closest kin is often most unkind, that nearest relatives are frequently the worst of friends. But, however that might be in part with others towards us, with us, whose use of the word Catholic in creed and collect is not a mere figment, it was not so. We believed, and therefore did we speak, as men who had our part in the Church Catholic, and we produced our Prayer-book as our part credential.

But then arose the query—how make it known? To multiply English copies, if they admitted of multiplication, and throw them broadcast over the Continent, was simply to do with the book abroad what we remember an old baptist, years back, doing, with all the spare copies he could lay hand on here—tearing them up and casting them out, to litter and disgrace—he said to manure—his garden.

But, interposed the gentlemen of the Foreign Translation Committee, some twenty-five years ago, Let us translate, and so let us testify. Let version upon version, in all the Continental tongues, be made, and make our witness good.

And so they set to work on their project of love (let us say it with all respect for their great names), not wisely nor too well. In displaying their vernacular knowledge of the living tongues of Christendom, they displayed at the same time their ignorance of men's minds in general, and of the clerical mind of Europe in particular. If a foreign ecclesiastic would care but little for a vernacular version of his own office-books, what would he care for those of others? And how deep the natural aversion of the

great body of the Roman Catholic clergy abroad to translations of their offices into the mother tongue, let the long struggle, even in France, testify, from the strife that arose about the Rubrics of the Ritual of Alet, downward through the days of De Sacy's translation of the Roman Breviary, and of Vintmille's, and the rival version of the Archbishop's own Paris Breviary, and indeed to almost the eve of the present time. And even now we fancy that the relaxation in favour of vernacular versions of the offices is mainly confined to the Roman Catholics of France and England. For obvious reasons we except from our count of oppositionists the small old Church of Holland. Italy, North Italy, may have in a lesser degree participated in that movement and feeling, but, as we should imagine, in a very slight degree, even with the laity. And what priest, for himself, whether French, Italian, or Spanish, would bear to read a vernacular office-book? Offered either for devotion or curiosity, it would be the object alike of his contempt and suspicion: it is to be feared, at most, of his disdain and abhorrence.

What the issue of a great church vernacular movement, in Italy for instance, under very special circumstances, might have been four hundred years ago, it is impossible now to contemplate. If we may picture to ourselves the time, when, the great forerunners of Dante having already familiarized the ear of Italy to its native tongue, Dante himself came down with those burning words of his which made the ears of every one that heard them to tingle and their hearts to swell—if we may then suppose that the invective, satire, remonstrance, derision, poured out on Pope and Cardinal, in the rich abundance of an aggrieved and indignant spirit, were not without their weight on the minds of men who saw the abuses of the Church, and on the heart of the Church herself who felt them, we do approximate to a position in which such a state of things as a vernacular office-book for Italy might not have been a chimæra. With a renewed, or rather new-created nationality, brought out through disgust at foreign tyranny and home faction, yet with strong provincial feeling as to tradition of faith and practice, there might have been then produced, out of the fulness of the nation's heart, a grand Lombardic version of the Ambrosian rite for Milan and the North; a Tuscan or Florentine Roman as a standard for the Midland and South, if the Sicilian rite admitted it, since the seventeen separate dialects could hardly have been served severally, each with its own; while to Rome was left, with her immediate States, the Patrimony of St. Peter, the use of her own old tongue. With a people so prepared by circumstances, so stirred by the special influences around them, what might have been the consequence had such an attempt been made, is at best

a speculation. Those are the only conditions under which success could have been possible with Italy, or any other nation. Nothing but instinctive impulse in that direction, a self-engendered craving for service in a mother tongue, could have made, or can ever make, such service acceptable to a people. But for the stir in men's minds, and the state of our tongue, in the midst of the sixteenth century, a Book like ours would have been an impossibility: as it was, Durham imperilled and well-nigh over-set it. Well, then, how can any one expect that those, who would not endure a vernacular version of their own office, would welcome as a boon the small unimpressive volume containing the modern version of a service altogether strange to them? In earlier days in England, when more nerve was put into such versions than is now the fashion, when a certain proximity of time to certain great events and their effects made the translations seem more natural and spontaneous than could now be the case, did the Spanish Ambassador, in King James the First's time, do anything else with his Spanish quarto Common Prayer-book, when he found it laid for him in his closet, than seize it, open it, glance at its contents, and fling it from him in an almost violence of disdain, as a thing to be neither handled nor touched? And if the Frenchman, more calmly and politely, after the custom of his nation, did condescend to carry away with him under his arm his sister-copy of the French Common Prayer presented to his notice in the same manner and place as Gondomar's to him, we are still left in a measure to doubt, though he both touched and handled it, whether he did so, and so treated it, more from courtesy than curiosity; whether, in short, even he thought to taste as well as touch and handle it, or ever did more than look into its pages a second time.

And as with these, almost among the first Spanish and French versions of our Common Prayer (the Spanish quarto, Augustæ Trinobantum, CIO.IOLIXIIIV., the French quarto, a Londres, par Jehan Bill, 1616), so, doubtless, has it fared, in the main, with all other translations that have so profusely followed, from the Italian of Edward Brown (1685), corrected by Alexander Gordon (1735), to the last Spanish version revised, and in certain particulars amended, we believe, by the late learned Dr. William Wright, of Dublin.

Although our business now is not with vernacular versions, any further than as illustrative of our point in favour of Latin, for arresting the notice of learned and ecclesiastical Europe, yet will we not omit one slight instance or two of the fact, that, generally speaking, the older a version is the truer it is to the spirit, perhaps to the letter, of its original. The Spanish of Bill, above noted, heads the respective lesson-columns of the

Calendar, 'Maytines,' 'Vesperas.' The services it heads, 'Los 'Maytines,' 'Las Vesperas,' and in the morning Collect for Peace, renders 'quem nosse vivere, cui servire regnare est,' 'en cuyo conocimiento consiste la eterna vida, y aquién servir es reynar,' evidently translating throughout from the Latin, as is apparent indeed from the version of the first words of the collect, 'Deus auctor pacis et amator,' 'O Dios autor y amador de paz.' Whereas Don Felix de Alvarado (1715) has, 'Oracion Matutina,' 'Oracion Vespertina,' in the calendar, 'Oraciones de la Mañana, —de la Tarde,' over the service, retaining, nevertheless, the Catholic rendering of the collect—if so it may be called—or perhaps more properly the literal. Bagster, in his polyglot Prayer, leaves out the Spanish Calendar altogether; but Blanco White renders the collect from the English, mistaking its sense, as do all Bagster's translators, we think, excepting perhaps the Neo-Greek, who, by his 'εἰς τὸ βασιλεῖον,' seems to have had some inkling of the word 'regnare.'

One other remark, while on this topic, we will not forbear to make, as to the spirit in and with which the prime Jacobean versions were made. Spain was Catholic to the back-bone, therefore a Catholic element was, for conciliation's sake, to enter into the translation and Book generally. Its title-page has two crosses on it, one occupying the centre space, the other before 'Augustæ.' France, at the same period, had a strong political Protestantism in her system, which it was not wise to alienate; that version, therefore, has 'Prières du Matin—du Soir,' in the calendar, and 'la liberté parfait' in the collect, in common with Jersey (1785), Guernsey (1815), and the whole long list of French editions down to and indeed since Bagster (1821).

In saying thus much on modern translations into living tongues, we shall not be misrepresented as denying, or even questioning, in their fitting time and place and purpose, the utility of second-hand vernacular versions, of versions, that is, made from an already existing vernacular, itself a translation of an older, and original type. For literary, for domestic and devotional purposes such versions are very useful; but for objects and ends ecclesiastical, for church-witnesses, not at all. No book but a Latin can adequately represent among foreigners a book taken from the Latin. English for Englishmen; French for Jersey and Guernsey-men; and Latin for the Westerns as a body.

We have dwelt upon this with some fulness, from a conviction of its being the key of the position attained by the New Latin Prayer, as well as of the opposition, which the book has had to encounter. It was not that the opponents of this book wished for a word-for-word version of the Common Prayer in Latin. Even they were hardly weak enough for that. They

wished for no Latin book at all; and they thought that the best manner of stifling the project was to throw over it the wet blanket of a miserable and beggarly crib. The chief opponent of the Oxford book having been born and bred a Lutheran, could not be expected to have any English feelings about paying deference to the English originals of an English Book. Dr. Biber knowing nothing could care nothing about Sarum Use. True to their tradition, the popular preachers were all for vernacular, and nothing but vernacular. Vernaculars were Protestant gentlemen in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Latin savoured of the creeds, and was Catholic. And rather had they that we were hated of foreign Churchmen for our Protestantism, than that they might be drawn in heart towards us, though ever so little, by the measure of Catholicity which they might be enabled to discern within us, through the medium of a real Latin Common Prayer. This might serve to reveal our truer state, and therefore was to be tabooed.

It is only thus that we can account for the Society's resistance for the last quarter of a century to the suggestion for a Latin Common Prayer to accompany their vernaculars. It is only by supposing this, that we can explain their falling short of even the faint example set them by Mr. Bagster, who did with his vernaculars and Greek version of the Common Prayer, in 1821, publish a Latin, no doubt, in his honest estimation, the best that he then could find, though he seems to be rather in a haze as to how, whence, or where he got it. If a man could give a policeman, at two o'clock in the morning, no better account of the bundle under his arm, he would certainly for a while lose it, and his free-agency together; his bundle would be taken away, and he would be taken up. So Bagster's Latin was not first published by William Bowyer in 1720, but fifty years before, by Roger Norton, descended probably from that John Norton, who published the Latin Common Prayer in 1604; that which followed Jackson's, 1594; which followed Vautrollier, 1574; which followed Wolf, 1571 or 1572, which itself followed, so far as it did follow, Haddon, 1560, who followed, too fast and frequently, Alexander Aless, as we call him, who followed no one but the old books and himself. So much for an anticipatory pedigree, drawn forth by honest Bagster's suspicious account of himself and his Latin version. Mr. Bagster, however, meant well, and did well, according to his knowledge. The Society meant nothing and did nothing, until, seeing that something must be done, they took to doing mischief.

However, the mischief they did they did to themselves, by affecting what they did not feel, and failing in their affectation. And happy has it been for them—at least for those 'Articuli

novem et triginta' (if so many among them there were, in that strange minority)—that a tyrannous majority, without fear of writ or Record before their eyes, and with good sense and their treasurer at their head, put a stop to the vagaries of a coterie who would have sacrificed scholarship for a pique, and Church-feeling for a party.

The minority, working for a while in the name of the Society, tried it on, by all imaginable means of misrepresentation, and failed; and, failing, established this conclusion—that not only was a Latin Prayer desirable, but a Latin Prayer on sound and scholarly Church-principles. In other words, they affirmed the propriety—to speak nothing here of excellence or perfection—the propriety of the new Latin Prayer-book. They affirmed, in fact, that it was right; that, being in Latin, its language should be that of its original, and the wording of its collects, its scriptures, its rules, and its rubrics—in short, its *tout ensemble*—those of the volumes out of which it sprang naturally as a child from its parent. And it is because these points can be predicated of the Oxford book, and the Oxford book only, that all churchmen—perhaps some of the defeated minority themselves, by this time—are rallying round it as a sort of standard of orthodoxy.

It may seem strange that it should be reserved for our time to furnish the first real Latin Prayer-book which the English Church has possessed. Not one before the Oxford book, for the bygone three hundred and seventeen years, has fulfilled all the requirements of the case in producing a volume at once English (ecclesiastically speaking) and catholic in its Latinity and character. Many have been done meanwhile, and done with, as our readers know.

Aless, by his Latin version of the book of 1549, served no doubt his purpose, and his friends' or patrons' purpose, whatever that purpose was. Reprinted in Bucer's works,—his English works, as they are called—(Basileæ, 1577), the translation serves to assist the reader in understanding Bucer's 'Censures.' More service than this it is not now calculated to perform. A translation of King Edward's first book (1549), combining some portions of the Order of the Communion of 1548, done in many cases perfunctorily, arbitrarily, carelessly, it was never, though printed by itself in quarto at Leipsic, in 1551, intended as a volume of authority, or accepted as a book of devotion. It was simply a private undertaking, suggested for some special purpose, but not quite done with when that purpose was served. For then Haddon, compiling his Latin Common Prayer, as it was supposed at the suggestion, and publishing it by the authority of the Queen (1560), took it up, and gave it, so far as it would serve his (Haddon's) turn, a much longer life, though no longer

under Aless's name. Of course the book that Walter Haddon professed to translate was the book of 1559, and fairly enough, perhaps, all things considered, though with no superfluous accuracy, his publication did represent that book; and in that character it so sufficiently passed muster in the English Church, that, slightly corrected by Whitaker in 1569, and by Wolf in 1572, it was the mainspring of those of 1574, 1594, 1604, and of Mocket in 1617. Its special characteristics (setting aside its strange copying of many of Aless's most strange blunders) are the services, 'In commendationibus Benefactorum,' and for the 'Celebratio Cœnæ Domini in Funeribus;' which latter, however, is but the service for the same occasion found in the first book (1549), translated by Aless (p. 450), omitted from the second book, and restored by Elizabeth to this of 1560, with a different heading, without its Introit, the Psalm 'Quemadmodum desiderat,' and with another optional Gospel out of St. John v.

Setting aside Mocket, which was no book of devotion, and came to an untimely end, and leaving out of account the Christ-Church, Oxford, books, which were professedly partial and incomplete representatives of any of the foregoing books, no reprint was made of Haddon, until that undertaken by the Parker Society, in 1847, and so capitably edited by Mr. Clay. Of the other Elizabethans, the only partial reproduction that we know is the beautifully-printed little volume published by Mr. J. W. Parker, in 1848; and that has assumed a character peculiar to itself, of which more need not be said than that it is no safe guide to go by.

Popularly speaking, and always excepting Mocket, between 1604 and 1670 no full Latin Common Prayer-book was printed and published in England, as a work *per se*, and for general use. In that latter year, when almost all the Elizabethan books, and even that of 1604, which, though Jacobean in its date, was in substance one of them, had gone by, and eight years after the issuing of the sealed book of England, came out the Latin of John Durel, which seems for the next fifty years to have reigned paramount. Then, in 1720, came out that Latin Book of the Euphuists, in whose delicacies the soul of Politian might have revelled—that Politian who felt himself obliged to give up the reading of his Vulgate Bible, lest the remembrance of its honest roughness might taint the purity of his style; for which piece of heathen politeness Dr. South set him down as a green goose and a vain-affected infidel. This (1720) is the book of Mr. Thomas Parsel, published by Bowyer, patronized by Harwood, published over and over by Bent, in its clipped and mutilated form, and somehow erroneously claimed as his book by Mr. Bagster in his preface, but ignored in the body of the text; that is, Mr.

Bagster declares his Latin to be a reprint of that first published by W. Bowyer in 1720, with some alterations and additions by his editor in 1821; sometimes taken, he says, 'from the translation by Mr. Thomas Parsel, the fourth edition of which was published in 1727.' It is needless to repeat that Bagster's text is mainly Durel's of 1670; that it contains his new translation of the purely English part of the service—new, that is, in 1670—his enlarged and vamped-up collects, and, which is the better part of his whole work, his Epistles, Gospels, and Psalms from the Vulgate. In this particular, as indeed in most others, though Durel had himself lost sight of the Elizabethan traditions, he pre-eminently transcends his supplanter Parsel, whose Psalms and Scriptures were from Castellio, and his whole book as unlike Church-work as anything well could be.

These, then, Aless, Haddon, Wolf, Durel, and Parsel, were, with the peculiar exception of the book of 1848, all a Churchman had to choose from until now; and that all was little enough where each was unfitted to become a text-book.

Charges of careless and arbitrary rendering may be abundantly proved against Aless; yet there can be no doubt that he did well in setting an example of presenting to foreigners a living book, in language to which all were used,—a book which was intended to show them the excellence of the service it represented, and one which, as it turned out, not only answered the purpose it was originally intended to serve, but others also for which it deserves consideration and inquiry. Not only did it render the first book of King Edward VI. (1549) into Latin, but, as we have seen, its Latin more than leavened the after books of Haddon, and his fellows and followers, through Wolf, Vautrollier, Jackson, and Norton, even up to the morrow of the restoration and the publication of Durel's book. Not only did it leaven those other books, but it remained in many quarters, it would seem, as the recognised representative, for practical purposes, of the first book of Edward itself. At least, the use made of it by Bishop Cosin would make that appear to be the case. He sits down to disprove many Puritan objections, having Bucer's censure in his eye; and then, without troubling himself to rise and go to his bookshelf for the first book, if he had one, he translates the passage referred to bodily from Aless's Latin; and this not rubrics only, but collects and prayers as well—for instance, the whole collect for S. Mary Magdalene, now shut out of our 'Sanctorale.'

Here, however, the question very pertinently arises, If Aless did really inoculate Haddon and all his company, and serve Cosin as an 'Edvardus alter,' how did he acquit himself in this twofold capacity? Was he faithful—at least, in the main—to

1549, his own book? Was he a true interpreter, though by prophecy, to 1559, where that agreed with the other, so as to be of real service to Haddon, who used professedly the book of 1559?

To give our readers, who may not have 'Bucer,' and almost certainly have not 'Lipsiæ, 1551,' Aless's own quarto, at hand, some slight notion of his off-handiness, we will take one or two obvious examples, as they occur in the body of his book.

In the third collect for morning, Aless reads, 'Ut in hâc die ad nullum declinemus mortale peccatum,' where, of course, no 'mortal' occurs in the English of 1549, any more than in the books of 1552 or 1559; and yet this is an addition which Haddon has continued in his book of 1560, Whitaker in his of 1569, but which Wolf in 1572 removed. (*Vide* Bucer, p. 394, folio, Basil. 1577.)

His first four petitions in the Litany run as follow (Bucer, p. 432):—

(Sic) 2. Pater de cœlis Deus.

2. Fili redemptor mundi Deus.

3. Spiritus Sancte Deus ab utroque procedens.

4. Sancta Trinitas unus Deus.

Chorus.

} Miserere nobis.

And all this, be it remembered, with the English words the same as in our own book. Then, again, further on, in the Litany, he leaves out 'digneris' more than once, so spoiling the sentence outright. In the Annunciation Collect, (p. 417) he coolly omits all mention of the message of an angel—the 'angelo nunciante Christi'—of the Post Communio of Sarum, which, by the bye, Haddon and Whitaker omit likewise; Whitaker both in his Greek and Latin.

Then, in the Collect for S. Mark, where the English is in matter much the same in all the books, instead of a version, we have the following strangely constructed and fitted in from Sarum (Bucer, p. 417): 'Deus, qui Beatum Marcum, Evangelicæ prædicationis gratiam coegisti, tribue quæsumus nos semper ejus eruditione proficere, et fidei constantiâ stabiliri, ut non simus semper pueri fluctuantes omni vento doctrinæ, per Dominum nostrum.'

The Sarum, which we will add from its not being in Palmer, is this:—'Deus qui Beatum Marcum Evangelistam tuum Evangelicæ prædicationis gratiâ sublimasti: tribue quæsumus ejus nos semper et eruditione proficere et oratione defendi, per Dominum.' This is curious, and more curious still it is, that in much of his variation here, as in his omission in the former collect, Haddon should have copied him. He preserves, however, the words 'Sancto tuo Evangelio proficere,' as also does Whitaker, who follows Haddon. We should add that a transposition of clauses was made in this collect early in Elizabeth's

reign, which no way, however, affects the sense. So Haddon's version continues to, and is perpetuated in, Mocket. To these, *i.e.* Aless and Sarum, we will append the version, first of Durel (1670). 'Omnipotens Deus, qui sanctam Ecclesiam tuam Sancti Evangelistæ tui Marci doctrinâ cœlesti instituisti, gratiam nobis concede, per quam non simus semper pueri ad omnem doctrinâ ventum fluctuantes; sed in sancti evangelæ tui veritate stabiliamur, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.' Now, of Messrs. Bright and Medd (1865):—'Omnipotens Deus, qui Beati Marci Evangelistæ tui cœlesti doctrinâ Ecclesiam tuam sanctam informasti: Da nobis ut jam non simus parvuli, omni vento doctrinæ circumlati sed in sancti Evangelii tui veritate confirmemur. Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.' Where the reader may possibly have remarked that while Durel retains, in his make-up, the words of the old collect 'stabiliri' ('stabiliamur' Durel) and 'fluctuantes,' the Oxford translators supplant both, though 'fluctuantes' occurs in the Epistle as well as in the Collect for the day, and ought not to have been sent adrift through 'circumferantur' in Ephesians. The variation of Aless in the second collect for the king in the Communion Service, is something extraordinary, and more extraordinary is the manner in which it is accepted by Haddon.

English. 1549.

'Almighty and everlasting God, we be taught, by thy holy word, that the hearts of kings are in thy rule and governance, and that thou dost dispose and turn them as seemeth best to thy godly wisdom: We humbly beseech thee so to dispose and govern the heart of Edward the Sixth, thy servant, our king and governor, that in all his thoughts, words, and works, he may ever seek thy honour and glory, and study to preserve thy people committed to his charge, in wealth, peace, and godliness: Grant this, O merciful Father, for thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Aless, p. 423, and Haddon.

Alia Collecta.

'Omnipotens æterne [sempiternæ, Haddon] Deus in cujus manu corda sunt regum [docemur ex verbo tuo corda regum esse, Haddon] qui es humilium consolator et fidelium fortitudo ac protector in te sperantium, da regi nostro Eduardo sexto [reginæ nostræ Elizabethæ, Haddon] ut super omnia et in omnibus te honoret et studeat servare populo suæ majestati [sibi, Had.] commisso pacem cum omni pietate et honestate [et honestate omiss. per Haddon] per [Jesum, Haddon] Christum, Dominum nostrum. Amen.'

We may add that Wolf and his followers, down to Mocket inclusive, set this Collect right. And here we had noted for extract and example a number of Aless's other wanderings from, and omission of, rule, rubric, and direction, throughout the Service, principally of the Holy Communion. We will, however, pass them over as being, though critically useful, yet not perhaps over interesting to the general reader, and proceed to the great Paschal Preface for a sample of Aless's scrupulosity.

This is too curious to be merely referred to. The English of Aless, *i.e.* the 1549 preface, is the same as our own.

Upon Easter Day (1549).

'But chiefly are we bound to praise thee for the glorious resurrection of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, for he is the very Paschal Lamb which was offered for us, and hath taken away the sin of the world, who by his death hath destroyed death, and by his rising to life again hath restored to us everlasting life. Therefore with angels,' &c.

Aless, p. 426. Sarum, fol. 126, 1508.

'Et te quidem omni tempore sed in hac potissimum die gloriosius prædicare, cum Pascha nostrum immolatus est Christus: Ipse enim verus est agnus, qui abstulit peccata mundi, qui mortem nostram moriendo destruxit et vitam resurgendo reparavit. Et ideo cum angelis,' &c.

And yet, after all, had Aless stopped to make some due acknowledgment of the resurrection after his English type towards the commencement of the preface, we should have been well disposed to accord him a little latitude for the sake of his reverence in retaining it at all hazards entire. Suppose, then, that after the opening he had read thus: 'Gloriosius prædicare propter gloriosam Filii tui, Domini nostri Jesu Christi resurrectionem:—Ipse enim verus est agnus qui, Pascha nostrum, immolatus abstulit peccata mundi, qui, &c.' In that case he would have retained everything with a slight transposition, and, with a proper and becoming insertion, would have conformed to the English text. The Oxford translators lose the 'Pascha nostrum,' although they would retain as much as possible—so much, that they might well have retained a little more. They render 'Paschalis.'

Passing on to page 429, we come to Aless's version of the Absolution in the Communion Service, which we must by no means pass over without 'censure.' The English of 1549 is the same as our own, and this Aless professed to render. Instead of which he simply reproduces the Latin into which he had translated the Absolution in the order of Communion (1548), or rather the Latin, which certainly with sundry alterations, he had taken out of the 'Simplex et Pia Deliberatio (1545), after which indeed, at least in its opening sentence, the Absolution of 1548 was shaped.

But the Cologne book of Archbishop Herman is not of such frequent occurrence as to render an extract from it uninteresting or superfluous. The Absolution itself will come in very opportunely at this point. We prefix it to our English and to the Latin of Aless, that all may judge of the extent of his obligation to it:—
'Quia DOMINUS noster benedictus hanc Ecclesiæ suæ potestatem reliquit, ut eos a peccato absolvat et in gratiam Patris cœlestis restituat, quicumque peccatorum pœnitentes CHRISTO Domino vere credunt: Ego CHRISTI et ecclesiæ minister omnibus, qui-

'bus sua peccata dolent, qui CHRISTO DOMINO veram fidem habent, et approbare se ei cupiunt, annuncio remissionem omnium peccatorum, gratiam Dei, et vitam æternam; per DOMINUM NOSTRUM JESUM CHRISTUM. Amen.'

Absolution, English, 1549 (as our own.)

'Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all them which with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto him, have mercy upon you, pardon, and deliver you from all your sins, confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Aless, p. 429, after 1548.

'Dominus noster JESUS CHRISTUS, qui suam potestatem dedit Ecclesiæ ut absolvat pœnitentes a peccatis ipsorum, et reconciliet cœlesti Patri eos qui suam fiduciam collocant in CHRISTUM, misereatur vestri, remittat et condonet vobis omnia peccata vestra, conformet et corroboret vos in omni opere bono et producat ad vitam æternam.'

This, strangely enough, Haddon copies verbally throughout, with the exception of 'vos,' introduced between 'producat' and 'ad,' though his English of 1559 was the same as Aless, 1549, and ours of 1662, and to-day.

We had marked for special note many more of Aless's unaccountable and unwarranted vagaries in rendering, curtailing, or omitting rule and rubric as it pleased him, but enough has been said on that score, and sufficient example given to prove his fast and loose way of dealing with the sacred text of the book he was undertaking to translate. Even in the most solemn part of the service he is heedless and careless. In the Consecration he omits the ritual direction. In giving the Sacrament of the Body and of the Blood, though right in the words, he is wrong in the wording of the immediately foregoing rubrics. Indeed, every part, exhortation, direction, and rubric, is tampered with, through insertion, omission, or perversion. In Public Baptism (p. 437), he leaves out the anointing rubric, prayer, and ceremony. In the Order of Matrimony (p. 443) he substitutes, 'Quos Deus conjunxit homo non separet,' for 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' In which, by the bye, he is followed more remarkably still by Walter Haddon. In the Visitation of the Sick, (p. 446) he renders 'send him help from 'Thy holy place,' by 'Mitte ei, Domine, Angelum de Sanctuario;' 'angelum' for 'auxilium,' a beautiful mistake, if such it be, in which he is followed by Haddon, who, however, insists on being wrong, for he writes, 'Mitte eum, Domine, Angelum de sanctuario tuo.' Sarum reads 'Sancto,' and so Bright and Medd. In the rubric before the Communion of the Sick (p. 448) he gives 'postridie' for 'overnight,' and so does Haddon, and so do all, even Wolf, down to and including Mocket. Strange, this, unless 'postridie' meant 'pridie.'

These examples of Aless and his mode of workmanship may, perhaps, suffice for a running comment on his merits and position as a predecessor of Messrs. Bright and Medd, and a most misleading shepherd to Walter Haddon. With respect to Haddon, taken by himself, after what has been noted of him in connexion with Aless, we shall not have much to say. His adoption of so many of Aless's errors is less pardonable in him than even was the carelessness of Aless in making them. Haddon should, as with the commonest care he might, have discovered and avoided them. Haddon was writing by authority—with a certain authority for him to satisfy and to second him. Aless was simply doing a private work of charity. He might certainly have shown himself more conscientious, and have exercised a greater care and discretion. Still there was a likelihood of less harm being done by his occasional oversights than by the easy-going indolence of Haddon. Cosin probably was Aless's most distinguished victim, and he erred, too, through a sort of lordly laziness, which in controversy was a flaw and a weakness, yet productive, as it happened, of no great injury or mischief. With Haddon, however, it might not be so. Most wary should he have been in compiling a book for the threefold purpose of bearing witness abroad, of providing halls, colleges, and schools with a fixed Latin Service-book at home, and of furnishing a manual for the clergy to say for themselves the daily service by, to which, either in public or private, they were bound. Some few extracts, however, we feel bound to make from him, as another of Messrs. Bright and Medd's forerunners, to show that—besides the variation of book (1559), which is no more a fault of his than was the difference between 1549 and 1552, or 1662, a fault of Aless—there is that in him which would render him a very uncertain guide, and therefore a very unsafe foundation for the Oxford translators to have taken, without examining, to build thereupon their superstructure; which thing in fact they were not likely to do with any one. Even Sarum seems occasionally snubbed.

First of all, let us take the Collect that heads the Saints' days, premising that the Collect which Haddon had to represent was ours at the present day. That of 1549 had been changed in 1552, and so remained changed in 1559, Haddon's book. Instead of translating which, as he professed to do, he takes from Aless (p. 416) his version of the Collect of 1549, the English of which, for its beauty and possible freshness to some of our readers, we will insert at length.

Collect. Saint Andrew's Day, 1549.

'Almighty God, which hast given such grace to thy apostle Saint Andrewe, that he counted the sharp and painful death of the cross to be

Haddon (whose English was 1552-59), followed by Wolf, Vautrollier, Jackson, Norton, and Mocket.

From Aless, 1549 (p. 374).

'Omnipotens Deus, qui dedist

an high honour and a great glory: grant us to take and esteem all troubles and adversities which shall come unto us for thy sake, as things profitable for us toward the obtaining of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Saint Andrew's Day, 1552-59, 1662.

'Almighty God, who didst give such grace unto thy holy apostle Saint Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed him without delay: Grant unto us all that we, being called by thy holy Word, may forthwith give over [up, 1662] ourselves obediently to follow thy holy commandments: Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

As this of S. Andrew is a purely English Collect of the Reformation, we have no Sarum parallel to offer. We will, however, give side by side the two post-Restoration translators, Durel and Parsel, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, summing up with Messrs. Bright and Médé, that the cynosure may be complete, and the 'septem discrimina vocum' fully accounted for.

Dies Sancti Andreae. Durel (1670), Bagster (1821).

'Omnipotens Deus, qui sancto Andreae Apostolo tuo dedisti ut vocanti Filio tuo Jesu Christo statim pareret; eumque sine morâ sequeretur: nobis omnibus concede, ut per sanctum verbum tuum vocati nosmet ipsi statim tradamus ad sancta mandata tua omni obsequio adimplenda, per eundem Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.'

Parsel. 1720. Third Edition, uncorrected.

[—per quam Filio tuo Jesu Christo vocante protinus dicto audiens eum continuo sequutus est; da—]

Messrs. Bright and Médé. London, 1865.

'Omnipotens Deus, qui beato Andreae Apostolo tuo tantam gratiam dedisti, ut a Filio tuo Jesu Christo vocatus eum sine morâ sequi non dubitaret: Tribue omnibus nobis, ut per verbum tuum sanctum vocati, ad sancta mandata tua implenda nosmetipsos continuo tradamus. Per eundem Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.'

beato Andreae Apostolo tuo, ut acerbam et ignominiosam crucis mortem duceret sibi pro magnâ gloriâ: tribue ut omnia nobis adversa pro nomine tuo ducamus profutura [et, Aless] ad æternam vitam conducibilia. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.'

Whitaker (1569, p. 109, after the book, 1559).

'Omnipotens Deus, qui eam sancto tuo Apostolo Andreae gratiam dedisti ut vocanti tuo Filio Jesu Christo protinus obtemperarit, eumque sequutus fuerit omni remotâ morâ: Concede quæsumus, ut nos per verbum tuum vocati continuo ad mandata tua sequenda nos dedamus. Per eundem Jesum Christum. Amen.'

Parsel, 1720, from Harwood, Bent, 1820. Sixth edit.

'Omnipotens Deus, qui Divum Andreæ sanctum Apostolum tuum eâ gratiâ donasti, per quam Filii tui Jesu Christi vocantis protinus dictum audiens eum continuo sequutus est; da etiam ut nos omnes per divinum tuum sermonem vocati nosmet continuo accingamus ad sancta præcepta tua omni obsequio exequendum: per eundem Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.'

One more reference—it shall be to the Collect for S. Stephen's day—in order to show how impossible it would be to take Haddon for an authority, whether in little things or in great, who could so needlessly go out of his way to do wrong as in this instance:—

English. 1559.

'Grant us, O Lord, to learn to love our enemies by the example of thy martyr Saint Stephen, who prayed for his persecutors to thee: which livest and reignest.'

Haddon to Mocket inclusive.

Die Sancti Stephani.

'Da nobis, Domine, quesumus, ut exemplo Sancti Stephani discamus inimicos diligere, qui pro persecutoribus suis precatus est Dominum nostrum Filium tuum, qui tecum vivit et regnat, &c. Amen.'

In this rendering all agree, even Whitaker, and Wolf, all omitting 'martyris tui,' so proper a phrase on S. Stephen's own day; indeed, 'proto-martyris tui,' would have been singularly appropriate; and adding, most wantonly, only, by the omission of 'martyris tui,' not absurdly, 'Dominum nostrum filium tuum.' Messrs. Bright and Medd introduce 'Protomartyris' into their version of the Collect, and a beautiful version it is, with which might be profitably compared Durel and Parsel—as the Collect with us is a new one of 1662. Aless contents himself with taking the Collect as it stands in Sarum: 'In die Sancti Stephani Proto-martyris,' only he alters 'quia' into 'qui ejus natalitia celebramus,' for which, in the other versions, stand the words, 'exemplo Sancti Stephani.' Bright and Medd continue the Sarum 'exorare' in their 'exoravit.'

There is still one beautiful Collect to the early translations of which we will draw the reader's attention from its having caught our own, in a dress of graceless deformity, as it stands in the Latin version of Le Brun (Venet. 1770).

This, as the old preparatory prayer for Mass, Haddon must have had within him. Let us see how he deals with it:—

Sarum. 1508, fol. 122.

'Deus cui omne cor patet et omnis voluntas loquitur et quem nullum latet secretum: purifica per infusionem Sancti Spiritus cogitationes cordis nostri: ut te perfecta diligere et digne laudare mereamur. Per Christum.'

Aless, p. 422. Haddon to Mocket.

'Omnipotens Deus, cui omne cor patet, et cui omnes affectus animorum cogniti sunt, et quem nihil latet, purifica cogitationes cordium nostrorum, ut per inspirationem Sancti Spiritus te ex animo amemus, et debita veneratione celebremus nomen tuum sanctum. Per Jesum Christum dominum nostrum.'

After this vile transcript of Aless and Haddon, it is quite refreshing to go back to Sarum, which it is needless to say Messrs. Bright and Medd follow, only prefixing 'Omnipotens,' and spoiling the final rhythm, as they felt conscientiously bound to do,

by the insertion of 'et [sanctum nomen tuum] digne'—in compliance with the English. Positively, Durel is a match for Aless and Haddon, and Parsel not much worse than the rest of the ante-Restorationers—who in this are one with their two blind shepherds, Aless and Haddon.

We have not, even in these preparatory pages, been keeping back Messrs. Bright and Medd, though we have been principally introducing them as tests rather than foils to their predecessors in their great work. Now we propose to bring them more prominently forward, and canvass their book for its own and our own sake.

First of all then, we will reproduce from the Sarum Breviary that noble 'Memoria de Ascensione Domini,' which is the anthem at 'Magnificat' on that day, *i. e.* for the Second Vespers of the Ascension.

Sarum Portif. P. Hyem. fol. xxi.
1556.

'O Rex Gloriæ, Domine Virtutum: qui triumphator hodie super omnes cœlos ascendisti, ne derelinquas nos orphanos: sed mitte promissum patris in nos, spiritum veritatis. Alleluia.'

Sunday after Ascension Day.

Aless, p. 406, Haddon, and Whitaker.

'Deus, Rex Gloriæ, qui exaltasti Filium tuum unigenitum Jesum Christum ad dexteram tuam in glorioso regno tuo æternæ vitæ: petimus ne relinquas nos orphanos, sed mitte nobis Spiritum Sanctum Paracletum, qui nos consoletur et ut nos evehat ad illam gloriam ad quam Dominus et servator noster Jesus Christus prior ascendit. Qui tecum vivit et regnat,' &c.

Wolf to Mocket, inclusive.

'Deus, Rex Gloriæ, qui filium tuum unigenitum Jesum Christum, cum ingenti triumpho in cœleste tuum regnum exaltasti: petimus ne relinquas nos,' &c. [ut in Aless et Haddon.]

Bright and Medd.

Dominica infra Octavam Ascensionis.

'Deus, Rex gloriæ, qui unicum filium tuum Jesum Christum triumphatorem in cœleste tuum regnum exaltasti; Ne derelinquas nos orphanos; sed mitte nobis Spiritum Sanctum tuum, qui nos consoletur, et eo evehat quo Dominus et Salvator noster, Jesus Christus processit, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate ejusdem Spiritus Sancti Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.'

Common Prayer. 1594—1662. Sunday after Ascension Day.

'O God the King of Glory, who hast exalted thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto thy kingdom in heaven; We beseech thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.'

Remembering the editors' treatment of the Easter Preface we could have almost wished that they had faced the 'triumphatorem super omnes cœlos' of this anthem. Well, they felt themselves bound to pass it by for the 'cœleste tuum regnum' of Wolf, who has certainly done good service upon the whole in correcting the crudeness of opening, apparent in the three, Aless,

Haddon, and Whitaker. Durel to his credit in the above mostly repeats Wolf, with an ugly omission of 'orphanos:' and even Parsel himself, with his 'unigenam,' 'pupillos,' and 'efferat,' though he too is somewhat leavened with his predecessors, yet he could not embrace 'Rex Gloriæ.' That was too good and genuine for him. He must have 'Gloriose Rex.' In the Third Collect after Epiphany, so well known because so often repeated in Gibbons' anthem, Messrs. Bright and Medd go beyond all the early translators in following the English, by the insertion of 'in omnibus periculis et necessitatibus nostris,' which is more than any of them do, though Wolf amplified Sarum, Aless, and Haddon, by inserting 'in omni necessitate.' Their Latin—we mean that of Messrs. Bright and Medd—in the Fourth Collect after Epiphany, remoulded in 1662, will show the care with which they have ever sought to hold by the English in their version. Otherwise we think they might very fairly have retained in their Collect the beautiful 'salutem mentis et corporis' of Sarum, instead of introducing in their stead the blank sounding words 'virtutem et tutelam,' the superior correctness of which, when weighed, we somehow question. Why was 'protectione' in the Collect for Sexagesima altered into 'potestate?' Surely the Sarum word was sufficiently close, or rather 'power' was a good enough version of 'protectione,' though 'protectione' in the original did apply to S. Paul. On second thoughts, however, that was no doubt the reason of the change. Then why not alter 'muniamur' also? In Aless and the rest it stands 'protectionis tuæ benignitate.' In the Collect for the Third Sunday in Lent, Bright and Medd insert the words 'adversus omnes inimicos nostros,' adding them to the collect as it stands in Sarum, Aless, Haddon, and the rest, for its greater explicitness and adhesion to the English. So in the Palm Sunday Collect they have noted the alteration of 1662, and carefully supplied the 'Filium tuum' of the English, letting no minutiae escape them. For this, a distinguishing feature of their book, let them enjoy all the credit they deserve, which is very great indeed.

The Second Collect of Good Friday, to which we now pass on, affords as fair a sample of the off-handedness of Aless, Haddon, and their followers, as of the excellence of Bright and Medd. We question, however, the propriety, or at least the necessity, of leaving out the 'gratiæ tuæ munere' of Sarum. There is a peculiar sound and meaning in that word 'munere' in that place. At any rate we would have retained it in lieu of 'ministerium;' 'munus,' as signifying 'gift' and 'office,' is the ministration of God's grace on the one hand, and the ministration or ministry of men's service on the other. Perhaps we should have written

something on this wise: 'Ut gratiæ tuæ munere ab omnibus tibi gradibus in munere suo pie et fideliter serviat.' We will just observe that in the Easter day Collect Bright and Medd enlarge Sarum, and correct Haddon and the rest, by the insertion of a few words to bring the Latin into closer correspondence with the English—one, apparently, of the great aims and objects of the book.

The Ascension Collect we will give at full length, as we have already given that grand one for the Sunday after, to which, indeed, we gave the place of precedence, not only from its beauty, but from its being founded on an anthem of Sarum, not on a collect:—

Sarum. MSS. 1508, fol. xc. Haddon and Whitaker.

'Concede, quæsumus, Omnipotens Deus, ut qui [hodiernâ die Sar.] unigenitum tuum, redemptorem nostrum, ad cœlos ascendisse credimus, ipsi quoque mente in cœlestibus habitemus. Per eundem.'

Wolf, who follows Aless and Haddon, but ends thus.

'—Ipsi quoque mente illuc ascendamus, et cum illo in cœlestibus perpetuo habitemus per eundem Dominum nostrum.' Amen.

Bright and Medd.

'Concede, quæsumus, Omnipotens Deus, ut qui unigenitum tuum Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum ad cœlos ascendisse credimus, ipsi quoque corde et mente illuc ascendamus, et cum illo in cœlestibus perpetuo habitemus: qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.'

Common Prayer. 1549—1662. The Ascension Day.

'Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only-begotten Son our Lord [Jesus Christ, 1662] to have ascended into the heavens; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell, who lived and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.'

The correction of Bright and Medd in the earlier part, and their amplification afterwards, greater than even that of Wolf, whom they follow, will not pass unobserved. Durel is very like to Bright and Medd. It could hardly in this case be otherwise. Even Parsel is not very dissimilar, only he strays in words when he can.

The closing rhythm of the Collect for Trinity seems spoiled to our ears by the unfortunate and wholly needless change of 'muniamur' into 'munias.' We are half inclined to think it a misprint—one of the many, alas! which disfigure this otherwise fair volume. Yet 'munias' is literal in word, according to 1662—rejoice, O Biber, in the fact—but utterly alien in sound. Still, if 1662 was to be so literally followed, it had better have been 'ut in eadem fide confirmes et nos, ab omnibus, semper munias adversis'—or with Durel, or, better still, Parsel, whom see.

The Second Collect after Trinity will give so true a notion of the skill of Messrs. Bright and Medd in remoulding, transposing, and refitting the materials of an old collect to the framework of a new or altered English text, that if we gave no other we would not withhold this:—

Second Sunday after Trinity.

Sarum, Haddon, and the rest.

‘Sancti tui nominis, Domine, timorem pariter et amorem fac nos habere perpetuum, quia nunquam tua gubernatione destituis, quos [semel Hadd, &c.] in soliditate tue dilectionis instituis. Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.’

English 1549 to 1662, exclusive.

‘Lord, make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy name, for thou never failest to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in thy stedfast love. Grant this,’ &c.

Bright and Medd, 1865.

‘Custodi nos, Domine, quæsumus, sub tutamine providentiæ tuæ, et sancti nominis tui timorem pariter et amorem fac nos habere perpetuum: quia nunquam tuâ gubernatione destituis quos in soliditate tuæ dilectionis instituis: Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.’

English, 1662.

‘O Lord, who never failest to help and govern them who thou dost bring up in thy stedfast fear and love: Keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.’

This is good workmanship, and no easy work to do well.

The next collect, the Third after Trinity, would afford an almost similar example of what might be called smelting and elaboration, and with a but little inferior effect, only that the necessary insertion of the new sentence, ‘Tribue [inter omnia pericula et adversa] defensionis [et consolationis tuæ] auxilium,’ seems to take away the point and polish of the prayer. And after all the mind, thinking and praying in Latin collects, looks for terseness, and is impatient of expletives. Of course we are not speaking of the long liturgical prayers and addresses in the services and offices of the altar in which some ancient Churches indulge, and so many famous Church-rites abound. They come under a very different head from collects.

Why, in the name of everything thoughtful, should the ‘invisibilia’ of Sarum and Haddon in the Sixth after Trinity have to make way for ‘quæ exsuperant humanum sensum,’ in part a scriptural phrase, no doubt, and an expressive one, but which has never stood, that we know of, in this collect, and seems hardly justified in shutting a ‘credal,’ and old Church word, out of its prescriptive place and possession. Besides, ‘superant’ does come into the collect as it is. If in rendering the Scripture portions of the book these verbal differences are not allowed

to hinder the retention of the ancient Church reading, why should it be otherwise with the ancient Church collects? Why should not prescription hold as good in one as in the other? Besides, might not some of the words to which exception may be taken have actually found their place in one or other of the old anti-Hieronymian versions referred to at Trent, September 4th, 1546?

Necessity has more than once compelled a variation in the old Latin of the collect, upon which we have inclined to condole with the translators, and compliment them on the manner in which, bowing to compulsion, they effected that change in wording. We are now, however, on the threshold of a Sunday over the collect of which, as it stands in the new Oxford book, we could well nigh weep. Our beautiful and unrivalled collect, unrivalled alike in its Latin and its English, unrivalled in Sarum and in 1662, is, we must say it, so unaccountably mairred in beauty, so utterly spoiled, that but from a sense of duty we would scarcely be induced to hazard our critical calmness even for one instant by dwelling for a moment more on its now Latinised deformity. Is this too strong an expression? We think not. Still, as a question of justice, and for others to judge and correct our judgment if they think it faulty, out of delicacy too to the editors of the book, we will not omit our wonted system of comparison in this instance—out of duty to them, we will not suppress the parallels. Others, indeed, may think them right and us wrong. Nay, they could perhaps give thirteen reasons for their course, in answer to our three against it.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

<i>Sarum, with Aless and Haddon.</i>	1549—1662.	<i>Bright and Medd. 1865.</i>
'Deus Virtutum,	'Lord of all power and might,	'Domine potentissime,
Cujus est totum	Who art the Author and Giver	Bonorum omnium
Quod est optimum :	Of all good things ;	Fons et dator :
Inserere pectoribus nostris	Graff in our hearts	Inserere pectoribus nostris
Amorem tui nominis,	The love of thy name,	Amorem tui nominis,
Et præsta in nobis	Increase in us	Præsta in nobis
Religionis augmentum,	True religion,	Veræ religionis augmentum,
Ut quæ sunt bona nutrias,	Nourish us with all goodness,	Et nos omni bonitate nutritos,
Ac pietatis studio	And of thy great mercy	Pietatis studio
Quæ sunt nutrita custodias.	Keep us in the same :	In eadem custodi :
Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum.	Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.	Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

To be exact in this we should add that Aless and Haddon read 'omne' for 'totum,' and Haddon 'præsta nobis incrementum'

for 'augmentum.' Wolf and the rest follow Haddon. The difference is null.

Now, we ask, could any version be made from this Sarum Latin more idomatic, more genuinely English, than that of our Common Prayer? If any one supposes that there could, let him take the version in Mr. Burn's Vesper-book or Missal, which seems as well done as any literal version can be, or let him try his own hand on the collect, set to work, see, and judge for himself. If, after all, he decides that our English is the truest version of the Latin, then surely the Latin is the truest representative of the English, and should accordingly be retained, not for its own sake only, but for the English also. Durel retains the grand 'Deus virtutum.' We are sure this translation must have been some melancholy afterthought of Messrs. Bright and Medd, when loyal instinct was for awhile weak or slumbering within them. Perhaps they had been musing on Lincoln's Inn Fields, or dreaming of Roehampton. Perhaps they had begun to weary of the task of comparing, compiling, and composing. Perhaps the singing of Mason's anthem had depressed them. We are sure that if they had said aloud the old Sarum collect, or sung it even to Mason's tune, before going to sleep, they never would have unsettled the words of that magnificent prayer. This is a loss for 1865.

But from verbal criticism, collect by collect, having come to a climax, we turn to a brief but more general view of the book itself. And we will do so at this particular-time, because henceforward the Collects after Trinity run on in much the same manner, only, we fancy, with a somewhat amplified Anglicanism; and the Saints' days' collects, after those we have collated, would afford us little of what some one has called the comparative anatomy of criticism. But we may ask why, in the opening of S. Michael, 'Sempiternus' is omitted, and 'Deus' left alone. That would of itself have been no great intrusion, would have given a majesty to the address, and have helped to carry out in some degree the principle with which the translators started. An addition, or rather prefix, in the shape of an opening epithet or attribute, is one thing; an omission from, or re-organization of, the interior of a collect is another. Beside, 'Omnipotens' is in a parallel case prefixed to 'Deus' in the Easter-day Collect, where the original has it not, and so to the 'Cor patet' and others. But now, laying aside for the most part Sarum and the books of collation, we will go to the volume itself. The translators have, we see, cut away ruthlessly the Statutes of Uniformity 1 Eliz. and 14 Car. II. with their constant repetition of the Feast days of the Nativity of S. John the Baptist and of the Feast of S. Bartholomew, as the several days of the launching of their two books. However, we do not say that we much

regret their absence. Still, a stranger might ask, 'Where is your authority for the book, for its promulgation and its use?' Breviaries all have theirs in their front, and missals too, at least all since Pius V. and Trent, and so, too, all the French books. But we are inclined to regret the loss of the Paschal and other tables. They could easily have been calculated and computed, so as to have set the year of the Latin book's publication (1865) as a mark for a long time to come. Besides, they are in themselves so convenient, give the book such a Church look, and are so altogether reckoned indispensable abroad, that we fancy there is hardly any provincial book, however humble, Diurnal or other, that is not furnished with a proper set. All our Common Prayers are, except the fancy ones, for which who is responsible? However, we are anticipating the Tables of Proper Lessons and Calendar. From the Tables of the former, as in a Latin book, we are inclined to miss the '*Dominica in ramis palmarum*' of Salisbury and York, the '*Cœna Domini*' of the same, and the '*Dominica in albis*' of Sarum, if it were only to set people free from the error of one Latin Prayer-book, which gives the name to Whitsunday as if White Sunday, and repeats it in the column for the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun week. This, however, is of but little moment. But we think a considerable mistake has been made from some reason or other with Lady-day. No doubt in England it was not right for the day to be called in the Table '*Ann. B. M.V.*' inasmuch as it stands there '*The Annunciation of our Lady*;' and good feeling dictated to the translators the propriety of observing that marked and honourable peculiarity. But then, why not have looked to Sarum for the right title? '*Annunciationis Dominicæ*' is not only right, but not to be reclaimed against, for an obvious reason, while '*Annunciationis Dominae nostræ*,' though '*literal exceedingly*,' looks not only strange in Latin as a style, but unnatural also, and sounds, as it looks, out of tune. Certainly this should be looked to, and should either be proved correct out of other books of authority, and precedent, or counsel should be taken thereupon. It looks queer. It may be an error outright; it may not be out of course at all. In glancing over the Calendar we suppose that the editors felt bound by the sealed book and its order too strictly to venture an attempt at correcting even some of its manifest errors. Otherwise S. Alban might have been restored to his proper day in June, the 22d. And the error or confusion of S. Cyprian of Carthage, the archbishop, on September 26th, might have been set right but for the fact that the mistake in the sealed book seems really to have arisen from the confounding of name and person in Sarum, which on September 26th narrates the history of Cyprian and Justina, as if it were Cyprian of Carthage, archbishop and martyr. Before,

however, we finally quit the Calendar, we cannot forbear alluding to the omission of the name of King Charles therefrom. 'Et tu Brute?' the discrowned king might say. Surely if the celebration of the day was to cease in obedience to a voice from without, there was no reason why the commemoration of King Charles personally should not have been permitted to remain. To remove the name of one who stands, in one respect, so singularly out from among the rest of the roll of English kings simply because a successor objected to his celebration, was to disown King Charles, and dishonour the principle of Old Monarchy. What right, too, has any one but the Church to touch the Calendar? The 1662 men would have been startled at this—at losing King Charles from among them. The special services, as being different matters, may be dealt with differently. In all this remonstrance we are indulging not in discussion of politics, but are remarking on a matter ecclesiastical, and so marked a matter as the taking a king's name out of the Calendar must be, above all, by two Oxford men.

Advancing into the body of the book itself, we cannot but deplore at first sight the fact that the editors did not sufficiently keep the sealed book their pattern fully before them while determining on the printing of theirs. That book, by its alteration of collect, had taxed their judgment. By its attention to propriety, it might have directed their taste. Had they permitted it to have done so, much would have been gained to the eye and to the mind; as well as to ourselves in the estimation of foreigners. The Sentences, Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution would have appeared, as they are, portions introductory; and the wide space dividing them from the rest of the service, or the new page on which the Lord's Prayer would begin, might have been made most effective, as in the sealed book, not to speak of others, it is most effective, in marking out the real Catholic commencement of the Morning and Evening Prayer. And in the same way, the same division between the Third Collect morning and evening, and the prayers called the Five Prayers which follow, would have sufficiently and satisfactorily defined the point where pure Matins and Evensong close. Therefore, by the order of 1662, the singing of the anthem at that place. Therefore the fact that at Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, where the Litany is sung after the Third Collect in the morning, they are used to omit the anthem, not for the abbreviation, but for order's sake. A great pity it was that such arrangement escaped the editor's eye when, with the sealed book opened before him, he was planning for the beautiful reprint of 1662, put forth by Mr. Masters in the year 1848. This gulf between the Absolution and Lord's Prayer, the Third Collect and Prayer for the

Queen, is really a great thing, greater than it looks ; a symbol of rite.

The next remark we have to make concerns not so much form as substance. We observe that the editors have sometimes recourse to brackets, not in Canon M'Neile's sense, but in their own. If they were to be introduced at all, we think that they might have been used advantageously in the 'Alleluia,' 'Praise ye the Lord,' thus, 'Alleluia [Laudate Dominum],' as equivalent to the 'Laus tibi Domine,' for use in Advent, Septuagesima, and Lent, instead of the word 'Alleluia' itself. Aless indeed translates 'Praise ye the Lord' by 'Laus tibi Domine,' the old form, in fact, adding, after the First Book (1549), 'sed a Paschate usque ad Dominicam Trinitatis: "Alleluia."' For the response we should have preferred 'Sit nomen Domini benedictum,' not because Durel has so translated, but from its recalling the use of the words in the uses of Sarum and Bangor (and we may add Hereford further on) at the opening of the altar service after the 'Adjutorium,' and before the kiss, and reminding us also of Psalm cxii. (Vulg.), 'Laudate nomen Domini,' 'Sit nomen Domini benedictum.' As to 'Venite,' no question can arise, that the choice of the Roman instead of the Gallican version was a right one. Considering, however, that we have no Invitatory proper to introduce, we should have preferred printing the Psalm throughout with the usual break and pointing of the verses ; just because it is natural to the eye, consorting better with the Church punctuation—the middle pointing—which simply cuts the verse in two ; and because, in the body of the old Psalters that contain the ancient Roman version, it so stands among the other Psalms, divided, not artificially, but naturally, as they are. For instance, it so stands in the Breviarium Gothicum, or Mosarabic, p. 41 of the Psalter (Matriti, 1775), where, notwithstanding its prefixed antiphone, its several verses are divided as ours might be, with the punctuating star (*) in lieu of our two points (:), in the middle of each verse. Probably, however, the editors thought the Oratorium (1546), without invitatory anthem, and 'Quignon' with it, only to be once said when said privately, the best authorities to follow in the printing of the Roman 'Venite.' Still we would incline to have had it otherwise, as in the Mosarabic, Quincuplex, and other Psalters. In its present form it is useless to the man who knows about the Invitatorium, but has none to use, and meaningless to him who looks merely for 'Venite,' and finds it in a form for which he cannot account. Before the 'Te Deum,' we think the rubric of the First Book might have been introduced in brackets, forbidding its use, at least in Lent, and leaving 'Benedicite' the only alternative in its place.

[‘Post primam lectionem canitur “Te Deum laudamus, per totum annum præterquam in Quadragesima, in quâ loco ejus cantabitur Hymnus “Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino.”’] This is Aless, and the First Book.

Rules from former authoritative books, authoritative in their time, and not contradictory to present usage, have been so introduced elsewhere, and we think might have been well employed in this place; suggesting an authority, once existing in our Church, for a general custom among thoughtful congregations at the present day, and possibly reconciling a Catholic stranger, who might look upon our unqualified ‘quotidie’ ‘Te Deum’ with pardonable distrust.

Upon glancing back to what we have suggested as to the ‘Alleluia’ and ‘Laus tibi Domine,’ it might, upon the whole, be better to leave it as the First Book and Aless leave it. It brings out better the single Easter use of the great ‘Alleluia,’ and was conformable, at any rate, to our Church custom and tradition from 1549 to 1552, making it as it were the great antiphone to the ‘Venite.’ Before 1549, ‘Alleluia’ was said at all hours throughout the whole year, except from the first Evensong of Septuagesima to Maundy Thursday, during which period was said ‘Laus tibi Domine, Rex æternæ gloriæ.’ That is, with us (1549) it began and ended with the great Paschal season from Easter to Trinity Sunday; with Sarum it began with Easter, and went round to Septuagesima exclusive next year. This is perhaps our best second thought, if the matter be worth thought at all. As ‘Gloria in excelsis’ cannot, with us, be conformed to the rule of ‘Te Deum’ in its general use, there is no need to restrict ‘Alleluia,’ otherwise than 1549 restricted, or rather prescribed, its use. Still we will let our former suggestion stand in its proper place for what it is worth: leaving its comment here as growing out of the ‘Te Deum,’ and our consideration of how best to employ it, so as to secure that easily-varied change and adaptation of service, which our book seems, on all hands, to be allowed and confessed to want.

After the Third Collect, as we have already said, the printing of the book might have well followed that of the sealed in reserving the Commemoration-prayers for another page, leaving the proper daily service, morning and evening, alike compact, from the Lord’s Prayer to the end of the Third Collect, or anthem. Perhaps, in the Litany, one or two Sarum phrases exactly equivalent to the English might have been employed where they are not, but the whole is so good and beautiful, such an advance upon its predecessors, in all respects, that we can use scarce a word of qualification. On the collects, and their mode of treatment, enough and more than enough has been said; but

we felt enlargement on them a duty, because we could not but know them to be turning-points and tests. What we have said we have said. We could have said less, and looked shy—more, and seemed dogmatical. The Collects should be reconsidered; some, at least, among their number. The question concerning the Epistles and Gospels, as to what version to print from, has been finally and satisfactorily set at rest in favour of the Vulgate or S. Jerome. Even by a man fresh from reading Pearson's '*Præfatio Parænetica*,' no other conclusion could have been come to with any show or shadow of reason. This we may presume all men to allow by this time, who consider what, and for whom provided, a Latin Common Prayer-book is. Has it been remarked upon by any who have touched this point, that in the Table of Proper Lessons before the Latin book of 1560, the catch-words for the beginning and ending of the passages to be read, when portions of a chapter and not the whole are selected, seem almost always given by Haddon himself in the words of the Vulgate—in the Old Testament as from the Book of Wisdom on All Saints'—always? Just as he used the Vulgate in the Canticles, and in the prefatory notice says, with respect to the numbering of the Psalms, '*sequuti sumus supputationem veteris translationis*.' In the Epistles and Gospels there is certainly sometimes a slight variation from the Vulgate; but take the '*Lectiones pro Epistola*' from the Old Testament, *e. g.* Monday and Tuesday before Easter, Lady-day, S. John the Baptist, and the rest, and we will venture to say not a word differs. Confessedly there was no absolutely ordered standard, no invariably-used Latin Bible, employed by all at that time; neither, we believe, had Rome before Trent. Whitaker says as much of the Psalter; but neither was there any rule against the adoption of the Vulgate, and much, very much, in fact everything, in its favour.

And why, we ask again, would not our good editors leave the Collects very much more to themselves, and as close to their original Latin, as they have left the Epistles and Gospels to the ancient Latin of the Church, at least since the time of S. Jerome and his good friend Pope Damasus, or say only since the Council of Trent itself?

In the midst, however, of the Collects, come the pro-'*Venite*' anthems for Easter-day. And here we put the query, Why not print their verses as they stand in the English book, verse by verse, with the Church-point in the mediation, for saying as we say, or singing as we sing them, psalm-fashion, or old Introit-fashion, with the '*Gloria*' at the end? Was the body of Easter-day anthems, the '*Pascha nostrum*,' so treated to be made like the '*Venite*,' in look, as it one day in the year occupies its place, and, as it were, impersonates it? We confess we

like our 'Venite' and 'Pascha nostrum' middle-pointed. We prefer them so, rather than either *romanesque* or *renaissant*. This, however, is a mere question of form and appearance, which no way concerns the rendering of the passages, nor the faithfulness of the book; and if ever book was done in a spirit of faithfulness to the English Church, that book is this. We may think rather too much so, with the bare letter in view. With the spirit of the book before us, we have no reason to doubt that a freer handling in some things would have imparted, if possible, more truth and faithfulness to all. And the editors were just the men to teach, as well as to be led—to school men as well as to be schooled.

When we move on to the rubricate headings of the Holy Communion, we ask ourselves, Why were not the titles of Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, as a portion of the Communion Service, rubricated also? Probably there was one good reason why they should not be, and with this supposition we must rest content. As, however, brackets and suggestions from former books have been admitted, we would gladly have seen the *Introits* introduced, as before the *Collects* for their several days, so here, by reference, after the Collect, 'Omnipotens Deus, cui omne cor patet,' and before the recitation of the Ten Commandments, and the saying of the *Kyries*; the more so as it might have served to remind us all that the *Introit* was originally a Psalm entire, preceded, indeed, by an anthem, and followed by a *Gloria Patri*, but still combining the entire Psalm, as did the first book of King Edward, where the proper Psalm stands so printed, or referred to, before the day Collect, just as the pro-'Venite,' 'Pascha nostrum,' anthems stand before the Collect for Easter. If we lost the 'Invitatory,' yet retained 'Venite'—if we lost the 'Antiphons,' yet retained the 'Psalms'—(and old Quignon was at the bottom of our loss)—we need not have murmured at losing the 'Anthem,' or 'Trove,' yet retaining the 'Introit Psalm' entire and at full. And with great truth can we say that never have we sung, or heard sung, the two or four verses or so which it is the custom of the present day to use as an *Introit*—(or rather, strictly speaking, as a 'Judica me' with 'Introibo,' for, with us in position as in name, it much more resembles that than the 'Officium' proper)—never do we use those few verses as our *Introit* without longing for the whole Psalm, without feeling disappointment at the modicum of melody doled out to us, without repeating to ourself, from Sarum, 'Totus Psalmus dicatur cum Gloria Patri, deinde Introibo.' But the question of the ancient *Introit*—'Officium' and of our *Introits* of 1549 opens too wide a field to be entered on and fully treated of here. It is simply in a practical view that we touch on it now. Every one, for instance,

knows how useful it would be on Epiphany, for example, as furnishing a proper Psalm for the day, which now we have not, neither Preface. Here, too, as a proper Psalm, like the 'Officium,' it would come in at its proper place, after the Collect and Lord's Prayer, and before the Kyries of Holy Communion, to which we must next and now direct the reader's attention.

With the appearance of the page as it lies open before us we somehow or other feel dissatisfied. The word 'minister' looks out of place; the word 'populus' seems out of tune; that 'populus,' 'me sibilat,' grates harshly on our ear, nor have we any such clear conviction of its supreme correctness as will serve to do away with or even diminish our dislike. Granted that 'minister' is the Latin for minister, and that 'populus' represents in Latin, people ('plebs Christiana'), and that in the Greek Liturgies ΔΙΑΚΟΝΟΣ and ΛΑΟΣ are of not unfrequent occurrence, and that Densinger has so Latinized the word ΛΑΟΣ, as others, *e.g.* Goar and Renaudot, had done before him; yet it does not stand to reason that what is right and natural in a Greek or English Liturgy-book, or correct in a Latin version from the Greek, would be the apt and proper representation of the English book, in its spirit and character as well as words. Indeed, where S. James and S. Mark have ΛΑΟΣ, if we recollect rightly, S. Chrysostom uses the word ΧΟΡΟΣ; except it may be in the recitation of the Creed, which, as a purely congregational portion of the service, reduced to its first elements (the Scotch Episcopalians used that when they used nothing else), may well have ΛΑΟΣ prefixed; as with us, the word 'people' in a notice of direction is one thing, its appearance before 'Kyrie' another. We say thus much to save ourselves from seeming off-handed, as we have accused Aless of being; and now need say no more, for this is meant for no Liturgical discussion, but simply a suggestion or hint for alteration—it may be, improvement—very unauthoritatively offered to the worthy editors for their thought, if not acceptance.

Whether 'sacerdos' does not more really represent 'minister,' according to the ancient English and modern English understanding of the word here, or whether 'celebrans' after the Roman, or 'presbyter' and 'sacerdos' interchangeably after the Mosarabic, and whether 'chorus' would or would not have been better than 'populus' here (we know all about Sinai, and Ebal, and Gerizim, and the Blessings, the Comminations, and Ten Commandments, and the arguments drawn from them), we will not take on ourselves to say. But to 'populus' we unhesitatingly say what we would not have said to Dr. Fell, though Locke had implored us to have done so.

With the Sarum open before us, and our attention fixed upon

the nine farced Kyries at the end, we should have very certainly of ourselves been disposed to have printed the Decalogue paragraphs as under:—

'Sacerdos. Locutus est Deus cunctos sermones hos :

1. *V.* Ego sum Dominus Deus tuus: non habebis deos alienos coram me.

R. Kyrie, corda nostra ad servandam hanc legem inclina; Kyrie eleyson.

2. *V.* Non facies tibi sculptile . . . præcepta mea.

R. Kyrie, corda . . . Kyrie eleyson.'

And so the rest down to the—

10. *V.* Non concupisces domum proximi tui, nec desiderabis uxorem ejus, non servum, non ancillam, non bovem, non asinum, nec omnia quæ illius sunt.

R. Kyrie, in cordibus nostris hac omnes leges tuas inscribas, quæ sumus; Kyrie eleyson.'

By printing thus a greater correctness of tone and effect seems attainable than by restricting the version to its very and most literal rendering; the having done which, although from motives most conscientious and praiseworthy, gives what is a very strongly marked feature of the English service a poor and miserable look in the Latin. It seems like lesson-saying, not worship. The 'magister,' repeating the Commandments, the 'pupillus' begging his master to tell him how. The 'Domine' here is too familiar, too much like 'Domne,' 'Sir.' It needs Kyrie, about which there is no mistake, to heighten, deepen, strengthen it. In the body of the Litany 'miserere nobis' may do very well, because it has always done, but here never. Always Kyrie before the Sacrament of the Altar, 'Kyrie eleyson.' However, this may be all said to be matter of taste; only as the nine long Kyries in the old English service, and about this place in the service, closed with a last and longest, we are here aptly presented with a long tenth added. So far as is practicable we have thought right to retain the resemblance with the wording of the adaptation of 1552.

Nothing of any special moment presents itself to our notice, which we need recall to that of our readers, until we reach the proper Prefaces. Those we would willingly give in detail and parallel, as showing the patience and skill of editors. But as we have already given *in extenso* that for Easter, together with the Sarum when busied about Aless and Haddon, we will now simply refer to their transference from Sarum, with great praise for their skill and execution in modelling. In the Ascension Preface we think we should have been tempted to have retained, if possible, 'the divinitatis suæ participes' of Sarum, and have avoided as well as might be the close cacophony of the two readings in *-remus*—

'ascenderemus' and 'regnaremus.' At or towards the close of the Whitsunday Preface we might, from an old, but not English, Preface have been disposed to read, 'qua, cum ferventi zelo, Evangelii tui gloriam omnibus gentibus constanter tradiderent.' It seems to take away a flatness that for anything we know to the contrary is grounded on no prescription or form of words.

We confess that at the close of the first post-Communion Collect of Thanksgiving, we should have been minded to retain the emphatic 'per quem et cum quo et in quo' from the 'per Ipsum et cum ipso et in ipso,' of Salisbury and the rest, because, while the sense would be the same, there would be no alteration of words: only an emphasis as in the original.

In the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' the second 'Miserere' (*Misereres* in a morning hymn of praise differ from those in a litany or deprecation) is retained according to modern English use, which circumstance we note without any further comment than a reference to the form in which the three *Misereres* are printed in the English 'Gloria' in King Edward's first book of 1549, wherein the third 'Miserere' sentence commences the third section of the hymn.

Of the Ritual, for obvious reasons, we need say but little. It does not enter, in the same degree, into the daily use of the English clergy and laity. Of itself, it is in the main more English, and is therefore in a greater degree a matter of scholarship, in which none would question the translators' supremacy, than of deliberation, in which others may bear a part. In these portions, too, the comparison, had we entered on it, lay rather between the Oxford translators on the one hand, and Parsel, Durel, Haddon, and Aless on the other, than between Oxford and Sarum, and York. We may, however, add thus much to our remarks, that in the first Collect in the Baptism Service we think the editors quite right in their wording, 'Noe et familiam ejus in arcâ conservasti, ne in aquis perirent,' as against the new-fangled conception in punctuation, which would require the transposition 'per aquam conservasti ne perirent,' a reading which neither Parsel, Durel, nor Haddon authorises, nor does Aless or the First Book countenance. In that (the 1549) we know the English is so different as not to admit a doubt of the reformers' meaning, which sets, we suppose, the point at rest. 'In spe' for 'safely,' in the next line would be unquestionably right if the reference to Psalm lxxvii. 58 were beyond question also. Here, however, as bearing directly on those two points with a something of authority, a few lines of the 'Simplex et Pia Deliberatio' may well come in: if at least the passage was, as Dr. Bulley says, derived from the 'Forma Nurembergensis,' having

been translated into German from the ancient Latin A.D. 1523. What ancient Latin? Is this it? 'Oremus. Pater Omnipotens 'Deus, qui olim impium mundum horribili iudicio tuo *per diluvium* 'perdidisti, et solam familiam pii Noe octo tantum animas pro 'ineffabili misericordiâ tuâ conservasti . . . populumque tuum 'Israeliticum *siccis pedibus* transire fecisti . . . et reliqua.' In the last Collect but one of the Burial Service, notwithstanding the plausible remarks that have been made, the 'plenâ felicitate 'lætantur,' is surely correct, independently of its authority from the Sarum. In looking back to the 'Homo natus' of the same service, under the 'Sancte Deus,' we think we should have phrased the last line of the third clause rather differently, simply to get rid of a harshness, as our English translators varied 'Spiritus gratiæ salutaris' in the Prayer for the Clergy and the People, into 'the healthful spirit of thy grace.' In that case we might have let it stand 'amaræ mortis et æternæ ne pœnis tradas nos.' 'Amaræ mortis' is Sarum. So at the end of the fourth clause 'Noli,' 'propter ullam mortis amaritudinem,' would have secured the notion of 'amaræ mortis,' which comes in again, if we remember rightly, in the original. Of course, in 'Audiui' the last sentence has slipped in by oversight, though were it the text a very good slip-in it would be—we mean 'opera . . . sequuntur illos.'

Why the old English word 'Banna,' and the phrase 'inter-roget Banna' should have been summarily dismissed from the Marriage Service, which the translators call 'Ritus celebrandi Matrimonium,' we can hardly tell. Wolf and Durel, and we need not say Sarum, have the word. So have Mocket and Bagster, though the latter euphonises with 'nuptiæ' and 'con-nubium.' Parsel has left out neither 'Banna,' nor 'Matrimonium.' That Bright and Medd should have thrown the word Banna aside is curious, but their reasons for so doing may be many and weighty. If it be an oversight, it is but a little one after all; though it might encourage the marrying in Latin by licence in the absence, by banishment, of Banns. In short, the Marriage Service would seem to have given the editors more trouble than any. In that service, as in some few of the Collects, there crops up at times the tendency, unaccountable in such editors, but still occasionally perceptible, to sacrifice the gold of Sarum for the silver and silver gilt of London and Oxford. Unaccountable, we will say, in such men, whose original renderings, and masterly introduction of the old version of Scripture to represent the Epistles, Gospels, and Psalms, are deserving of all praise. In the one, their scholarship, especially in Church and Bible Latin, where it had to flow freely from their pens, and in the other, their straight-forward honesty, must have earned them the thanks of all

churchmen, as we would accord them our full meed of honour likewise.

None will question their correctness in employing, after Sarum, 'Pontifices,' in the Collect or third prayer. None will gainsay their distinctive use of the words 'Presbyter' and 'Sacerdos,' and their employment of the former in the Litany and throughout the all-important Ordinal. As to the Ordinal, however, it may not be amiss to note that the second paraphrastic 'Veni Creator,' in the Ordination Service is altogether omitted by the editors. Altogether, we say, saving half the lines in the 12th and the 13th stanzas, which are in substance represented by the verse, 'Da gaudiorum præmia,' introduced, between brackets, into the former and accredited hymn 'Veni.' We add introduced, because in the words of the first English hymn 'Veni,' the verse has no parallel, and we doubt whether it ever found a place in the old rite of the English Church at all. Under the circumstances, therefore, we rather wonder that the editors, if but for the sake of a pleasant parting exercise, refrained from composing or compiling a second hymn in Latin to answer to this second hymn in English, and to combine the verse 'Da gaudiorum præmia' without interfering with the integrity of the form of the hymn 'Veni' in Sarum. It would have given them the opportunity of bringing together a good many members of old and new, of forgotten and fresh poets—'membra poetarum' now 'disiecta et digesta per agros.' It might have helped them to construct or recover some good verses on a right principle for the English Church, and to supply a fresh hymn on a high subject for their countrymen, which, in their poverty of such, they might have oftentimes found useful.

If, indeed, Bishop Zachary Ferreri could have furnished them with little help out of his long Pentecostal iambics, yet there do exist some good old hymns of the Church, and not a few fine stanzas of Martin Clairé, Santeuil, Coffin, and Jannet, to mention no others, from which as fair a composition could be made as the second English hymn in our book deserved to have for its parallel or translation. And we should have thought, with their experience and facility at moulding and inlaying, not to speak of their powers of composition and translation, its labour would have been most amusing, and purely a labour of love. It might really, framed by two such men, have formed quite a feature in their book. And two men were just the number to do it well, because of itself it is a sort of hymn antiphonal. But, all light speech apart, there are noble hymns on the subject which that treatment might have been made the means, in a very great measure, of recovering to us, at least in all their striking and essential portions. Satisfied, however, with the good things we

are put in possession of by their dutiful care and diligence, we must not murmuringly ask at the translators' hands for more. Honourably, and on the whole satisfactorily, have they, as editors and translators, carried out the Queen's (Elizabeth's) desire, and their own object, to use the words of Whitaker's preface to his little book of prayers, '*Ut forma publicarum in ecclesia nostra precum exteris etiam gentibus manifesta fieret.*'

There is, however, another view and purpose of this book, which must be neither lost sight of nor slurred over—its use, namely, by students, and those learned in the Latin tongue, and by the collegiate churches, meaning thereby the churches and chapels of Oxford, Cambridge, Winchester, Eton (and Westminster), specially mentioning Christ Church, Oxford, for the saying of their daily service.

No doubt that was a wise and good resolution, and as well calculated to further religion and learning, if universally adopted, as it was to promote the spirit and practice of devotion. It would have at once removed from the daily service that unavoidable familiarity which is ever liable to be incurred by its uninterrupted English use, morning and evening, in the mind of the youthful worshipper, accustomed to it from childhood upwards. Latin would arrest his attention and advance his knowledge of divine things, even in such lesser matters as language and habitude of thought, just as a Latin play at Westminster now, or at Ealing in the days of John Henry Newman and Charles Knight, would tend imperceptibly to idiomatise, if we may use the word, the Latin of the young men that played, till Latin became to them all but the tongue of nature.

It would seem, therefore, a most desirable thing that the book should be introduced into and used in every college chapel, and a portion, at least, of the service in every public school throughout the kingdom. That excellent little book, the '*Sacra Academica*,' will have taught us how general was the use of Latin prayers in the greater foundations throughout the realm; (it contains fifteen forms or more;) and how great has been the loss of tone resulting from their suppression, where they have been suppressed, we are all witness, even when as at Christ Church the book used was, as a Church composition, little better than contemptible. It was a witness to truth, though an unsavoury one. Even the good Lutheran Daniel, speaking of this custom in our colleges and halls and schools, says, '*Quod ad Angliam, Rituale sæpissime in Latinam linguam translatum est: immo passim in scholis atque collegiis recitatur sermone Latino.*' As he had said before: '*Ecclesiis quæ non sunt parochiales, porro sacris clericorum privatis, inservire posset linguæ totius ecclesiæ Christianæ vinculum.*' '*Codex Liturgicus*,' vol. iii. p. 318, note.

Now with a good book there is really no difficulty, as we wish we could say there is no excuse. Great persons have sometimes special services. We have seen, for example, Freemasons ordering a service and marching to church, with lights, and stars, and symbols enough to frighten Lord Ebury and 'my dear' Fremantle into their graves, to say nothing of

'The venerable good archdeacon, he
Who is himself his whole archdeaconry;'

and the fit that might befall him at the sight thereof.

If then, great men, have special services, why not smaller men; so that whenever the college enjoined special attendance on its domus-men and servants, the service might be in English for their sakes, and on their account? Nor need any difficulty arise when quire-service is the rule of the chapel. New College and Magdalen, with their schools for the little prophets, might, with less than a week's work, provide a body of boys sufficiently instructed to sing without fault, before the Throne of Grace, the daily service in Latin. And as those noble Colleges have already cleared out their Augean stables, and hindered their antechapels from being on Sundays as bad as in the old time was 'the walk of Poule's,' no hindrance need suggest itself even on Sunday afternoons. All the visitors would be presumably University men or educated gentlemen; and if any curious child of Calvin, or son of the Tabernacle, chose to form one of the congregation, we must remember, and he too must remember, this would be going to the nuisance, and not the nuisance to him. Every way—for the sake of the men, for the sake of the service—for *their* advance in Christian scholarship, for *its* improvement in solemnity and power—should we rejoice to hear, not merely, as now, a Latin sermon, a Latin Litany, at Oxford, but the full service day by day—Psalm, Scripture, Prayer, and Anthem in the language of S. Jerome and S. Gregory.

And even this may be, and we may live to see it. Meanwhile, one use there is of this book which an English clergyman can put it to, and bless the authors while using it. Hindered by his position, by that of his parish, by the circumstances of the day, from saying his service in church, or attending it in chapel, the clergyman on his journey or in his chamber—'shut up,' like a second Jeremiah, but not from the same cause—at home or abroad, may carry it with him, it is so handy, and read it, it is so clear, and use it for the reciting of his daily devotions and prayer; the holy rite and rule to which he is bound by duty as well as promise to conform.

And when once he has got the good old words of the book ingrained into his very soul, from using it in his pleasant walks,

and his hours of recollection and thought, first from obligation, then from love,—when this Collect shall remind him of that green close, this Psalm of that singing woodland, this Gospel of that deep valley standing so thick with corn, this Canticle of that sounding silvery stream,—he will be just in the mood of mind to take it into college, to his father the Warden, and his brethren the Fellows, and say, ‘Here: this book is instinct with music; now let us make it vocal with praise!’

ART. IX.—*Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-53.* Edited by STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. In 2 volumes, with Portraits. London: 1865.

ROBERTSON of Brighton is a name which has risen to reputation and honour in the Church of England by a path far removed from the beaten track by which clerical fame is usually attained among us. He died young, and while he lived he was, so far as the Church in general, and his own position in it went, obscure. The period of his popularity extended over exactly six years, and the sphere within which it ranged was the town of Brighton. He never held any preferment more distinguished than the incumbency of a proprietary chapel, and beyond its walls his influence found a definite resting-place only in a Working Man's Institute of his own establishment. At his death nothing of his had been published beyond a single sermon and a few lectures to mechanics. Moreover, his position was not only unnoticeable, but isolated. He stood entirely apart from his clerical brethren. His temper was too sensitive, too refined, too disdainful, to seek the transient celebrity which is gained by what are called 'men of the day,' through hanging on to other men's skirts, or mounting other men's shoulders. But there is, happily, a road to fame and influence, which is not cut out by the efforts of ambition, or opened up by patronage; along which a great master of thought may traverse unconsciously, and the glorious end of which he may never live to see. Robertson, during his brief ministry at Brighton, was being led along this path without knowing, or even suspecting, the fact. He was, unwittingly, making for himself a position among the homilists of modern times, which is unrivalled, in the estimation of his friends, even by such names as Manning and Newman.

Robertson was born February 3, 1816. His childhood and his youth were just such as his after years would lead us to suppose. Great mental power, a highly wrought imagination, a tone of chivalrous devotion which pervaded his whole being controlling, and, in some instances, unduly influencing, his course of action,—these were among his earliest characteristics. Withal, he possessed that refined modesty, which shows itself, not so much in keeping in the background, as in taking his own proper place in the foreground, without betraying a consciousness of self. His father's profession, the army, had a charm for him in his childhood, which,

so far from wearing off as age came on, only grew with his growth, and intensified with the strengthening of his character, and deepened with the advance of life. The sacrifice which, in obedience to his father's will, he made of this most cherished wish, tinged with a kind of sadness his whole career. Notwithstanding his high sense of duty, and the intense earnestness with which he entered upon and carried out every undertaking, there still appears very clearly throughout his life the ever-present regret that he was not a soldier. He was educated at the Academy in Edinburgh, attended the classes at the University of that city (Mr., afterwards Bishop Terrot, being his tutor at the time), and returned home at the age of eighteen. Very shortly after this he was articled to a solicitor in a country town,—the most uncongenial alternative as regards choice of profession which could have been offered to such a mind as Robertson's. No wonder that he threw it up after a year's trial. And then the prospect of his wish being accomplished grew brighter. Captain Robertson relented, and sought a commission from the Horse Guards. It was refused on account of age. Interest was used, and while it was at work, and when it seemed unlikely to be successful, his father's original desire that his son should take Holy Orders received a powerful furtherance from the advice of two clergymen whom the latter fell in with at Cheltenham. The result was that he went up to Oxford, placed his name on the books of Brasenose, and matriculated in May, 1837. As though to intensify the bitterness of the sacrifice which he made in renouncing the army, a letter arrived a fortnight after his matriculation, offering him a commission in a cavalry regiment. But the die was cast, and his father declined to put a force on events, and oppose what appeared to him like his son's destiny.

Robertson never took kindly to Oxford. Its life in none of its phases suited him. The common run of undergraduates he despised. He looked down upon their mode of spending their time as frivolous, and despised them as unintellectual. The fact was, that besides being thoughtful above his years, he was actually beyond the age at which men usually enter upon their University career. When he matriculated he was twenty-one years and a quarter old, and, as he did not begin residence till the following October, he commenced his undergraduate course close upon the age at which most men take their degree; and the complete period of an University career makes, as every one knows, a far greater difference in the tone and cast of a young man's character than the same length of time spent elsewhere, or taken from any other part of life. Moreover the associations of Oxford had no charm for him. He cared little for antiquity as such. The venerable was always far lower in his esteem than

the beautiful. This, indeed, was the chief defect in his organization, and we shall have occasion to remark it again. The consequence was that he never became, heart and soul, an Oxford man. His age removed him beyond sympathy with the undergraduates of his own standing, and his tastes found only repulsion in the graver life and ancient fame of Oxford. The juniors he contemned as mere boys, the seniors he disliked as mere dons. He read much, but to no point; he resisted every effort made to induce him to go in for honours, and finished by taking so excellent a pass that he was placed as an honorary in the fourth class in the same list in which the present Archbishop of York appeared as a third. This was in Easter Term, 1840. He lived, however, to regret the way in which he had spent his time at Oxford, and he expressed his regret in the following passages, for the benefit of a young friend to whom he wrote in 1851, in answer to a request for his advice as to the best way of spending an University career.

“9, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton, June 8, 1851.

‘My dear Kennion,—It is with some reluctance that I write to you on the subject of your studies; as, in the first place, I have no right to give an opinion; and, in the next, I quite feel the truth of what you say in your letter to your mother, that none can decide for you a question with all the bearings of which none but yourself can be acquainted. She is extremely anxious, however, that you should decide rightly, and has written to me to ask what I think. So I am sure you will not think that I am intruding advice. The chief point seems the question of reading for honours. Now, I believe with you, that honours make little or nothing in practice, so far as they bear upon a man’s future success; that is, the prestige of them does little in life—is forgotten or slightly looked upon by the large world. But the mental habits got insensibly during the preparation for them is, I think, incapable of being replaced by anything, and this quite independently of whether a man succeeds or fails in his attempt. To my idea the chief advantage is the precluding of discursiveness. For three years, or four, a man has an aim—a long-distant, definite aim. I defy any young man to create this aim for himself. “History, with contemporary authors,” is a very vague plan at best. But grant it well mapped out, still he has chosen his own aim, cannot be certain he has chosen well, and becomes distrustful of the wisdom of the plan, because his own,—will infallibly find that ripened experience will not approve the line chosen, inasmuch as, being untravelling by him, he only selects it by guess. Difficulties break his ardour: he cannot struggle with a difficulty while half sceptical as to the unalterable necessity of overcoming it; and at last, having read *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, he finds that, whatever he may have got of bitter experience, one thing he has not got, and that is the steady habit of looking forward to a distant end, and unalterably working on till he has attained it—the habit, in short, of never beginning anything which is not to be finished. At college I did what you are now going to do—had no one to advise me otherwise; was rather encouraged in it by religious people, who are generally—at least, the so-called religious—the weakest of mankind; and I now feel I was utterly, mournfully, irreparably wrong. The excitement of theological controversy, questions of the day, politics, gleams

and flashings of new paths of learning, led me at full speed for three years, modifying my plans perpetually. Now I would give 200*l.* a year to have read on a bad plan, chosen for me, but steadily.—*Life*, vol. i. p. 27.

We need hardly say that the interest which Robertson took in the great theological movement which surged and spread within, and forth from, the University of Oxford in his day was not that of a sympathizer. All his training, all the influences of his life, had tended in the opposite direction. He was an 'evangelical' of a Scotch type, and consequently had a strong infusion of Calvinism in his composition. Such he was, so far as external guidance could mould his mind; but his mind was always ready to shake itself free of external guidance so soon as the restraint became coercive of its freedom.

A very short time elapsed between his taking his degree and his receiving deacon's orders. He was ordained by the Bishop of Winchester in July, 1840, on a title given him by Mr. Nicholson, the Rector of the United parishes of S. Maurice, S. Mary Kalendar, and S. Peter's, Colebrook, Winchester. There was plenty of work to be done, and he threw himself into it with his characteristic ardour. His rector seems to have been a thoroughly congenial spirit, with whom he worked in perfect oneness of thought and purpose. Beyond the unflagging energy, and devout earnestness with which he devoted himself to his duty, there is nothing in his diaconate that strikes one as being remarkable or exceptional. His sermons were more noticeable for their fervour than for their ability. As he was a strictly professed evangelical, his ministrations kept closely to that groove. Tractarianism he had for some time been accustomed to denounce as a 'heresy:' and the single point on which his own theological views converged was that of 'justification by faith alone,' in the technical sense in which that phrase is used by the school to which he belonged. His work at Winchester was crowned with great success. He made rapid and sure way amongst the people, who, in bygone years and under a previous unsober rector, had been sadly neglected. Both in the pulpit and in the parish his labours produced visible results. His exquisitely gentle mind and refined manners and kind heart,—in short, his character and bearing as a perfect Christian gentleman, told, as it always must tell, most effectively upon the rougher natures among his parishioners. Yet, even at this early time, the shadow of his life began to darken his days. He was morbidly dissatisfied with himself. He was fond of speaking of his work as a strife that would soon be over. He got to think of himself as having but a short time to live, and he indulged in the idea of an early death with sentimental pleasure. No one who has read this biography through, can avoid the conviction that the beginning of the end, the first

signs of the brain disease, which killed him with such a cruel and premature death, reached far back into his early years, and in fact are discernible in the highly-strung sensitiveness and overwrought imagination of his youth and first manhood. Looked at alone, his constant dwelling on death as a near and welcome event, his oft-repeated self-depreciation, his frequent lament over his life as a failure, would seem to be mere affectation; but viewed by the light of subsequent facts we see that all this was no affectation, but a sad reality, an unhealthy excitability of brain. His health did not last him out at Winchester, but gave way, though not in this direction. Weakness of chest caused him cough and pain, and led him to think that consumption, which had been so fatal in his family, would make him, too, its victim. These symptoms, however, passed off. He took priest's orders and went for a holiday to Switzerland. The following extracts from letters will show the tone of his mind during his diaconate.

March, 1841.

'My work does not prosper as you anticipate—at least, it appears at a standstill, and my own energy and heart for the work seem gone for the present. It will not, I trust, be always so, but, after a time, I shall be braced up to renewed exertion.

'There is much to be learned which cannot be obtained alone—to say nothing of the responsibility of having so many souls entrusted to the charge of a young beginner. Oh, it is a heavy, heavy weight! I begin to think and tremble as I never did before; and I *cannot* live to Christ. My heart is detached, indeed, from earth, but it is not given to Him. All I do is a cross, and not a pleasure—a continual struggle against the current; and all I effect is to prevent being hurried back as rapidly as I might be—but I make no way. I know I shall soon have some heavy blow to startle me from my lethargy. Even so, come Lord Jesus!

'May the Holy Spirit warm you to greater self-denial, and holiness, and love, and devotedness than I can feel or imagine.'

'Winchester, 1841.

'I trust, my dear J., you will be taught increasing diligence. If you could but feel those words, "The night cometh when no man can work," as you will feel them when it comes, there would be an end of trifling in you, and me, and all of us, for ever. Things now of apparent importance shrink up into nothing in sight of that hour. And there is a work to be done for Christ: how little time to do it in! Surely there is nothing here worth living for, but to be conformed to Him in deed, and word, and thought, and to die really to the world.'—Vol. i. pp. 69, 70.

In Switzerland he seems to have courted theological discussion and controversy. His perfect command of the French language, acquired during some lengthened stay at Paris, while waiting for his commission, enabled him to enter freely into argument upon religious subjects with the ministers and others whom he met in society in Geneva. Here, too, it was that he met the lady whom, after a short acquaintance, he married,—Helen, the third daughter of Sir George W. Denys, Bart. Immediately after

this event he returned to England, and went to Cheltenham. He had resigned the curacy at Winchester, and was for some time after his return home without a cure. In the summer of 1842 he accepted the curacy of a district-church at Cheltenham, then held by Mr. Boyd, the present incumbent of S. James's, Paddington.

The period, extending from 1842 to 1846, during which Robertson held this curacy, was the most important of his whole life. In it took place that change of theological views which detached him completely and for ever from the 'Evangelical' party. In these days, we might say, that he went over to the Broad Church party; but how wide soever that party may boast itself to be in its opinions, it is but narrow in its limits, and in Robertson's time it could scarcely be said to have any existence. Here and there might have been pointed out a free-handling clergyman, but that was all. The 'Evangelical' section had not as yet thrown off many minds impatient of its cramping shackles. That the Broad Church party should be anxious to claim Robertson for its own is perfectly intelligible. His brilliant and powerful intellect would adorn any section to which it attached itself. Nor are we at all disposed to dispute their claim. As a matter of fact Robertson did not advance so far in the freeness of his views as the point at which the 'Broad' party may be taken to stand at this moment; but, as a matter of conjecture, we cannot say that we think he would not have done so had he lived. It is possible to conceive of his high-toned piety, and his deep, reverential love for Jesus, rebelling against the meagre moralism of the 'Broad' School as it now is, and seeking more wholesome food in more Catholic pastures; but it is just as possible to conceive of his doing nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, pressing forward step by step until he had passed all the distinctive boundary-marks between grace and nature, faith and morals. Which of these two issues is the more probable, we have no right to surmise. We are, however, forestalling. An attentive review of the years he spent at Cheltenham, so far as the narrative furnishes us with materials, is necessary to understand rightly what change did take place. During the year that Robertson was at Winchester one fact sufficiently developed itself, namely, that his mind was restless beyond the usual restlessness of a young man. He never seemed to enjoy the satisfaction which accompanies the successful working out of principles upon which the mind reposes. The tone of sadness which pervades his letters in that year evidently has a deeper origin than simply modest doubtfulness about the value of his own labours. In short, notwithstanding the decided 'Evangelical' views with which he started in his ministrations,

his mind exhibited an openess and enquiringness which no decisiveness of view would long restrain within their limits. At the close of his diaconate, as we have seen, he went to Geneva, and there fell in with the sceptical and heterodox opinions which abound in that tomb of Calvinism. There is nothing to show that he lent a treacherous ear to their doubtful insinuations; on the contrary, we know that he met them with avowed hostility, and controverted them on every occasion. Probably he felt his own views rather deepened than shaken by the conflict, and he returned to England without being at all conscious that he had absorbed into his theological system the virus of neology. It was not, however, possible that a young man of Robertson's intellectual power, of his liberal mind, and of his earnest, searching, and self-distrusting disposition, should come in contact with such influences, and have to defend a position confessedly too narrow for him, without receiving a shock to his stability. When he returned to England, and entered upon his work at Cheltenham, there was much in his new circumstances to bring out the inward bruise. To a noble and devout mind nothing can be more offensive than the emasculate religionism of a fashionable watering-place, and we can heartily sympathize with Robertson, whose stern destiny bound him to so unlovely a sphere of labour. At Winchester his 'Evangelical' views were connected with hard, real work, in ministering to the spiritual wants of hungering and thirsting souls—labour from which the crown of success was not withheld; but at Cheltenham he found them mixed up with all that was flippant and frivolous and worldly and effeminate. Religion was a taste, and not an earnest desire—a sentiment, not a principle. This namby-pamby pietism Robertson was the last man to put up with. It disgusted his every instinct; and when he found the very principles upon which he had hitherto based all his teaching, interwoven with the self-indulgent and fashion-serving habits of a gay crowd of pleasure-seekers, who filled a church, or swarmed on a parade, or thronged a pump-room, with just as much or as little earnestness of pursuit, and in each case for pastime's sake, it is no wonder that his respect for, and consequently his confidence in, his principles began to give way. Enquiring he always had been, but hitherto he had enquired from an 'Evangelical' stand-point: now he turned round sharply upon his own ground, and began to search into that. Did seeds, taken up at Geneva, and supposed to have been rejected decisively as soon as offered, commence germinating under the influence of the Cheltenham 'Low-Church' climate? This, at any rate, is certain, that as soon as Robertson had come to know what Cheltenham Christianity was, and what flimsy sentimental triflers

fashionable Evangelicals were, his views began to change. And most distressing to his truthful mind must the period of transition have been. He found himself drifting into a false position. That peculiar pain of an honest heart, when the inevitable chasm yawns open between the sense in which words once were used because believed in, and the new meaning which changed views forces upon them, pierced Robertson through and through. Added to this internal consciousness of being other in reality from what he was in appearance, of being expected to be one thing and daily becoming more and more something quite different, there was the suffering of friendships breaking up on discovery of this change. His biographer alludes, though of course he can only do so darkly, to a fact of this kind. (Vol. i. p. 110.) The whole history has not been told: and Mr. Stopford Brooke is not the man to tell anything inconvenient to his hero's fame. But that Robertson should continue in Cheltenham under these circumstances was, of course, impossible. In 1846 he resigned his curacy, and went abroad. His health had suffered severely in the struggle, as was indeed inevitable with him. It seems as though every malady that afflicted his body throughout life had a mental origin. With the noblest it ever is so. Low natures injure their minds through their bodies; lofty natures damage their bodies through their minds. He is the best interpreter of himself; and the reader will understand what he was and where he was, theologically, when he had left Cheltenham, from the following letter.

'Hôtel du Prince Charles, Heidelberg, October 24, 1846.

'My dear —, — I thank you for your affectionate and kind letter, which I received this morning, and which I hasten at once to answer; yet I scarcely know how to answer it. I would not willingly conceal any part of my heart from you, yet I fear I could not intelligibly tell you all, though I can put it in very distinct English for myself. At least, set your mind at rest on one point. Whatever mental trials I may experience, you are not responsible for any. I have heard you state difficulties, but never argue for them; and the difficulties could not come upon my mind for the first time—of a man who had read theological and philosophical controversy, long before, with painful interest—a man who, at different times, has lived in the atmosphere of thought in which Jonathan Edwards, Plato, Lucretius, Thomas Brown, Carlyle, Emerson, and Fichte lived—who has steeped his soul and memory in Byron's strong feelings—who has walked with Newman years ago to the brink of an awful precipice, and chosen rather to look upon it calmly, and know the worst of the secrets of the darkness, than recoil with Newman, in fear and tenderness, back to the infallibility of Romanism. Such a man is not likely to have been influenced by a few casual statements of difficulties which he had read of a thousand times before. I knew well what the state of your mind *had* been—I thought I knew what it *is*—and therefore never, except in a walk once, in answer to a searching question, did I ever hint to you what was the attraction to my mind in such books. A man, as it has been well said, "ought to burn his own smoke, if he cannot convert it into clear flame." For this reason

I shall not enter upon these points, except superficially. I am quite sure that what you say is true about getting truth—at least, truth enough—at last and I am quite willing to struggle on in the twilight until the light comes. True, manly struggle cannot fail—I know that; only a man must struggle alone. His own view of truth, or rather his own way of viewing it, and that alone, will give him rest. He can only *adopt* the views of other minds for a time; and so long as his own is inert, the help that he gets directly from others generally does no good. Indirect, casual hints sometimes do much. I have never said so much as this to any one in England, and of course you will kindly not even hint it. Here, in Germany, I have conversed much and freely on the points of difficulty. I have found minds here that understand me, if they cannot help me; and, in the conviction that a treasure lies near me in German literature, I am digging away night and day at the superincumbent earth, in order hereafter to get at it. Indeed I have already plunged into it, perhaps too suddenly, considering my rudimental acquaintance with the language. Some things I am certain of, and these are my *Ursachen*, which cannot be taken away from me. I have got so far as this. Moral goodness and moral beauty are realities, lying at the basis, and beneath all forms of the best religious expressions. They are no dream, and they are not mere utilitarian conveniences. That suspicion was an agony once: it is passing away. After finding littleness where I expected nobleness, and impurity where I thought there was spotlessness, again and again I despaired of the reality of goodness. But in all *that* struggle, I am thankful to say, the bewilderment never told upon my conduct. In the thickest darkness, I tried to keep my eye on nobleness and goodness, even when I suspected they were only Will-o'-the-wisps. Indeed, I startled an Epicurean philosopher, some time ago, here in Germany, with the vehemence with which I maintained this. He was defending Goethe's views and life, and I poured out my indignation in such a storm of fury, that he quite cowered before the blast, and, between seven and eight next morning, anxiously begged me to believe that he had over-stated his own views. I had rather be a Stoic in hell-fire than an Epicurean on his principles, or Goethe's, if they be Goethe's. I am anxious to set you at rest upon this point, for really you are responsible for nothing. Indeed, a man must have been profoundly and incredibly ignorant of literature, if these things had presented themselves to him in a few conversations, in a new light. As to the ministry, I am in infinite perplexity. To give it up seems throwing away the only opportunity of doing good in this short life that is now available to me. Yet to continue it, when my whole soul is struggling with meaning that I cannot make intelligible—when I am perpetually bewildering people, and saying the thing I do not mean—to go on teaching and preaching, when my own heart is dark, and lacks the light I endeavour to impart—when I feel as if it lay upon me, like a destiny, to speak truth, and not as Cassandra, to be disbelieved, but to be for ever unintelligible to my brother man—is very wretched. . . .’—Vol. i. pp. 119—121.

The next chapter of the biography is entitled ‘Oxford,’ and opens with this extract from a letter dated ‘Cheltenham, March 2, 1847,’ whither he had returned from the Continent, where he had been three months, chiefly at Heidelberg:—

‘My father showed me your letter to him containing an inquiry respecting my health, and I answer it in his stead. I have been very unwell, thoroughly done up, mentally and bodily. I wandered six weeks in the Tyrol alone, trying the effect of mountain air and hard exercise. After that, I spent about nine weeks at Heidelberg, where I took the duty, got

much interested in and attached to the congregation, studied Goethe, Schiller, and Krause, and got back something like calmness and health again. 'I am now well, but idle and useless. I have given up the curacy of Christchurch. If I take work, it must be single-handed. I am afraid I can no longer brook to walk in leading strings; but, however, enough of this.'—Vol. i. p. 124.

He, now recovered in mind and body, and settled into his new groove of thought, along which he brilliantly moved for the rest of his days—all too few, looked about for a new sphere of labour. 'The Bishop of Calcutta offered him a chaplaincy in his diocese, with the promise of a canonry, but he did not wish to leave home. He then wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, with whom, as Archdeacon Wilberforce, he had been acquainted at Winchester, placing himself at his lordship's disposal, and asked for employment. The Bishop at once offered him the charge of 'S. Ebbe's, Oxford.' Here we may just pause to admire, in both senses of the word, the conduct of these two prelates. Bishop Wilson did not symbolize with Bishop Wilberforce, and neither symbolized with Robertson, but both agreed in appreciating the high talents and noble character of a young man who had done bravely and self-denyingly in a bitter conflict, albeit the issue was not square with their respective opinions. Perhaps it might be thought that the proffered patronage of Bishop Wilson would guard Robertson against the suspicion of High Church leanings, which his intercourse with the Bishop of Oxford might arouse. But it was not so. Mr. Brooke takes pains to set forth Robertson's position towards all parties, as an answer to the assertion that he inclined at this time to the High Church party.

'From his connection with the Bishop of Oxford, it has been hinted that Mr. Robertson sympathized at this time with the views of the High Church party. It may be well here to set that question at rest. He had no sympathy with their views; but he had a great deal of sympathy with the men who held them, with their self-devotion, and with their writings. He revered the self-sacrificing work which they were performing among poor and neglected parishes. He said that, as a body, they had reasserted the doctrine of a spiritual resurrection, which had been almost put out of sight by the "Evangelical" party. He read Newman's Sermons with profit and delight till the day of his death. There was no book which he studied more carefully or held in higher honour than the "Christian Year." It seemed to him that some of its poems were little short of inspiration. He saw in the importance which the Tractarians gave to forms a valuable element, which he never lost sight of in his teaching. Only, while they seemed to say that forms could produce life, he said that forms were necessary only to support life; but for that they were necessary. To use his own illustration, bread will not create life, but life cannot be kept up without bread. On the subject of Baptism, he felt no sympathy with the Evangelical view, which left it doubtful whether the baptized child was a child of God or not; but because the Tractarian view declared that all baptized persons were children of God, he could so far sympathize with it. But on all other points, starting as he did from the basis that Baptism

declared and did not create the *fact* of sonship, his difference was radical. The persecution, too, which this party suffered secured his sympathy. He even believed that it had received but scant justice from one with whom he largely agreed. He maintained that Dr. Arnold did not stand quite impartially between the Evangelicals and Tractarians, but judged the former less severely than the latter. On the other hand, it must be said that he himself showed but scant justice to the Evangelical party. He seems to have imputed to all its adherents the views of the *Record* newspaper. He sometimes forces conclusions upon them which the great body of them would repudiate. He overstates, unconsciously, some of their opinions. If there was any intolerance in his nature it oozed out here. But surrounded as he was by them at Brighton, constantly attacked, by some manfully, by others in an underhand manner; the victim of innuendos and slander, it was difficult for him always to be smooth-tongued. Nor was he now or afterwards the leader or the servant of any party in the Church. He stood alone. He fought out his principles alone. He has been called a follower of Mr. Maurice; but though holding Mr. Maurice in veneration, he differed on many and important points from both him and Professor Kingsley. He was the child of no theological father. At this time, however, when a new impulse had come upon his life—when he was unshackled by a subordinate position—he was least of all thinking of party opposition or party teaching. One was his captain, even Christ; and he did not care, provided he fought under Him the good fight, what regiment he belonged to. All were his brothers in arms who were loyal to his Master's cause. He was ready, under great worldly disadvantages, to lead the forlorn hope which the bishop offered him.—Vol. i. pp. 125—128.

As regards the crucial test of party-views, the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and how it was got over between Robertson and the Bishop of Oxford, we shall simply quote Captain Robertson's account of it:—

'Before my son (writes Captain Robertson) went to St. Ebbe's he saw the bishop in London, and frankly told him that he did not hold, and therefore could not preach, the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The bishop replied, "I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if they do not step beyond that I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject." An hour's conversation followed, and at the close his lordship said, "Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer." It was at once accepted.'—Vol. i. p. 125.

So Robertson went to S. Ebbe's early in May, 1847, and remained there till August—a period of little more than two months. We must suppose that a larger number of undergraduates than usual stayed up in the 'long' of that year to save from exaggeration Mr. Stopford Brooke's extraordinary statement that, after 'dropping in one by one at first, the church was thronged every Sunday by these young men.' Trinity Chapel, Brighton, was offered to him when he had been but a few weeks at S. Ebbe's. He refused at first; but on the offer being repeated, and on consulting with the Bishop of Oxford, he accepted it, and commenced his ministry there in August. We must lay before the reader the closing paragraph of a letter, in which

Robertson recounts these facts, in order to show how a morbid melancholy had become the chronic condition of his mind :—

‘However, I will try to do my work. My life, if I may judge by the decline of mental accuracy, and strength, and the weakening of nerve, has got more than half-way, and the rest is down hill. The half-way house is behind ; and if Brighton be another form of Cheltenham, home cannot be very far off. I am getting tired ; and the complexion of my spontaneous thoughts now is increasing the contemplation of rest. Rest in God and Love. Deep repose in that still country where the mystery of this strange life is solved, and the most feverish heart lays down its load at last.’—*Vol. i. p. 130.*

Alas ! too true : his life had run more, far more, than half-way. Indeed, if we were called upon to fix the time at which the fatal course of disease began its uninterrupted progress, we should synchronize it with his arrival at Brighton. He never seems to have known what good health was after that. And yet how brilliant was his career under all the physical torment ! The light of his intellect burnt brighter and brighter the faster it was consumed.

We need not be surprised to learn that Robertson preached Trinity Chapel empty of its old congregation, and preached it full, even to overflowing, of new hearers. This state of change could not have lasted long. People leave a church or go to a church on impulse. A preacher, if he is to offend any one, will do it in about two or three Sundays. If he be a man of power, and can manage to retain the restless ones beyond that period, he will probably keep them altogether, for they will begin, as they say, ‘to get used to him,’ and that is a good promise of their soon liking him. Of his sermons delivered in 1847 we have only one specimen preserved to us—a very imperfect ‘recollection’ of an Advent lecture upon ‘Christianity and Hindooism,’ published in the fourth series of the sermons. His first sermon was preached on 15th of August, and the text, 1 Cor. i. 22, is all the record we have of it. One fact, however, of singular interest, closes this year, and reveals his possession of a kind of preaching power which we should hardly have thought possible in one whose discourses were so refined and lofty in their tone of thought. On Christmas-day of 1847 he found a new Bible and Prayer-book in the reading-desk, the offering, for his sake, of the servants who attended the chapel. ‘Plain sermons,’ in the common sense of the phrase, Robertson’s certainly were not, but they were luminously clear in the current of their ideas, and that, after all that may be said about ‘Saxon English,’ and short words, is the true secret of intelligibility, of whatever class the hearers may be. The working men were soon drawn towards him, and the interest which he felt for them, meeting so readily

with a response on their side, led to the most important fact of 1848—the starting of a Working-man's Institute. The idea was first broached by a Mr. Holtham, whom Robertson visited in sickness in the beginning of '48. This gentlemen saw in him the fittest man to co-operate in setting on foot such a scheme. The end of it was, that the opening Address was delivered by Robertson at the new Institute in the October of this year. Reading it even at this distance of time, and at the present day, when notions concerning popular rights and the influence of the working classes are much further advanced and widened, it astonishes us by its courageous spirit. But in '48, the year of revolutions, when distrust prevailed, and no man dared to say the true, just, equal word, for fear of offending the rich or irritating the poor, it was no common kind of courage that could face 1,000 working men, and tell them, 'I do not call you gentlemen, 'because I respect you too much to call you what you are not. 'You are *not* gentlemen;' and to warn them against 'the fulsome adulation of the platform and the press, that ought to disgust the working men of this country;' it was a brave thing to say in 1848, to an assembly of men, a very large number of whom were Chartist, that the ballot-box was a mode of voting unworthy of a British freeman.

The effect upon Robertson's position at Brighton of his taking so bold and sympathizing a part with respect to working-men was, of course, to deepen the suspicion with which the fashionable, 'religious,' and respectable world had already begun to regard him in consequence of his theological opinions. The Working-man's Institute completed his isolation. In politics, as well as in divinity, he was voted dangerous. Concerning the wisdom of his conduct there is fairly room for two opinions. They, whose horizon of the useful, and the fit, and the judicious, is very near to where they stand, will naturally condemn his actions in this matter as mischievous, unbecoming, and indiscreet. What call, they will ask, has a clergyman to step into the arena of politics and meddle with the relationship of class to class, and deliver his unsought opinion upon the subjects which give rise to social irritation and divided interests? On the other hand, they who see very far, and to whom the horizon is a reachless distance, receding further and further as advancing effort approaches, will recognise a true wisdom, as all certainly must acknowledge a self-forgetting earnestness, in Robertson's conduct. The very fact of his being a clergyman, which some even, who approve what he did, may consider a drawback, did really set the peculiar stamp of value upon his acts. Not that he came forward as a clergyman; he gave no prominence to his office, but took it with him as an inseparable accident. If he

had been professional in his manner of going about what he did, he would, as he well knew, have marred the enterprise. But, while he advanced towards the ranks of working-men simply as a brother man, they saw in him, as he approached on his friendly mission, something more, namely an English clergyman who had taken pains to understand their wants and ideas, and, having understood them, dealt with them as though they were his own. It may be as well, we may remark in passing, that clergymen should remember that while they, on their part, for one reason or another, may think fit to sink their professional character, the laity never lose sight of the fact that they are clergymen. This cuts two ways. We do not deny that there may be cases in which a clergyman may deem it right to take up the position simply of an educated gentleman, and by so doing he may effect much good. We know also that secular-minded clergy are fond of dropping their sacred office, and think they can, having done this, unblameably do whatever the laity do unblameably. They would say, take us for laymen, think of us as such for the time, and measure us by your own standard; but the laity only concede half the request: they are willing to take the clergy in the character of laymen, but they never forget the facts of the case—they never forget that it is a clergyman playing a part and wearing a mask.

In 1849 the only public act of his out of the common routine of his ministerial duties was the part he took in the Early Closing movement. Robertson was asked to speak in its favour at a meeting of the Association. His biographer, with the almost blind admiration for everything he said or did, lauds most highly the speech he made. We have read it with some care, and we confess we do not observe the signs of power in it which Mr. Brooke so confidently refers to. We are not at all surprised to hear that it pleased neither party, and won few cheers; for even in reading the speech, it is not very obvious to which side the speaker gives his preference. At the same time it contains some striking passages, putting trite truths in new lights. But as a persuasive speech, pleading for the purpose of the meeting, it is certainly much too evenly balanced between pros and cons. Yet he was right. He stood up, as he said, not to say what was popular, but what was true; and truth did not then, any more than at any other time, call down the thunder of applause.

The correspondence which is ranged under this year, is full of thought and interest. A very long letter, much too long for quotation, which he wrote to a friend in explanation of a sermon of his upon the sin of Judas, and in reply to certain strictures thereupon, is very characteristic. An extract or two may be permitted, for the sake of their own value.

'Whether I aim at an appearance of originality or not, God must judge, who alone has the right to scrutinise motives and impute them. As to originality, things which are very familiar to those whose reading is professional and varied, may appear new to those who chiefly seek the teaching and read the works of one school of theology. "Old paths" require to be defined. That which is old now was new once, and treated with very great bitterness at first, as all new forms of truth are sure to be. Evangelicalism was called new-fangled fifty years ago. I presume that no one would maintain that the popular preaching of the present day is in the old paths, either of thought or phraseology, in which Jeremy Taylor or Bishop Andrews walked; or that they were not liable to the charge of novelty in their day, compared with the tone of thought and teaching prevalent in St. Bernard's; or that Bernard's preaching was not very, very different from that of Chrysostom's day. Nay, more—the Apostles—He himself—what was the charge against them, but that they did not walk in the old paths, but taught "new doctrines?" Evangelicalism itself, worn threadbare as it is by trite thought—and certainly, to do it justice, guiltless of mental power or fresh thought, for the last ten years at least—what was it called in the days of Cecil and Scott? The "good old" High Church talked loudly of new lights.'—Vol. i. p. 167.

'Everyone has a mission in this world to accomplish. That is the destiny given him to work out. Judas had such a mission. God had appointed him to salvation by His call as truly as the other Apostles, unless we are prepared to believe that the Eternal Love predestines to sin. He had a "ministry and apostleship, from which he by transgression fell." Judas was sent into the world to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling. God "did not will the sinner's death." Surely, surely the Bible is plain enough on that point. But Judas would not accept his mission, and then that which was given in blessing turned to curse. His destiny crushed him; he went to his *own* place, the place he had prepared for himself, not the place prepared by God. So it is with you and me. No decree of God has insured our misery. All things work together for good to those who love God. But the same things work together for evil if they do not love God. The sailor who yields to and works with the winds of God is brought by them to the haven where he would be; but if he try to beat up against them, the very gale that was carrying him to safety overwhelms him; he is crushed by the very destiny that was working out his salvation. All I said on this point was simply expository of the sentence, "He went to his own place."—Vol. i. pp. 169, 170.

A portion of another letter, written in this year, is worth quoting, for the view it gives of Robertson's attitude towards antiquity.

'I do not read the Fathers. I know their system pretty well, I believe, from having examined with great interest their advocates' and their opponents' writings; and I am sensible of the healing effect produced by such a system on the mind of those who accept it. Nay, I even know that their errors are but forms of truths which lie beneath them; false forms, which yet convey spiritual truth to those who do not know or suspect the falsehood of the form. The misfortune is, that I am certain they are false—as false as Romanism, though even in that system Mariolatry and purgatory are material and gross statements of spiritual facts, which I think our systems neglect. But then I cannot by an act of volition receive a system for the sake of the comfort which I know to be to me a lie. It is at my peril that I thus falsify my inmost nature, and consent to be deluded by a figment. To those to whom it is not a lie, I do not dispute—nay, I cor-

dially, and I hope charitably, believe—that the system may be elevating, purifying, life-giving ; but I had rather stand alone in a waste howling wilderness, tempted by Satan, and conscious of having stripped myself of all unreality, than accept the happiest consolation that the more inhabited world could give me.—Vol. i. p. 178.

The words, 'I do not read the Fathers,' reminded us, when we first read them, of the conceited but ill-educated young man who said to Dr. Johnson, 'thank God, I don't know Greek.' The severe and well-deserved rebuke of the Doctor is well known, and we confess to having experienced something like the same feeling of indignation when we came across this passage. Did we not know, from ample evidence, that Robertson was superior to the conceit, though not exempt from the defect, of indifference to ancient theological learning, we should have accused him, in the present case, of an over-weening confidence in the power of his own intellect and the steadiness of the inner light. At any rate it is manifest, on his own showing, that with regard to so large and important a subject as patristic theology, he was content to receive the testimony of others, and thus arrive at a conclusion at second-hand. This strikes us as being singular and inconsistent in a man whose general profession and aim were to examine every subject for himself. There is, however, no real ground for surprise. Professions like these, though they may be made with all sincerity, are yet subject to the law of human nature, according to which personal preference modifies the application of every principle.

How marked was the effect of this disregard for the voice of the early Church—we might say for all voices that spoke forth with authority—upon Robertson's theological teaching, every one acquainted with his sermons must know full well. There are, of course, many readers of those sermons to whom this characteristic will be a strong recommendation. It imparts to them, in their opinion, a noble air of freedom and independence. To such minds, nothing is so fascinating as the idea of a man thinking out a doctrine for himself ; nothing is so distasteful as a reverent attention to the counsel of the Fathers. They, on the contrary, who take what we deem a Catholic view of theology, and hold to the opinion that the Church of Christ is something more stable and palpable than a beautiful sentiment evolved out of the depths of an imaginative man's own consciousness, will regret, as a serious defect in Robertson's sermons, the total absence of appeal to the profound writers of early days upon questions of dogmatic truth. The fine platitudes, to which Mr. Brooke is so fond of treating his readers, and which Robertson himself did not disdain to use, about the struggle after truth, the waiting for light within, and other vague allusions to the con-

dition of religious doubt,—these elegant phrases do not meet the question which such a theology as that of Robertson raises, to wit: Is it possible to believe that all the piety, and learning, and wisdom, and divine light of the ages of the Church, are so much waste as regards their value to inquiring souls, and that a man is to make no account of them, but to elaborate a theology for himself, by projecting his own consciousness upon the bare letter of Holy Scripture? Does God cause streams to flow merely to empty their fresh clear waters in the ocean? and is the thirsty soul not to drink of them at the place on their banks where God has placed him, but must wear out the few days of his life in going back on every occasion to the spring-head? But metaphor is an imperfect mode of thought: we have the fount as well as the stream, each to be used in proper measure; and that man is most completely furnished in Catholic doctrine who is neither exclusively a traditionist, nor exclusively a scripturist, but whose mind is open to receive the teaching of the Spirit through whatever channel it may reach him.

To return to the current of his life. In 1850, the Workingman's Institute got into trouble, which threatened to compromise Robertson's character very seriously, and which would, if not promptly dealt with, have given a triumph to all those who looked eagerly for something to corroborate their suspicions of socialism in his politics, and scepticism in his religion. One of the dangers besetting all such popular institutions had made its appearance. It was a danger inevitable in an association of men who undertake to do the two incompatible things of self-education and self-government. The Institute was faulty in its original construction, and Robertson points out where the error lay in the following extract from his preface to the Address, which we shall have presently to consider:—

‘One fatal oversight (such, at least, it appears to the author of these pages) in the constitution of the Society realized the foreseen danger. It had been justly held that the working-men ought to have in their own hands the management of their own society, lest the smallest suspicion should arise that there was any desire in those who were their benefactors to coerce or trammel them. Every attempt at interference was scrupulously avoided. All this was wise and just; but beyond this, not only was the domination of the upper classes made impossible, but even their assistance and advice excluded, by making honorary members incompetent to vote or act on committee; a mistake which originated in an over-scrupulous generosity on the part of one who suggested it, but fatal because false in principle.

‘To have vested the power of unlimited control or rule in the richer classes, would have been a surrender of the very principle on which the plan rested. But to reject all co-operation and assistance from them, to receive their contributions and refuse their advice, was to create and foster a spirit, not of manly, but of jealous independence, and to produce, in a new form, that vicious state of relationship between class and class which

is at this day the worst evil in our social life—the repulsion of the classes of society from each other at all points except one, so as to leave them touching at the single point of pecuniary interest. And thus the cementing principle of society is declared to be the spirit of selfishness—the only spirit which is essentially destructive. A fatal blunder!’—Vol. i. pp. 236, 237.

All this is put well and wisely. The particular form which the disorders in the Institute assumed, was a proposal to introduce sceptical publications into its library. This, of course, was a scandal on the face of it, and it involved Robertson on account of the very active and prominent part he had taken in starting the institution. He met the emergency promptly and boldly. He summoned, on his own responsibility, all the members of the Institute to a public meeting at the Town Hall, not to deliberate and discuss, but simply to hear from him an Address upon the question. Its drift was to condemn the sceptical publications movement, but in its course it touched upon many collateral subjects affecting the whole constitution of the Institute. He showed very clearly that the Institute did not stand precisely on the same grounds as a reading-club of the more educated classes, for the simple reason that in order to have the benefit of sound judgment, and experience, and taste, the working men must at least be able to call in the assistance, and listen to the advice of men above them in rank and education. It had been too confidently assumed that the Institute was to the working-man precisely what the reading-club is to the gentleman; and that, as the gentleman can manage his club, so the working-man can manage his institute. But events proved very clearly that while the Club and the Institute were alike, inasmuch as both required intelligence and education for their good government, the gentleman and the working-man differed very widely in these very particulars: the gentleman possessing them, and consequently being able to manage his own club; and the working-man not being able to manage his own institute, because he did not possess them. The effect of Robertson’s Address, powerful and eloquent, but exceedingly independent and evenly-balanced, was successful in frustrating the obnoxious measure. Some of its promoters were convinced by Robertson’s arguments, and the few who remained unmoved separated in a body, and started a separate institution, which soon came to an end.

On reflection there seems something very local and obscure in the matter of which we have just taken so much notice. Yet Robertson’s lot was such that while, after death, his intellect, through his sermons, has exercised, and continues to exercise, a world-wide influence, in life no loftier subject engaged his energies out of the pulpit than the squabbles of a provincial Mechanics’ Institute. For the fuss which the Papal Aggression made in

Brighton cannot be considered as of any higher importance; and the part Robertson took in the matter is the only other public act of his in the year 1850. He made a good hit in his speech at the indignation meeting, when he described the Pope's parceling out of England into dioceses as an act of schism, but the reason he assigned for his joining in the protest against it, namely, that it was an interference with the right of private judgment, is not very intelligible. It is not very obvious why the Roman mapping-out of England into dioceses should be more coercive of conscience than the Anglican distribution of the same. But it was impossible for Robertson to take up any question without going in for the 'broad' and the 'liberal,' especially in the face of the narrowest and most illiberal of assemblies—a mob of Brighton Protestants. He could not refrain from having a shot at them, though by way of ricochet off the side of the Pope.

But though very meagre in events, this period of his life was singularly rich in letters. Forty-eight specimens are presented to us, written between October, 1849 and December, 1850, and filling above a hundred pages at the end of the first volume of the 'Life.' They deal with a great variety of subjects, and it would be impossible for us, in a review, to satisfy ourselves upon the point of fairness by offering extracts as samples. Many of the letters are very long, and his correspondence must have occupied a large portion of his time. Very few of them are dated, and in no case is it stated to whom the letter is addressed. Probably this reticence was inevitable, and probably the names would add nothing to the interest. We must confess, however, that for us an undated and unaddressed letter has a teasing vagueness about it. It may be quite true that nothing worth knowing would have accrued to the general reader from the statement of these minute circumstances. Yet, inasmuch as letters are letters and not essays, and consequently their point and shape are derived from their being addressed to an individual and not to the public, their mutilation in these respects gives them an undressed appearance. If we are invited to listen while a person talks his ideas to another, we should like to see the person whom he talks to in the same room with him, and not only know that he is on the other side of the door. But, after all, it is a trifle.

In 1851, the single instance of Robertson's stepping beyond the little circle of Brighton into the large outer world, where his influence was not to be felt till he himself had left the world altogether, took place. The facts were these:—

'In June he was asked by Mr. Drew, of St. John's Church, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, to preach one of a series of sermons addressed to working-men. He consented, and chose as his subject the story of Nabal and David. The sermon, which is published under the title of "The

Message of the Church to men of wealth," vol. i. "Sermons," is an embodiment of his views on the subject of the rights of property and the rights of labour. It brought him into an undesired notoriety. The public protest of Mr. Drew, after Mr. Kingsley's sermon, in which the former, repudiated before his congregation the teaching of the latter, naturally attracted the attention of the press; and Mr. Robertson was involved with Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Drew in a general accusation of socialistic opinions. The cause of the accusation is an amusing instance of the danger of propinquity. It happened at that time that Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley were prominent persons in a movement called Christian Socialism, and the office where their business was transacted chanced to be opposite to St. John's Church. The series of sermons in the Church, and the work in the office, were at once connected by some wiseacres of the press, and the report arose that both Mr. Robertson and Mr. Drew were involved in a movement "with which," to use Mr. Drew's words, "they were never at any time, directly or indirectly, connected." Mr. Robertson was attacked by one of the papers, and accused of preaching democratic principles. He answered that the expression, "democratic principles," was too vague to deal with; that the only expression in his sermon which bore upon the subject of democracy was a distinction drawn between the reverence to authority which is declared in Scripture to be a duty, and the slavish reverence to wealth and rank which is confounded with that duty, and in Scripture nowhere declared a duty: that if by democratic principles was meant Socialism—Socialism was not only not advocated, but distinctly opposed in his sermon.—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Reading over the offending sermon in the calmness of the study, and at a distance of fifteen years from its delivery, we confess we can make allowance for the displeasure it excited, at the same time that we give our assent to every statement it makes. Whether Robertson was discreet in the choice of his subject, and in the mode of his treatment of it, having regard to the congregation—of working men—to whom he preached, is, to us, not at all clear. We incline slightly to the opinion that he was not. There are, certainly, passages in the sermon which, severed from their context, savour very strongly of the opinions which it is alleged they were intended to enforce. But it is equally certain that the general tenour of the discourse is not socialistic. Robertson was too wise to talk the dreamy sedition of Louis Blanc. We know from himself, that he distinctly repudiated it. There are passages in this very sermon which positively controvert such ideas. Nevertheless, his habit, which he so fondly indulged, of holding up the scales and throwing in, now into one side, now into the other, a morsel of truth, until the beam quivered with the nicely balanced weights of partial truths, the sum total of which to his mind was the grand whole truth, has made him appear to less acute minds a propagator of dangerous opinions. We can easily understand that people who suspected him beforehand of socialist views, should have found, as they thought, confirmation of their suspicions in this sermon. We can fancy, too, a chartist, who may have heard the sermon,

going home with the notion that the preacher was more than half of his way of thinking. And yet, for ourselves, we are persuaded that both would be wrong; that Robertson was no chartist, no socialist—not even a Christian socialist, whatever that absurd combination of words may mean. The fact is, Robertson, all his life, preached *ad populum*, and yet the bent of his refined genius led him to treat every question in the most unpopular way, namely, in the way of impartial minute analysis of principle, dissection of truth, nice separation of encrusting and interpenetrating error. All this was ‘caviare to the general.’ Yet before ‘the general’ it was his fate to exhibit. Brilliant talents, such as his, charm many more than they persuade, fascinate more than they convince. Of the crowds that listened to him, how many appreciated him? Since his death his sermons have had a wide and increasing influence, for they have flowed into the channels ready to receive them. In his life-time he sternly limited their sphere by the four walls of his chapel. But we cannot doubt that the desponding and dissatisfied tone which runs through his letters is referable to this want of appreciation. Not but that a morbid melancholy tinted his whole life, independently of external circumstances; it found, however, encouragement in the fact that he was only understood by a small minority of his constant hearers. He expressed his sense of this when he said, ‘I command crowds, but I do not win hearts,’ and we think he was not far wrong.

No remarkable fact occurs in 1852, unless we call his officiating as Sheriff’s Chaplain at the Lewes Assizes such. The keen and intelligent interest he took in the trials appears in the letters which he wrote at the time. Of this character, indeed, was the interest which he took in everything that came in his way. The thorough heartiness with which he entered into the most diverse pursuits is remarkable all through his life; but perhaps it comes more to the surface in the history of the year 1852. And that was the last complete year of his life. Again and again the signs of advancing disease crop out through his letters. Even in 1851 things had reached such a serious point that he could write thus of himself:—

‘The only shade of uneasiness that ever crossed my mind is the perhaps that it will not end so. What I have reason to fear is imbecility. They all admit that. Last night, till dawn to-day, suffering kept me awake, gnashing the teeth, or rather setting them, like poor Prometheus, in defiance of the vulture’s beak. Only my vulture was feeding on my cerebellum, and digging its talons in a most uncivil and ferocious way into the organs of emotionness, philoprogenitiveness, obstinacy, &c., &c., leaving the nobler organs free. Now, what is to be said for phrenology after this? Does it not refute the whole system? Had the said bird been pulling at the organs really in use by me—that is, all that is most

sublime in humanity—it had been intelligible. But what business on earth has he to stick his claws into a part of my nature which from the cradle has been protested against, disowned, defied, conquered? Is it revenge being now taken for the victory, and am I to be, like the princess in the "Arabian Nights," consumed by the flames of the genie she had reduced to a cinder? Bad image apart, there is something in the whole matter which perplexes me as a philosophical question, and a question of justice; for I know, as well as the organs indicate, that it is not the overstrained intellect that is wearing life out, but the emotional part of nature which all life long has been breathing flames which kindled none and only burned itself.—Vol. ii. pp. 31, 32.

We are prepared by this for the following melancholy account of himself from his own pen, and from that of his biographer, in January, 1853:—

"To-day I have done little. Titus would have written, "I have lost a day." I prepared for Sunday with little zest and much lassitude of mind, walked with S—, read the newspaper, and scarcely anything else besides. It is strange how much more loss I feel in me of life's vital force than a year or two ago; it seems a tortoise existence; the truth of which simile you will appreciate, if you remember that the pulse of that creature beats about once to twenty pulsations of our blood, and every function of his nature, walking, &c., is performed in the slowest way, as if existence were dragged out."

"Already the disease which slew him began to declare itself plainly. Loss of the old power and quickness of thought; the necessity for a laborious exercise of will in order to stimulate thought, and appalling exhaustion after such an effort, were some of the first symptoms. It is sad to see that a change in the day appointed for his lecture on Wordsworth was sufficient to throw him into mental confusion; that his memory, which once could retain for years together the order of his reasoning and thinking on any subject, was now so far enfeebled that the whole work of his lecture had to be done over again. Torturing pains in the back of his head and neck, as if an eagle were rending there with its talons, made life dreadful to him. During Monday, Tuesday, and the greater part of Wednesday in every week he suffered severely. Alone in his room he lay on the rug, his head resting on the bar of a chair, clenching his teeth to prevent the groans which, even through the sleepless length of solitary nights, the ravaging pain could never draw from his manliness. It is miserable to read, week by week, the records of his advancing illness, and to know that it might have been arrested by the repose which he did not and could not take."—Vol. ii. pp. 159, 160.

And yet the fruits of intellectual labour during this year were no falling-off from those of former years. They were as abundant, as brilliant, as thoughtful, as characteristic of his genius, but the processes by which they were attained were increasingly painful. He arrived at every result through an agony, and by the force of will over a brain distracted by disease. His sermon upon 'The Glory of the Virgin Mother,' preached January 23, 1853, is of his many noble and courageous sermons, one of the most noble and most courageous. The text is S. John ii. 11, and the following passage expresses a thought which finds a parallel

in a book that is at this time occupying a large share of public attention. We will quote the two :—

“ This was the “beginning of miracles” which Jesus did, and yet He was now thirty years of age. For thirty years He had done no miracle; and that is in itself almost worthy to be called a miracle. That He abstained for thirty years from the exertion of His wonder-working power is as marvellous as that He possessed for three years the power to exert. He was content to live long in deep obscurity. Nazareth, with its quiet valley, was world enough for Him. There was no disposition to rush into publicity; no haste to be known in the world. The quiet consciousness of power which breathes in that expression, “ Mine hour is not yet come,” had marked His whole life. He could bide His time; He had the strength to wait. This was true greatness—the greatness of man, because also the greatness of God; for such is God’s way in all He does.”—*Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 247.

“ This temperance in the use of supernatural power is the masterpiece of Christ. It is a moral miracle superinduced upon a physical one. This repose in greatness makes Him surely the most sublime image ever offered to the human imagination; and it is precisely this trait which gave Him his immense immediate ascendancy over men. If the question be put, “ Why was Christ so successful?—why did men gather round Him at His call, form themselves into a new society according to His wish, and accept Him with unbounded devotion as their Legislator and Judge?” some will answer, “ Because of the miracles which attested His Divine character;” others, “ Because of the intrinsic beauty and divinity of the great law of love which He propounded.” But miracles, as we have seen, have not by themselves this persuasive power. That a man possesses a strange power which I cannot understand is no reason why I should receive his words as divine oracles of truth. The powerful man is not of necessity also wise: his power may terrify, and yet not convince. On the other hand, the law of love, however divine, was but a precept. Undoubtedly it deserved that men should accept it for its intrinsic worth; but men are not commonly so eager to receive the words of wise men, nor so unbounded in their gratitude to them. It was neither for His miracles nor for the beauty of His doctrine that Christ was worshipped; nor was it for His winning personal character, nor for the persecutions He endured, nor for His martyrdom. It was for the inimitable unity which all these things made when taken together. In other words, it was for this, that He whose power and greatness, as shown in His miracles, were overwhelming, denied Himself the use of His power, treated it as a slight thing, walked among men as though He were one of them, relieved them in distress, taught them to love each other, bore with undisturbed patience a perpetual hail-storm of calumny; and, when His enemies grew fiercer, continued still to endure their attacks in silence until, petrified and bewildered with astonishment, men saw Him arrested and put to death with torture, refusing steadfastly to use in His own behalf the power He conceived He held for the benefit of others. It was the combination of greatness and self-sacrifice which won their hearts, the mighty powers held under a mighty control, the unspeakable condescension, the *Cross of Christ*.—*Ecce Homo*, pp. 47, 48.

This same sermon, curiously enough, offers another instance of transmitted thought, which might have been mistaken for conscious plagiarism. He describes the case in one of his letters :—

“ Coming in the train to-day, I read in the *Edinburgh* a review of Mrs. Jameson’s “Legends of the Madonna,” and was startled to find that it

expressed, almost in the same words, what I had said the last two Sundays. Now, as I had held the same views long, and even preached them years ago, it puzzled me how the identity could have arisen. At last I recollected that, three years ago, while Mrs. Jameson was preparing her work, she asked my opinion on the theology of Virgin-worship, which I gave to her, and which I perfectly remember seemed new to her. It has worked in her mind ever since, and she has published almost my words, perhaps unconscious of whence they came. That this must be so is evident to me from the reflection that, when the mind is full of any subject, it is impossible for the most casual remark to fall upon it without impression and without fructifying. The *Edinburgh* gives her credit for much originality in this view. I am pretty sure of its true origin, and I am not aware that I got it from any source except my own reflection. It would be awkward if ever I were inclined to publish those sermons, for it would be hard to prove that plagiarism was not on my part, and it would seem ungenerous to charge it upon her.—Vol. ii. p. 197.

There remains little more to be said, for little more of life remained to Robertson. The pace of advancing disease increased rapidly. Doctors warned and prescribed in vain; slight changes of air and habits were made to no purpose. On the 5th of June he preached his last sermon—the last also of a course of lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians, and by a singular and very affecting coincidence, on the words, ‘Finally, brethren, farewell.’ On the 15th of August he died. The history of the interval is most distressing. Pain, bitter pain, increasing in intensity from day to day, killed him by its insupportable agony. The disease was supposed to be an abscess in the cerebellum. If death had not come to the rescue, imbecility seems to have been the inevitable doom; and kindly given was the stroke which saved his noble intellect from this humiliation. As his health showed unmistakable signs of failing, the congregation subscribed to pay a curate to assist him. Robertson accepted the offer, and nominated a clergyman against whom the Vicar of Brighton placed his veto. His closing hours were embittered by this melancholy dispute, upon which we decline to enter, partly because anyhow it is inexpressibly painful, and partly because we have not the whole materials for judgment before us. It would have been in better taste and in a better spirit had Mr. Brooke suppressed all notice of a subject of which, as he estimates the matter—and it is one which we are not disposed to judge only on his authority—the knowledge can do no good to any human being.

And now Robertson stands before us in full relief. His character and his theology are laid out for inspection in his letters and sermons, and we think there is quite as much character depicted in his sermons as in his letters, and quite as much theology in his letters as in his sermons; for he was ever true to himself. He never wore a mask, never allowed what he would call professionalism

to swathe and conceal the natural outline of his personality. We will speak first of his theology. Our readers have no need to be told by us what its general tendency was, and we need not assure them that the set of its current is against the stream of our own doctrinal thought. Nor are we going to repeat ourselves, and review his posthumous works. We will merely endeavour to impart the new impressions which the reading of his life has made upon us. Taking sacramentalism and non-sacramentalism as an exhaustive division of Christian teaching, Robertson was a consistent non-sacramentalist. He was nurtured in the 'evangelical' school, and for the first few—very few—years of his ministerial life walked under the restraint of its shackles. Its principles were never to him a dress which he wore with ease. His mind was too logical to be deceived by the quasi-sacramental system of 'evangelicalism.' He saw clearly enough, that if there be sacramentality, as distinct from the moral order of nature, its power must reside in some more fitting enshrinement than ecstatic conversion, infallible literalism, or the *caput mortuum* of faith divorced from works, and energy, and a life of service. We cannot but think—indeed we have it from himself, when he says he walked with Newman to the verge of the precipice—that it was but a slight weight which inclined his mind to reject the sacramental system, and discard sacramentality altogether. However, reject it he certainly did. To him there was no real distinction between nature and grace. All his teaching concerning Holy Baptism is based upon the assumption that they are one. To him sacramentalism is magic, sacramental words Abracadabra, sacramental acts the waving of the wizard's wand. To us all this is infinitely sad. It is not our place here, however, to lament, but simply to note a fact which enters deeply into the question as to what Robertson's theological status was. Another fact, which accounts, in a great measure, for the former, and of which we have already taken some notice, was his light esteem of the opinions of antiquity in matters of theology, together with a want of appreciation of that authoritative teaching which we understand by the voice of the Catholic Church. In a letter, from which we have already quoted, and in which he refers to his two sermons on 'The Glory of the Virgin Mother,' and on 'The Glory of the Divine Son,' he expresses himself thus¹ with regard to the voice of the Church:—

'I consider these two as an instalment towards an intention, long indulged, of going through some of the main doctrines of Romanism which I consider to be erroneous, and showing what the corresponding truth is,

¹ What Robertson here proposes has been done, and very ably, in a work too little known, Mr. Charles Smith's 'Inquiry into the Catholic Truths hidden under certain Articles of the Creed of the Church of Rome,' pts. i.—iv.

which the error meant to say. I do not mean to do this in a way that would satisfy the learned, but only popularly. I shall leave out all recondite searchings into councils and dogmas, and try the matter by the test of common sense, and what may be called the spiritual sense, which we surely all possess, more or less—the best in the highest degree. Such a publication might at least stir up deeper minds to try the same plan with more success.—Vol. ii. p. 198.

To leave out councils and dogmas in dealing with such a subject, and to resort only to common-sense as a test, betrays a marvellous obliquity of vision as to the real questions at issue. It would be as reasonable for a man to reject the rules and practice of carpentry, and set himself to make a table with a 'common-sense' pocket-knife. And then to speak of this as a way likely to be popularly useful completes the absurdity. Is it probable that the public would be edified by a book upon theological questions, whose author professes to disregard all the sources of information concerning them, and places himself upon the same level of ignorance with the most unlearned of his readers? As for the 'spiritual sense,' which, curiously enough, Robertson considers to be more common than common-sense itself, we should much like to know what it is he means by it. Does a Brighton Protestant possess it, and an Ultramontane Romanist likewise? Is it a something in matters spiritual answering to that 'touch of nature,' which we are told 'makes the whole world kin?' At any rate, whatever it may be, and though its existence be as wide-spread as Robertson assumes, it is quite clear that it is very little known, and no one has yet hit upon the secret of bringing it to bear upon religious questions. But this kind of language is not peculiar to Robertson. When the 'Essays and Reviews' *furor* raged, we used to be wearied out with hearing of the internal consciousness; the interior light; the verifying faculty; the inner voice; as the 'test' by which all dogma is to be tried. By the way, it is not a little remarkable that the voice of antiquity, as a court of appellate jurisdiction in matters of faith, is renounced most emphatically by one who is at the opposite pole of thought to Robertson. Archbishop Manning, in his recent work upon 'The Mission of the Holy Ghost,' declares that to appeal to antiquity as an authority in matters of faith, is a treason and a heresy. These two excellent men only differ as to the authority to which they should bow. The Archbishop claims absolute submission to the infallibility of the Pope, and Robertson makes a pope of what he calls the universal 'spiritual sense.' In short, Robertson's theology was the theology of a man who sets about making doctrines out of his own head.

But it is not for his theology that he will be longest remembered and chiefly valued. His character was higher and

truer than his theology, and for those who have sufficient liberality of mind to distinguish between a man and his opinions, and sufficient calmness to judge of a man irrespective of his opinions, however dangerous, his character will always have a charm, and make a claim upon their admiration. In forming an estimate of it we must keep clearly in mind the fact that Robertson was a disappointed man. He had formed a deliberate preference for the army, upon grounds much more rational and lasting than usually incline young men to choose that profession. From this preference he never swerved. He renounced the intention of fulfilling it, but neither did his renunciation nor the new interests of a different calling succeed in abating his admiration for a soldier's life. This gave point and bitterness to many a little vexing circumstance that would otherwise have glanced off a man too stout in natural courage to be affected by such trifles. His troubles came to him through a profession which he had not chosen, and would have been impossible in the profession which he had so earnestly desired and never ceased to love. His instincts were soldierly. Self was nothing, the service everything. Could he but have accepted the theological system of the Church, he would have been amongst the most loyal, self-denying, and chivalrous of Churchmen. The besetting evil of Evangelicalism, namely, the substitution of the individual for the cause, the preacher for the doctrine which he preached, was peculiarly offensive to him. He scorned the pettings of flatterers, of minister-worshippers. These facts must be taken into the reckoning if we wish to account for his slowness in recognising the true respect and confidence with which he was regarded by some of his hearers. Of course his behaviour had the appearance of want of sympathy, and necessarily produced a like appearance in the behaviour of those whom he came in contact with. It is always so. If a man seems to think that people do not understand him, they will take it for granted that he does not understand them. There is much in his letters to favour this view. Again and again he laments the isolation of his position, and deplors his fate as that of a popular preacher, who attracted hearers, but did not attach sympathisers. A great deal of this must, indeed, be traced to the morbid sentimentalism and groundless self-depreciation which was constitutional in him, and coloured his whole life. When speaking of himself, his tone is seldom healthy and hopeful. In his sermons, however (in which, as we have said, there is a good deal of his character to be sought), a refreshing, manly vigour of thought prevails. He rises to the idea of a higher life with an ease and fulness of expression that show the real man to have been sound in heart, and that the gloomy intervals were due to a physical

cause. His biographer remarks that his most desponding letters were written for the most part on Monday, when the reaction after the excitement of Sunday laid him prostrate with mental exhaustion. And yet, even in these letters, when he did not write about himself, how much there is of noble thought and healthy feeling! In fact, self was never to him an agreeable subject. Yet he seemed compelled at times to speak about it. His happiest mood was, when he forgot self in nature, upon whose beauties and wonders he turned, all through his life, an intelligent and loving eye. His power of describing the impressions he received from natural phenomena was a great endowment in him. All his poetic feeling—and it entered largely into his composition—came out in the effort, if effort that can be called which was, more truly, the letting out a stream of beautiful thoughts, that flowed freely and copiously whenever he chose to give it escape. One quotation will suffice as a specimen:—

‘Walking down Regency Square, about four o’clock, I was struck by the singular beauty of the sky. Two mighty continents of cloud stretched from above me in parallel lines toward the horizon above the sea, where they seemed to meet. A river of purest blue, broad above my head, narrow by perspective in the distance, ran between them, seeming to lave their shores. Each of them had a rim or edge of bright gold, as if the river were rippling and glistening on the banks, and innumerable islets of gold were dotted along both shores; the parallelism of them, producing that effect of perspective which you see in an avenue of trees, gave a strong perception of the boundlessness of distance, into which they stretched away. Looking at sky and clouds, you scarcely estimate distance. The vault seems very measurable, and it does not occur to you that clouds which appear only a few yards in length are really acres and acres of vapour. This combination of forms, however, forced me to realise the immensity of space, and a deeper sense of grandeur and loveliness came to me than I have felt for many weeks. It has always been so. When I have not *perfect* union with humanity, I find in trees and clouds, and forms and colours of things inanimate, more that is congenial, more that I can in-form with my own being, more that speaks to me—than in my own species. There is something in the mere posture of looking up which gives a sense of grandeur; and that, I suppose, is the reason why all nations have localised heaven there, and peopled the sky with Deity.’
—Vol. i. p. 267.

Here we must leave a life that has a deep interest in it for all who care to study character in exceptional forms. As a biography, we cannot reverse the opinions we have already expressed about it, that it leaves a feeling of unsatisfiedness upon the mind. The reader is led round all the corners of Robertson’s history blindfold. A marked reticence upon certain points which must be known about him distinguishes the book; and the constant invocation which the writer addresses to his readers, to admire and praise and worship his hero, is somewhat teasing. Robertson was so truly admirable that one is annoyed at being told to

admire him. He was a good man and a noble ; a man of keen intellect, of lofty imagination, of thorough earnestness, of inflexible virtue, of courage that lifted him above even the knowledge of the fear of man.

NOTE.

Since this article was commenced a second edition of the 'Life' has appeared. It differs in no respect from the first beyond the correction of typographical errors, the addition of a few unimportant notes, and the prefixing of a preface, which is chiefly taken up with meeting the *Record* repeated charges of socialism. It also contains a withdrawal of the allusion, in vol. i. p. 110, to 'the sudden ruin of a friendship.' This is justly and generously done in deference to the assertion of Mr. Boyd, that he always entertained a sincere friendship for Robertson. See page 480 of this Review.

NOTICES.

AN unusually interesting 'History of the Church in Connecticut' (New York: Hurd & Houghton), has been published by Dr. Beardsley of New Haven. It embraces the period from the settlement—if such it may be called—of the colony to the death of the first, and perhaps greatest, of the Anglo-American Bishops, Seabury. We have had the interesting and affecting narrative of the early struggles of our communion in these plantations told before, and the names of Johnson and Cutler are as household words to those who have mastered the details of those unhappy times. But the tale has never been so fully told. Dr. Beardsley has had access to original documents, and has used them well. The lesson of our neglect in America has not been lost upon us. It was not in this case the blood of the martyrs which was the seed of the Church: but the Missionary and settled Clergy in the States were martyrs nevertheless: and to their sufferings we owe the Colonial Episcopate. Two things are strongly brought out in this volume: first, that the Church of England in its darkest hour was not so neglectful of its duties as is usually thought. The English Bishops were overborne in their efforts to give America the Episcopate by political and home jealousies, but they were thoroughly sincere throughout. And the second lesson we learn is how much may be done, and for eternity, by a single-minded and resolute person such as Seabury was. His very isolation was perhaps the condition of his success. We have to thank Dr. Beardsley for a volume which reflects much credit on his piety and earnest research.

'The Priest at the Altar' (J. H. & J. Parker) is an elaborate attempt to show that the position of the Celebrant contemplated by the English Communion Office is not in front of the Altar. This is an argument which we have frequently discussed in these pages, and it is one of which we cannot see the force. Though we are by no means prepared to say that our conclusion is in the slightest degree shaken by the present writer, we may say that he writes carefully, and in a good spirit. The point which he has certainly missed is the great change introduced by the Laudian reforms, which secured the position of the Holy Table altarwise. We have little doubt that the ante-Laudian intention was to place the Table with its short end against the east wall. The position of the priest *then* was at the north or long side of the board. But when the Holy Table stood, as it now stands, altarwise, the north side became the west front; and the priest followed the side. In other words, under either position, the priest must be at the longest side.

We do not flatter ourselves that we understand Dr. Horace Bushnell's 'Vicarious Sacrifice' (Strahan); indeed we may as well confess that we completely fail to gather the author's meaning. But, as far as we can

make it out, this book seems to be one of those attempts, which are now becoming rather too many, to retain certain Christian forms of expression, terms, and dogmatic language, but to use them in a sense understood by and peculiar to those who use them. The mischief of such works is generally certainly in this work, corrected by their obscurity.

Professor Shirley has published a very admirable 'Introductory Lecture on Scholasticism' (J. H. & J. Parker) which, in a short compass, seems to give an intelligent view of mediæval thought and its largeness, as well as of mediæval method and its insufficiency, such as we do not remember to have found elsewhere. If this is to be taken as the first-fruits of Professor Shirley's powers, we may augur great results from his teaching.

A singularly handsome and elaborate edition of 'Thomas à Kempis' has been published by Messrs. Parker, with more than the usual luxury of their press. As the volume claims attention chiefly for its splendour, we may venture to regret that the rubrication is lake-coloured, and not the good old scarlet or vermillion.

The publication of 'Ecce Homo' (Macmillan) is an event in the quarter. We propose to devote a very early article to this remarkable book.

'The Prayer-Book Interleaved,' by Messrs. Campion & Beaumont (Cambridge University Press), contains a vast amount of useful, and a considerable portion of very elaborate and unusual, illustration of the Prayer-Book. But we must own that we are not satisfied with the arrangement: alternate pages of text and comment are simply distracting. The book is what it claims to be, the transcript of an interleaved Common Prayer; but a form very useful for a student's private collections is not suitable to a general reader. Besides, if this volume is intended to be taken to Church we suspect that it will present a grievous temptation to its owner to study Professor de Morgan's disquisitions on the Calendar, and the Jewish arrangement of the Psalms, when the sermon drifts into dull latitudes. If it is meant for a book of reference and study the type is much too small.

Mr. Ridley, of Hambleton, has commenced a promising series, 'The Every Day Companion' (Parker & Co.), which gives a daily text, meditation, and verse, for private use. The multiplication and success of these manuals is very encouraging.

'Christ the Light of the World' (Strahan), is the title of a volume of sermons, by Dr. Vaughan, of Doncaster, of which the characteristic is elegance and refinement.

Dr. Murphy's 'Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Exodus' (T. & T. Clark), is a sequel to his similar volume on Genesis. In both these volumes there is exhibited a considerable amount of accurate and painstaking research; and indirectly they have their value in the Colenso controversy, with which, however, they are not primarily concerned.

Mr. Arthur Wolfe was, it seems, formerly Tutor of Clare College, Cambridge. Clare College is to be congratulated on its relief from such

an instructor. This gentleman has subsided into a benefice near Bury St. Edmund's, and St. Edmund is not the only person buried in those parts. With amazing freshness, Mr. Wolfe, in his 'Plea for a Revision of the Prayer Book' (Bell & Daldy), sets down the old stupid objections to the Baptismal Service, the Apocrypha, Saints' Days, and the Athanasian Creed, just as though they had occurred for the first time, and as though it had been reserved to Mr. Wolfe to make some wonderful discovery. We can assure Mr. Wolfe, and he is probably the only clergyman in England who wants the assurance, that his objections have been made, and better made, and replied to at least a thousand times.

The Ritual—or rather, as it ought to be called, the Cereimonial—controversy has called out a host of publications. We can scarcely do more than specify the titles of some of them. 1. 'The Beauty of Holiness' (Palmer), by Mr. F. G. Lee, in which the information and research frequently or generally atone for occasional extravagance. 2. 'Doctrine and Ritual: a Layman's Letter to the Bishop of London' (Palmer). 3. 'The New Crusade against the Cross and Ritual' (Palmer), an amusing and plain-spoken letter to Dean Close. 4. 'The Law and Usage of the Church of England,' &c. (Masters), one of the ablest of these publications. 5. 'Ritualism: its Importance and Necessity' (Palmer), another Layman's Letter to the Bishop of London, by Mr. J. Place, of Nottingham. 6. 'Full and Free Ritual the Birthright of Englishmen' (Brighton: Dowell), not very respectful or judicious in language. And advancing to a higher sphere of controversy, 7. Dr. Jebb's Ludlow Sermon, 'On the Ritual, Law, and Customs of the Church Universal' (Rivingtons), the force of the argument, in which is increased by the fact that the learned author does not himself use the vestments for the legality of which he argues: and finally, as the most important, 8. Archdeacon Freeman's 'Rites and Ritual: a Plea for Apostolic Doctrine and Worship' (Murray). Appreciating to the full the Archdeacon's learning and liberality, we cannot hold out much hope that there will be any general acquiescence in the practical part of his Eirenicon, viz. that the clergy should wear at the celebration white linen chasubles, which would hardly be distinguishable, and this in Mr. Freeman's view is their chief recommendation, from the surplice. In his hope that the whole dispute is tending more and more to elevate the tone of thought and reverence for the Eucharistic mystery, and, if properly approached and treated, will lead to the general use of at least Weekly Communion, we discern a sentiment of piety very characteristic of this respected writer.

'Scenes of Suburban Life,' by Mrs. Spencer (Masters), is a sort of 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' confined, however, to the experiences and trials of a district clergyman in a rough new parish. Though rather too long, there is some quiet power in this book.

A second and improved and cheaper edition of Dr. Goulburn's 'Thoughts on Personal Religion' (Rivingtons), shows how much and deservedly these wise counsels have been received.

To those who are interested in the discussion, Mr. Clissold's pamphlet, 'Swedenborg, and his Modern Critics' (Longman), presents the ablest

defence of this curious development of religion which has recently appeared. Mr. Clissold's aspect towards the sect which he supports so resolutely both by his pen and otherwise, is curious, for we are not aware that he has separated himself from the Church of England, whose orders he still holds.

We cannot say that we have been so much impressed by Mr. Spence Hardy's recent work, 'The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists' (Williams & Norgate), as by his former most valuable and instructive books, the 'Manual of Buddhism,' and 'Eastern Monachism.' To be sure, there was the charm of novelty in these two publications; and perhaps the title of the present work has misled us. It comprises merely the substance of Mr. Hardy's 'Lectures and Conferences with the Buddhists,' that is, his controversial works, drawn up in the course of his duties as missionary in Ceylon. We are bound, however, to add that they are very sufficient and practical, though perhaps deficient in metaphysical acuteness. And although we do not know to whom and under what circumstances they were addressed, they have the vivid colouring of fact. This is a great merit. It is one thing to elaborate apologies and to attack systems in the closet; another to confront a large and ancient belief *in situ*. Mr. Hardy is a Wesleyan teacher, and we should be glad to think, which we do not think, that he has his equals among our Cingalese chaplains and missionaries. One thing struck us, which indeed we were prepared for by Professor Max Müller, that inquiry reduces the antiquity of the age of Gôtama Buddha.

When 'the silent sister' speaks, like most other silent people, she generally speaks to the purpose. Trinity College, Dublin, seldom sends out a poor book, and certainly Dr. Gibbings, Ecclesiastical History Professor, will not allow the reputation of his university to sink. We have to acknowledge three publications from this accomplished scholar. 1. 'An Introductory Lecture on Ecclesiastical History,' delivered in 1863. Reading it at this distance, we cannot but be thankful that so early a protest was raised against the sentimental view of the history of the Church, of which Dean Stanley is the Coryphæus. Dr. Gibbings' 'line,' as they say, is slightly old-fashioned; but in this lecture he lays down with precision the limits and the attainments of Church history. 2. 'The Diptychs: a Prolusion.' Here again is a special subject treated with the method of old times. This lecture is in form a disputation or thesis. It looks as though selected at random; though of course there was some remote cause for turning the author's attention to it. It is just one of those detached essays which in those times would have fallen into the huge tomes of an ecclesiastical Grævius or Gronovius. Dr. Gibbings treats the Diptychs in their ecclesiastical rather than their artistic character; that is, he prefers the substance to the ivory. He says that there were four kinds of Diptychs. (1) Formal catalogues, and lists of the baptized, something resembling parochial registers. (2) Diptychs containing the names of those who were prayed for—kings, bishops, and benefactors—in the Eucharistic office. (3) Diptychs of the Saints, from which the Kalendars were probably derived. (4) Diptychs of the Dead, which contained the

names of those faithful departed who were commended in the Liturgy. Although in each instance Dr. Gibbings traces errors and corruptions, such as the profuse and exuberant martyrologies, the extreme and developed *cultus* of the Saints, and the elaborated and formalized doctrine of Purgatory to the Diptychs as their unintentional origins, yet he is careful to distinguish; and he never asserts that in the primitive commemoration of the saints, or in prayers for the dead, as rightly understood, there is anything to object to. 3. Here we find a reprint of Mosheim's 'Memoirs of the Church in China.' As the introduction, index, and corrections amount to about as much as the original work, much of which is incorrect, and the whole out of date, we should have preferred, what the learned Editor is fully capable of producing, some original annals of this interesting chapter in missionary history. It may be necessary to observe that we are scarcely convinced, even by Dr. Gibbings, of the authenticity of the famous Sino-Syrian monument.

If anybody wants to know what it is possible to do—and how that possible is to be done—in reclaiming a huge heathenish London parish, and that under many and serious disadvantages, let him read the 'Two Lectures addressed to the Students of Cuddesdon, on the Difficulties and Organization of a Poor Metropolitan Parish,' by Mr. Gregory, of Lambeth (Rivingtons). A more practical and animating publication we never read.

A very important document has reached us from America. It is a formal 'Letter to the Clergy and Candidates for Orders, set forth by direction of the House of Bishops, at the late General Convention' (Cincinnati: Bradley). Though not attested by signatures, we accept it as a fully authoritative document. It condemns in the strongest language 'Essays and Reviews,' and Bishop Colenso's publications, and is written with much energy and distinctness.

'The Angels' Song,' by Dr. Guthrie (Strahan), is couched in somewhat sentimental language, and in a copper-gilt style of eloquence, which irritates many people; but it is well meant.

We are rather tired of hollow echoes of 'The Christian Year.' Here is a volume of pretty religious verses, by Mrs. Streatfield, 'Hymns and Verses on the Collects' (Longmans), which displays some originality, a little taste, and abundant good feeling.

'Holy Thoughts and Musings of a Departed Friend,' by Mr. Hutchinson (Masters), is a pleasing memorial of a lady, we believe, of pious life and good principles.

If we are to be reconciled to the Conscience Clause, we shall be converted by a pamphlet by Mr. Oakeley, of S. James's, Piccadilly, 'The Conscience Clause, &c. in Reply to Archdeacon Denison' (Ridgway). It may be that political considerations will bring us to this; but we are not brought to it as yet. Meanwhile we must say that Mr. Oakeley writes well, and has got up his subject well; and is a model of a controversialist as well for tartness as directness.

'Institution to the Cure of Souls, a Solemn Procedure,' &c. (J. H. & J. Parker) is a well-intentioned pamphlet. It is written, however, in a stilted

and semi-poetical style, which will hardly attract the attention which the subject deserves. A hideous picture prefixed does not illustrate it; and we see that the writer either does not recognise, or wishes to abandon, the feudal investiture, in virtue of which the incumbent kneels, as at present, with his hands clasped in those of the instituting Bishop.

'The Dedication of Westminster Abbey: a Sermon preached by Dean Stanley, in commemoration of the Eight Hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation' (J. H. & J. Parker) is just the subject for the preacher. Eloquent, thrilling, sentimental, and picturesque,—here is every element for Dr. Stanley, and he uses his opportunity well. We prefer him over the long memories of Thorney Island to his pretty topography on more sacred sites. But the notion of the Founder rejoicing by anticipation in the 'Westminster Confession,' and Baxter, and Owen, is pushing a joke rather far. Charity itself may become absurd.

'Incense, a Liturgical Essay,' by Dr. Littledale, (Palmer), proves that incense was used, and properly used, and might again be properly used. But it does not prove that the present law of the Church of England authorises or even permits it—except for uses in which it is not worth arguing for or against—as mere perfumery. We have observed that, on discussing this question, some fervid advocates have drawn an argument for its ecclesiastical and symbolical lawfulness, from the fact that at the Prince of Wales's marriage certain pans of sweet odour were lighted on London Bridge. We have ourselves known pastils lighted; and in theatres sometimes Mr. Rimmell's scent-scatterer is employed at the present day. These facts do not touch the point really at issue.

'Crisis Hupfeldiana' (J. H. & J. Parker). This is a critical tract by Dr. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. It is not intended for a popular refutation of Bishop Colenso; but we must say that it is by far the most weighty and crushing blow which has yet been dealt in this controversy. Dr. Kay grapples with Bishop Colenso's method; and with the frequent aid of Dean Milman's keen sense of what really constitutes historical criticism, he proves to demonstration that the notorious disquisitions on the Pentateuch are utterly worthless as specimens of criticism. Conjecture, assumption, and the most unlimited vagaries in guessing and evolving facts from consciousness, are shown to be the substance of the new 'verifying faculty.' Here we have a scholar showing that Bishop Colenso is ignorant of the first elements of Hebrew grammar, especially of the syntax. And on the cardinal point the alleged differences of style in the composition of Genesis, Dr. Kay shows that this nice discrimination of style applied to a language so elementary and incomplete—may we not say so rude?—as Hebrew, is a mere illusion. Moreover, he shows that when Bishop Colenso argues from certain alleged formulæ of language occurring in one part of Genesis and not occurring in another, that these recurrences argue a difference of authorship, this fact, if it is so, only means that the subject-matter being different the phraseology must be different. Who, Dr. Kay asks, would pronounce the nine books of Herodotus to be by different authors, because the phrases which occur in the speeches are not to be found in the narrative about the manners of the Egyptians?

Triumphant is the only phrase which we can apply to Dr. Kay's masterly and contemptuous criticism.

We are glad to see a cheaper and improved edition of Mr. Blunt's 'Household Theology' (Rivingtons). It contains, in a small space, a large amount of information for common folks, and home teaching about the Bible, the Prayer-book, and the Church.

To such as would be glad to read a really first-rate French historical novel, we recommend 'Christophe Sauval, Chronique du temps de la Restauration' (Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie), by M. Emile de Bonnechose, the distinguished historian. In this work the author gives us a graphic picture of the state of France, and of the feelings and passions which agitated the different classes of society, and the political parties into which these classes were divided, during the years which intervened between the Restoration and the Revolution of July. It is a very life-like portraiture of the period, and the tale supplies us with specimens of almost every class into which French society was then divided. But 'Christophe Sauval' is something more than an admirable historical novel, and a production of very great literary excellence. It is the work of a man of the highest principle, and contains sound lessons, political, moral, and social.

We had occasion to commend, a few years ago, the 'Book of Psalms, as used in the Daily Service, with short Headings and explanatory Notes,' by Mr. Ernest—now, we are happy to say, Canon—Hawkins; and we are therefore glad to see a fourth edition, considerably enlarged. The notes are brief, but comprehensive, and pertinent. We also welcome a ninth edition of the same author's 'Psalms, Lessons, and Prayers,' already approvingly noticed by us. The former work is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the latter by Bell and Daldy.

The 'Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle' (Paris: Hachette), which is a second edition in two small volumes of the 'Revue de l'Histoire Universelle,' published some twelve years ago by M. Prévost-Paradol, the newly-received Academician, is a valuable work. In granting M. Prévost-Paradol the usual audience a few weeks ago, Napoleon told him that the appreciation of Cæsar in the 'Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle' was very similar to that given in his own life of Cæsar, and that therefore he ought not to have been so severe upon him in his *Discours de réception*. We have not been able to detect the resemblance pointed out by the literary Emperor.

It is now too late to commend Archdeacon Wordsworth's 'Theophilus Anglicanus' (Rivingtons), which has reached a ninth edition. This edition, which is published in a smaller form than the preceding ones, and at nearly half the price, will prove acceptable to many. We find that the 'Theophilus' has been reprinted in America, with modifications suitable to the circumstances of the case, by the learned American lawyer, M. H. Davey Evans, of Baltimore. It has also been translated into French, Italian, and Modern Greek.

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JANUARY.—S.P.C.K. Almanacks—Cox on the Sabbath Question—Hennell's Present Religion—Simson's History of the Gipsies—Lysons' Our British Ancestors—Ginsburg on the Kabbalah—Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching—Monthly Packet—Sancta Clara on the XXXIX. Articles—Webster's Dictionary—Mozley's Bampton Lecture—Neale's Hymns on Paradise—Shipley's Lyra Messianica—Johnson's Lives, &c.—Cazenove on Union—Robertson's Life and Letters—Life of Charlesworth—Blew's Agamemnon—Mason's Essays—Skinner on Ritual—Gresley on the Prayer-Book—Littledale on Elevation of Host—Lee on Vestments—Moon's Elijah—Aunt Sally's Life—Merivale's Boyle Lectures—Honora's Sunday Book—Catechists' Manual—Reformed Monastery—The Church of Hawall—Bishop of Oxford's Sermon—Echoes of our Childhood—Blew on Latin Prayer-Book—Collin Lindsay's Addresses—Homilies of S. Thomas Aquinas—Grantham's Opportunities Lost, &c.—Davies on Music Meetings—Spicer's Gethsemane—Hubbard on Education Grant—Revival of Subdiaconate—Biber on the Supremacy and South African Church—Cranbrook on Providence—Garden on Special Prayer—Liddon's Sermons—Meyrick's Sermon—Pear-

son's Prize Essay—Archbishop Trench's Charge—The Directorium Anglicanum—The Reunion of the American Church—Milman on Convalescence—Bright's Hymns—Malan on Georgian Church—Walcot's Cathedralia—Clark's German Theology—Senex's Letter to Archdeacon Wordsworth.

ARNT.—Beardsley's Church in Connecticut—Priest at the Altar—Bushnell's Vicarious Sacrifice—Shirley on Scholasticism—Parker's Thomas à Kempis—Ecce Homo—Interleaved Prayer-Book—Every Day Companion—Vaughan's Sermons—Murphy on Exodus—Wolfe on Prayer-Book—The Ceremonial Disputes, Lee, Place, Jebb, Archdeacon Freeman, &c.—Suburban Life—Goulburn on Personal Religion—Clissold on Swedenborgianism—Spence Hardy on Buddhism—Dr. Gibbings' Lectures—Gregory's Two Lectures—Episcopal Letter U.S.—Angels' Song—Hymns and Verses—Holy Thoughts, &c.—Oakley on Conscience Clause—Institution to Cure of Souls, &c.—Dean Stanley's Sermon—Littledale on Incense—Kay's Crisis Hupfeldiana—Blunt's Household Theology—Christophe Sauval—Hawkins on the Psalms, &c.—Prévost—Paradol's Histoire Universelle—New Edition of Wordsworth's Theophilus Anglicanus.

